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From every man according to his ability: to everyone according to his needs.

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SOME REJECTED PRINCESSES.

BY ELEANOR LEWIS.

TO be slighted, refused, "returned with thanks" as "unavailable," can never be entirely pleasant, whether the article in question be heart, or hand, or manuscript. One would always prefer to exercise a little personal option, especially in *affaires-de-cœur*. To be tossed away as useless after having been worn before the world—to be as publicly disdained as once preferred—this is an experience which for a time, if not for always, must render its victim "disillusionnée, disenchantée de la vie."

The modern woman, however, possesses one means of redress which our ancestors lacked: she can bring suit for breach of promise, and obtain damages, if her cause is good—truly money hath charms!

In olden days, and in the lower ranks, the rejected one had to bear her wrongs as best she might. If she were noble, a champion might fight for her—like Browning's Count Gismond—in case the men of her own family did not. But in days when war was the legitimate occupation of the nobility, so excel-

lent a pretext for fighting as a slight offered to the daughter of a house, was seldom neglected. Sufficiently tragic or otherwise dramatic results were apt to follow—much more dramatic in this stratum of society than at the very top, where royalty was in question. For roy-

alty has been so enclosed with observance and reserve that "rejected addresses" in such a connection would, at first sight, seem impossible. But the very strength of the position is its weakness. That kings cannot please themselves, is a maxim well understood. Marriage in their case becomes alliance—dictated by reasons of state rather than by impulses of heart.

If this were all—policy dominant, passion exiled—how smoothly life would run! Un-

fortunately, there are other elements to be taken into account. The misery and the splendor of human nature is its susceptibility to emotion. We can no more follow than could Septimius Felton himself, the cold precepts whose observance would prolong our days: "Hate not any



ANNE DE CLEVES.

man, nor woman; be not angry . . . cut out all rankling feelings, they are poisonous . . . keep thy heart at seventy throbs in a minute; all more than that wears away life too quickly." No, this we cannot do, not even if we would. And so there are heartaches and bitter tears; pride stabbed to the quick; love wounded unto death; hatred avenging neglect; self-interest thwarted in one direction seeking to attain its end by other lines; resignation treading the narrow path to holiness, and resentment following the well-worn road to war.

The custom which prevailed among princes and great nobles, during the middle ages, of child marriages, or betrothals, and sending the little bride to be educated in her future home, was a good one in the main, as it usually insured some community of interests and tastes. If Anne d'Autriche could have been brought up in France, history would probably have had no occasion to detail her intrigues against the land of her adoption. Spanish to the core, she remained so, until, twenty years after her marriage, she became the mother of a dauphin. Then, and not until then, did her own interests become identical with those of France.

But if there were advantages in this plan, the disadvantages, if anything went wrong, were proportionately great, as in the case of that hapless Alix de France who was betrothed to Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and brought up at his father's court. Dishonored by that father, rejected in consequence by the son, a cause of dissension between the two courts, sent home at last unwedded, after twenty years in England, she was glad, although a princess, to marry a simple Count of Ponthieu and sink into the peace of obscurity.

Even marriage was no bar to rejection the moment political interest or personal

intrigue rendered it desirable. The brother of this same Alix, Philippe-Auguste, took a Danish princess for second wife, and sent her away from him the day after the ceremony, alleging the time-honored pretext of parenté, or marriage within the forbidden degrees of relationship.

Nothing was more simple, if the matrimonial speculation did not suit, than to discover parenté. The Merovingian kings did not use the pretext, perhaps, indeed, because the ecclesiastical mind had not yet evolved it, but more probably because they felt no need of an expedient; they could, attain their end without one. As a rule, they took wives as often, and as many, as they liked.



THE DUC DE CLEVES.

Neither did the Carolingians avail themselves of this excuse, but the early Capetians quickly recognized its value. Robert-le-Pieux was forced to it by the Church, much against his own will: Henri I., Louis-le-Gros, one of the latter's daughters, Louis VII., and Philippe-Auguste, as before said, all hastened to cover with so moral a reason their wavering fancy or altered policy.

Everyone knows how Anne de Cleves was treated by Henry VIII., but it may not be so generally known that her brother, the Duc de Cleves, had a similar experience with Jeanne d'Albret, whose first husband he was. In name only, for Jeanne—albeit a mere child at the time—wished none but a royal bridegroom, and with all the vigor of a strong will protested against the one her uncle had chosen for her. Events marched with her wishes, and by the time she was old enough for the duke to claim her, his political value had so altered that François I. was now as set against, as previously for, the marriage, and a divorce was readily obtained. What a pity—for posterity—that the duke and his sister did not confide to each other in writing their opinions on marriage!

Two of the most remarkable cases on record—for the number of persons and interests concerned—are those of Marguerite d'Autriche, and the Infanta Maria-Aña-Victoria. The first named is also first in point of time.

Maximilian I. of Austria, the heir to a great throne, endowed with much personal distinction and undeniably clever, if somewhat volatile, brains—poet, historian, artist, knight and emperor—enjoyed the luxury in his youth of a genuine love-affair. He and Marie de Bourgogne were as truly lovers as though policy had not dictated the match. Unfortunately, their wedded joy was brief. Marie died suddenly from the effects of a fall, leaving a son, who eventually married the heiress of Spain, and a daughter, Marguerite, born February 10, 1480, who is the heroine of our story.

In France at this time, the craftiest of all French sovereigns, Louis XI., occupied the throne, and was the father of a dau-phin who, having been born in 1470, was ten years old when little Marguerite's advent was announced. Some three years previously, Louis had tried hard to secure Marie de Bourgogne, then twenty years old, as a bride for his seven-year-old heir, but the young lady's preference for Maximilian was too decided to be overcome.

The birth of her daughter gave a new turn to the king's ambition. Being as steadily energetic as his rival was impulsive, he lost no time in proposing the alliance for his son. Death removed one powerful opponent to the scheme, in Marie de Bourgogne, and Maximilian's opposition was over-ruled by the burghers of Ghent. Finally, in accordance with the treaty of Arras (signed December 23,



1482), Marguerite was betrothed to the dauphin Charles. She was to receive the title of Queen of France, and be sent to the French court for her education. Her dowry—the bait for which her father-in-law nibbled—was to be the counties of Artois, Bourgogne, etc.; but with crafty prevision of contingencies, Louis arranged that if the marriage should fail through the dowry should be restored, and the lady also returned to her father, or brother, with the charges for her journey defrayed by France.

All being arranged at last, the baby princess set out for France. She entered Paris June 2d, where the streets were draped, and spectacles and illuminations given in her honor. On the 23d she was publicly affianced with great splendor, and then sent to Amboise, in whose healthy quiet she was to grow up and be educated. Two months later, the astute promoter of the match died at Plessis-les-Tours, and Charles the dauphin was Charles VIII. At this time, no doubt, and for yet several years, he meant to keep his troth. But Louis had not only secured him a loop-hole of escape, should he wish it, he had also set him a precedent for withdrawal from his plighted faith. Himself incapable of fidelity, save in the line of self-interest, he had, in concluding the Austrian match, broken another engagement equally solemn. The little Marguerite, smiling over her new toys and jewels, could not know that all this pomp of betrothal meant just so much shame and sorrow to another little girl. These poor princesses had to expiate their rank!

Elizabeth of York, daughter of Edward IV., had been solemnly betrothed to Charles, and up to Marguerite's arrival in France, had been known as Madame la Dauphine. Her dowry was the disputed dukedom of Aquitaine, to which, in event of the marriage, Edward agreed to resign his rights. It was a great prize, but unluckily for Elizabeth, Artois and Bourgogne was a greater. Her trousseau was already prepared, her dresses carefully made "in the French fashion," when—she was jilted. The indignation, felt by all England as well as the royal family, was intense, and, past a doubt, there would have been war with France had not Edward suddenly died, "as was supposed," says Comines, "of melan-

choly for the affront put on his daughter."

Meanwhile, Marguerite was happily and quietly settled,—at Amboise for the most part—busy with her studies. But the cloud that was to darken her sky was already gathering.

In 1488, died François II., Duc de Bretagne, leaving two daughters, one of whom followed him to the grave a few months later. Thus Anne, the youngest, was heiress of Bretagne, that great province which the French monarchs were so eager to incorporate. Others, besides Charles, had their eye upon the prize,—Louis d'Orléans for one, and Maximilian of Austria, for another, who actually secured it, as he thought. At least, Anne accepted him, and in 1490 there was a public and solemn betrothal, the Count of Nassau acting as the emperor's proxy. But at this juncture Charles VIII., dreading lest Bretagne should be finally alienated from France, and seeing no other way to secure it than by marrying its possessor, made proposals which Anne ended by accepting.

Owing to the various bonds that held them, the matter was slow in conclusion. Secrecy was observed, still, rumors of the truth got out. They reached Maximilian, who disbelieved them; they reached his daughter, and rendered her seriously uneasy, as is evident from an incident that Etienne Pasquier relates:

"As this young princess," he says, "was walking one morning in the garden, attended by a number of gentlemen and ladies, they found her more melancholy than was her wont, and one of them ventured to ask the cause. She replied that she had been greatly disquieted during the night; that it seemed to her in her sleep as though she were in a great park, in whose midst was a daisy ('marguerite') which she had to guard, and that, while she was watching it, there came an ass and tried its utmost to get the flower. She resisted with all her strength, but in the end he would have eaten it. This so alarmed her that she woke with a start, and the dream still weighed heavy on her heart. When she had finished, none of the company thought of that which has since happened; nevertheless, the marriage with Anne de Bretagne, which took place later, to the prejudice of Marguerite, shows plainly the dream was no illusion."



Engraved by G. Kruell.

THE INFANTA MARIA-AſA-VICTORIA.

Apropos of the marriage, Jean Lemaire has also a story to tell—one so pointedly illustrative of the child's strong character and precocious wit, that it is worth relating in full. It is as follows :

"The same year in which King Charles VIII. married the lady Anne de Bretagne, there was much wet weather in France, and the grapes consequently ripened so ill that their juice was acid, and debilitating to the stomach. And as one day, among others, when Marguerite was at table, her maitres d'hôtel and gentlemen-in-waiting were discussing this matter among themselves, she settled the question for them in two words, saying it was no wonder the wines were sour this year, since oaths were of no avail.

"This graceful, astute, satirical and brief reply was received with much laughter, and applause for her ready wit. For those present well understood that under the equivocal vine-shoots (*les sarments*), she alluded to the king's oaths (*les serments*), touching the marriage between himself and her—oaths once solemnly sworn, but which, notwithstanding, had no other result than to bring sharp draughts of anguish to the heart."

December 6, 1491, Anne de Bretagne put an end to all previous claims and indecisions, by marrying Charles VIII. The Venetian ambassador, an acute observer, sketches her portrait in a few vigorous lines : "Little, thin, lame in one foot . . . brunette, and very pretty ; and, for her age, *forte rusée* ; . . . proud, obstinate, well educated, fond of poetry, and of reading the ancient authors, Greek and Latin."

One feels instinctively, from this description, that she was not the woman in whom heart would ever overbalance head. Not alone the story of her marriages, but her physiognomy, as it has come down to us, painted in miniature, and sculptured above her tomb, confirms the ambassador's pen. As for Charles, the same authority says that he did not amount to much, bodily or in mind, but that he was "un vrai bon diable tout de même."

This character of "good fellow, after



PHILIBERT DE SAVOIE.

all," is borne out in his further dealings with Marguerite. Having secured Bretagne, and its duchess, he wished to mark clearly that policy, not contempt, had led him to abandon his former bride. He would have sent her back at once, with every mark of honor, but hostilities broke out so promptly with her father that it seemed best to retain the child as hostage, in case his resentment led too far.

For two years, active hostilities bore witness to the breach of faith that caused them ; but in 1493 the treaty of Senlis was signed, in accordance with which Maximilian finally resigned his title—by marriage—of Duc de Bretagne, and received in exchange the whole of Bourgogne, Franche-Comté, and Artois. If the insult had been great, the compensation at least was solid. And June 12, 1493, ten years after her entrance as its future queen, Marguerite left France forever. She swore upon the gospels and wood of the true cross to resign all possible claims that might arise from her marriage with Charles ; and she kept her oath, although Charles had not scrupled to break his, sworn upon the same holy relic.

Jean Lemaire, her historiographer, says that when Charles bade her farewell in Bangé, Poitou—tears in his eyes, and full of expressions of regret, alleging that he sent her back only because her father so strongly urged it—she, who was not yet twelve, replied, with unstirred composure and courage, that she understood the situation too well to be unreasonable ; adding that the only advantage she could see in the affair was that, owing to her extreme youth it could never be suspected that she was sent back for her own fault.

The first chapter in her life was end-



MARGARET D'AUTRICHE.

ed. But the second, like most second chapters, was the natural outcome of the first. Charles VIII. had political ambitions, as well as Maximilian, and being heir to Anjou, considered himself heir also to Anjou's pretensions over Naples and Sicily. With the aim of their reconquest, he planned that Italian expedition which was to bring his weak mind in contact with the one weak place in Savonarola's strong intellect.

Now Aragon had also its claims to the Two Sicilies, and Ferdinand and Isabella, seeking an ally against France, found one ready to their hand in Maximilian. They concluded an alliance, which for greater strength, embraced a double marriage, one between Marguerite and the Infant Juan, heir to the Spanish throne, the other between Juan's oldest sister, Juana, and Marguerite's brother, Philippe-le-Bel. The fleet which brought Juana to Flanders, took back Marguerite to Spain. Landed safely in due time at Santander, she was met by the king and prince, and in April, 1497, being now seventeen years old, was married at Burgos. The records of her life in Spain are scanty, still, we are led to infer that she was happy, and that she felt a sincere liking, if not love, for her young husband. What a nobly balanced queen she would have made, had fate permitted—one not unworthy of succeeding the great Isabella!

But fate bore her a steady grudge. Queen she was not to be, for Prince Juan died in October, 1497. How she bore this blow we have no means of knowing; the heavy ceremonial of widowhood almost utterly conceals the remainder of her life in Spain. We only know that in 1499, she returned once more to her father, and rising above grief with the elasticity of youth, and a well-balanced temperament, passed the next two years in cheerful study. Without them she had not been the large-minded, intelligent ruler she proved herself a few years later. The accomplishments of embroidery, music and painting, were hers to an unusual degree of excellence; she was a good linguist, having fluent command of German, French, Spanish and Latin; above all, she was a capital historian, capable not only of remembering the past, but of comparing it with the present, and draw-

ing liberal inferences. She had a keen wit, and was a good conversationalist. She was, moreover, above bearing petty malice; and although she neither forgot nor forgave the slight offered her by France, yet she never exaggerated it, nor suffered mere resentment for the wrong to influence her conduct.

Plenty of suitors presented themselves, but her heart remained tranquil until Philibert, Duc de Savoie, appeared. It was a good match, in the worldly sense, and it was also a love-match. Solemn betrothal, matrimony itself, she had experienced, without more than rippling the surface of



CHARLES VIII.

her heart. Now, at last, it was stirred to the depths. Philibert was the one love of her life.

In December, 1501, they were married, and in the presence of their great happiness, their beauty, youth, and joy in living, fate briefly relaxed her severity. But not for long. One September morning of 1504, Duke Philibert went out hunting—his favorite amusement. He was thrown from his horse, carried senseless to the castle, and presently died, in Marguerite's arms.

Her grief, her despair, were terrible. For the first and last time in her life, she seems to have been moved utterly from her wonted calm. Her cries were heart-rending; she cut off her beautiful, gold-

colored hair; she even tried to throw herself from a high window, but was restrained by the attendants. At last, she grew more composed and suffered the beautiful, beloved dead to be interred. Some solace she found later in writing verses—naïve, touching, not too metrical—wherein she bewailed her loss:

"Deuil, et ennuy, soussy, regret, et peine.
Ont eslongné ma plaisance mondaine."

It was true: her this-world's greatest joy was gone; yet life had much in store for her—new griefs, though lesser ones, new duties, and a certain sad pleasure. After her brother's death, she was appointed regent of the Netherlands, a difficult position, which she filled with ability and tact. Her long guardianship of her nephew's interests there may be said to culminate in the peace of Cambrai, negotiated in 1529 by herself and Louise de Savoie. Fifteen months later, Marguerite died. They buried her in that exquisite church of Broe, which she had built in memory of her husband, near Bourgen-Bresse. Everywhere in its stone lacework is interwoven, like a thread of gold, the motto, which, somewhat enigmatically, expounds the romance of her life: "Fortune, infortune, fortune." Noble architecture, exquisite carving, the glory of stained glass, have done their utmost here. As the light falls softly upon Marguerite and Philibert, resting in marble effigy, serenely fair and calm, one feels that their story is fitly ended—that its last chapter lacks neither dignity nor charm, but rather, in its ideal beauty, compensates for the disillusionings of her youth.

A word as to the other actors in this story. When, in 1498, a stumble at Amboise removed Charles VIII. from a world where he had committed so many blunders, his widow spent no long time in mourning. Three or four nameless slabs, and a wonderfully touching monument in the cathedral of Tours, covered the children she had borne him; and there was nothing—unless a memory—to prevent her contracting new ties. He had died in April; the following January she married his successor, her former admirer, Louis XII., previously known as Duc d'Orléans.

We must pass over two centuries before finding a somewhat parallel case of

rejection. In 1721, Philip V. (the first Bourbon king of Spain) and his second wife, Elisabeth Farnese, were the peaceful occupants of the Spanish throne. Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, was regent of France during the minority of Louis XV., and, should anything happen to his young kinsman, he was next heir to the throne. Thus his position was one of considerable importance; to be allied with him conferred both distinction and influence. The Spanish sovereigns were so well aware of this, that the regent's proposition "crowned them with joy."

This proposition was the marriage of the little king with the Infanta Maria-Aña-Victoria; of the infanta's brother, Don Carlos, with the regent's daughter, Philippine-Elisabeth, Mlle. de Beaujolais; and, finally, of Don Luis, heir to the Spanish throne, with an older daughter of the regent—Louise, Mlle. de Montpensier.

The king's marriage was announced in council September 28, 1721. The announcement was preceded, on his part, by considerable childish reluctance. He could not see why he must be married, and was at no pains to conceal his feelings.

Mlle. de Montpensier, on the other hand, exhibited a most unchildlike stolidity. Having been born in 1709, she was now about thirteen. Old Madame Palatine, with her usual candor, describes her, in 1718, as a "good child, but very ugly and disagreeable." Three years later, she says that she cannot exactly call her grandchild ugly, for she has fine eyes, a white, delicate skin, a well-cut nose, albeit a trifle thin, and a very small mouth; nevertheless, she adds, "she is the most disagreeable person I have ever seen in all my life—in all her actions, in her talk, her ways of eating and drinking, she is insupportable."

The princesses were exchanged January 9, 1722, at the famous Isle des Faisans, near Irun. The infanta, aged three, was allowed to keep her Spanish governess; Mlle. de Montpensier retained none of her French attendants. Towards the end of March the infanta reached Paris, and the newspapers record that the day following her arrival she received the king's first present—a doll, worth twenty thousand livres! By June she was settled at Versailles, where the regent's two young-



PRINCESS DE BEAUJOLAIS.

est daughters—one six, the other eight years of age—kept her company.

Her favorite, Mlle. de Beaujolais, did not remain with her long, as the marriage with Don Carlos was announced in August, 1723, and on the 1st of December following she set out for Spain. On January 26th she reached Bidassoa, and two weeks later was met by the royal family. In her case there was no disappointment felt. "Une belle enfant, jolie, vive, et



ANNE DE BRETAGNE.

amusante; . . . une enfant délicieuse, aussi jolie que spirituelle," her grandmother had termed her; and Elisabeth Farnese declared that she possessed "un esprit d'ange," adding, "her little husband is in a transport of joy, and only too happy to have such a charming princess." "It is the prettiest sight in the world," she wrote to the child's mother, ". . . to see how many caresses they exchange, and how much they already love each other. They have a thousand little secrets to impart, and can-

not bear to be separated a moment." The little girl had never been so petted or cared for at home, and she received the attentions now showered upon her, with a surprised delight, an affectionate appreciation, and a grace that completed her conquest over Spanish hearts.

What a "thing of beauty" she must have been, if her portraits, by pen and brush, may be believed—especially in some of those court dresses whose list has been preserved and which must have set off to the best advantage her delicate, flower-like loveliness! There was one, for instance, of rose-brocade and silver, another of green and gold, two of flame-color and gold, and one of primrose satin and silver. She had also in her trousseau two and a half dozen curling-irons—but this item sounds decidedly out of keeping with a little lady whose pure naturalness was her greatest charm.

In January, 1724, Philip v., whose heart was ever more in France than Spain, and who had a shrewd eye to the French succession, abdicated his throne. This abdication placed upon the throne his seventeen-year-old son, with his wife, Louise d'Orléans. Punctilious Spain saw, for the first time in its annals, a queen who had no regard whatever for punctilio—a queen who, in warm weather, would wear no stockings, and lolled about in a loose wrapper; whose idea of amusement was the extremely primitive one of rendering other people uncomfortable; who threw water from her window on the passers-by, and slyly cut the cord of her camerara mayor's dress, so that the poor lady's skirts fell off when she rose. "We have made a terrible acquisition," wrote Elisabeth Farnese, about this time; "she will be like her sisters" (the regent's three oldest daughters), "if she is not worse."

There was, indeed, the most complete disagreement possible between the two queens. Father and son drew nearer, the son and his wife yet further apart. They agreed like cat and dog, said Tessé, the French ambassador. A divorce was contemplated, and would have followed, undoubtedly,—for the regent was now dead, his enemies in power, and none left to take his daughter's part. But fate, in the shape of small-pox, intervened—the young

king died on August 3d. He had ruled about six months. Louise nursed him with a tenderness that revealed the good dormant hitherto in her nature. She even took the disease from him, and the court was indecently anxious that she should die. So forlorn, unfriended, neglected, was she, that her bitterest opponents could not but pity her. No one wanted her in Spain: as little was her presence desired in France.

In this deadlock, fate once more interposed. Philip and Elisabeth had resumed the regal power, on their son's death; it was, therefore, to them that the Abbé de Livry was sent, early in 1725, to announce the return, or rejection, of their little daughter, by the French king. Ignorant of his real mission until he reached Madrid, he then was directed to present the letters of excuse without any hint as to their contents, so that there might be no pretext for refusing them. But, in his misery and fright, the poor abbé forgot his directions, fell on his knees before their majesties, burst into tears, and in his confused apology revealed the secret.

For once, royalty was taken off guard, and beneath the veneer of royalty appeared the natural man and woman. The let-

ters were indignantly refused. The queen tore from her bracelet a miniature of Louis xv., and trampled it under foot, exclaiming, "The Bourbons are a race of devils!" Then, bethinking herself that her own husband was a Bourbon, she added,—bowing to him as she spoke,—"except your majesty."

For a time the affair was kept secret, but not long, and then all Spain was ablaze. Every Spaniard felt his own honor insulted by the insult offered to his *infanta*. The French minister and consuls were ordered home, and, at first, all the French in Spain were ordered to quit the kingdom, but this order was soon rescinded, as too impolitic. Spain and Austria promptly united against France, and a double alliance was arranged with Portugal, the little jilted *infanta* being given to the Portuguese prince-royal, and the latter's sister to Don Fernando, now heir to the Spanish throne. Also an alliance was planned between Don Carlos and an Austrian archduchess for—and this is the saddest part of the story—insult was to meet insult, and wrong was to follow wrong. Since the *infanta* was rejected, the poor little Beaujolais must go, well-loved and loving as she was. Tears, remon-



strance—all was in vain: on the 22d of April, the three princesses were re-exchanged at the same fateful islet in the Bidassoa. The infanta became in due time queen of Portugal, and sinks into well-behaved obscurity. The ex-queen of Spain dwelt for a while in the Luxembourg; then, through poverty,—her pension from Spain being left unpaid—retired to a convent, and there died, in 1742.

Mlle. de Beaujolais and Don Carlos remained faithful in heart to their broken betrothal. Their parting was piteous; nothing could console them—she wept night and day. They vowed fidelity to each other, like the lovers they were. Some years later a fresh project for their marriage was overruled by Elisabeth Farnese. The prince acquiesced outwardly, nevertheless his feelings were unchanged; but in 1731 negotiations were again resumed. Undoubtedly, the marriage would have taken place, in time; but in 1734, while the prince was in Italy, Mlle. de Beaujolais died of small-pox. Her illness was brief, and to the last she exhibited the sweetness, gayety and patience

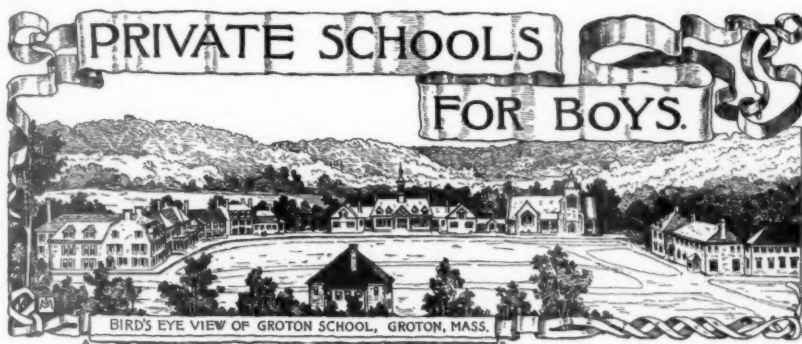
which had made her so beloved. Says Marais, in recording her death: "*Tout le monde est dans les larmes, et moi aussi. C'est une princesse charmante.*"

Few princesses, indeed, have been so sincerely mourned. The poor ex-queen was not; the little infanta was not. All were rejected; but with what a difference! This much of good, at least, may have resulted: theirs is the last conspicuous "breach of promise" in royal history.

The list of rejected princesses is one we have far from exhausted. Marcus Aurelius was a jilt, and, perhaps, received his due reward, if the accounts of his wife are true. James V. who went to France to seek a bride already bespoken,—Marie de Bourbon,—ignored her for the sake of the Princess Magdeleine. In all these instances, human nature invariably repeats itself. We see one princess dying of a broken heart, another bearing her affront callously; one too young to understand the situation, another treasuring the slight with deadly hatred; but in each the same human nature, variant only in its manifestations.



TOMB OF THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES VIII. IN THE CATHEDRAL OF TOURS.



BY PRICE COLLIER.

IF what gives one most anxiety gives one also most pleasure, then boys must be classed as the most successful purveyors of joy yet discovered. When a boy reaches the breeches period and graduates from his epicene state, he becomes a source of delicious anxiety to all those who are bound to him by ties of blood or of pedagogy. When the preacher in his weariness declares that there is no new thing under the sun, he leaves out of account the great variety of novel phases that circumstances may assume when a boy is mixed up with those circumstances.

What shall be done with the boy? and where shall we send the boy to school? are questions that follow on immediately after. What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed? Indeed, not infrequently the answering of the first two questions conduces to the regularity and serenity with which the last three questions are answered by the other members of that family.

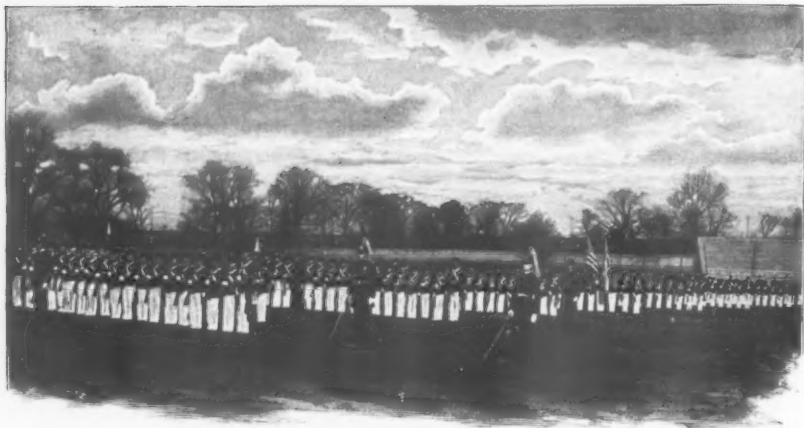
In the early days of this country, the homogeneousness of the population made the free public schools the convenient and effective instrument for the education of our boys. For then the families of the boys were upon about the same plane of breeding and education; the boys themselves preparing for, not a great variety of professions and duties, but for largely the same duties, and the teachers them-

selves were among the most honored and the most cultivated of the inhabitants.

In 1647, a law of the Massachusetts colony provided, "that every township of fifty householders should appoint a schoolmaster, to teach the children to read and write; and that his wages should be paid by the parents, or by the public at large, according to the decision of a majority of the inhabitants." As a consequence of this, every town in Massachusetts had a common school as early as 1665, and, if the town contained over one hundred inhabitants, a grammar school as well.

In those days, and for many years thereafter, the small number of pupils, the equality in the conditions of the parents, and the complete knowledge that the teacher possessed, not only of the capacity, but also, in many cases, of the antecedents of his pupils, made it possible for him to give each his due.

Now, all this is changed. In the large cities our public schools are overcrowded. There are far too many pupils to each teacher—in Massachusetts there are, on an average, thirty-five pupils to each teacher, and in New York forty-three. Teachers are poorly paid, and a large majority of those who teach do so as a makeshift, until marriage for the women, or a more lucrative post for the men, emancipates them. During the school year 1888-89 there were 352,231 teachers in the United States, and the average



BATTALION OF BERKELEY SCHOOL.

wages for male teachers was \$509.16 per annum, and for female teachers \$411.24. Not only are teachers poorly paid, but their tenure of office is almost as precarious as that of partisan postmasters, hence it is impossible for them to note, and to deal with, the idiosyncrasies of a large number of pupils. Therefore, except for the rudiments of an education, our public schools are unavailable, and if a boy wishes to enter Harvard or Yale, where a rigid examination is enforced, unless he live near one or another of our few first-rate high schools, he must depend upon other means for his preparation. More than three-fifths of the lads who enter at Yale college are prepared by private tutors, or at the endowed or private schools. Practically the same thing may be said of Harvard. "In 1889," writes President Eliot, "out of 352 persons admitted to Harvard college as candidates for the degree of bachelor of arts, over ninety-seven, or twenty-seven and one-half per cent., were prepared at free public schools." At Yale college, the best 153 pupils in the classes of 1894, 1895 and 1896, selected according to their rank, at the end of the first term, freshman year, were, 105 of them, boys who had been fitted for college at private schools or by private tutors, and only forty-eight of them were from the free public schools.

As a consequence of these facts, we have an ever-increasing number of private schools for boys, the great majority of

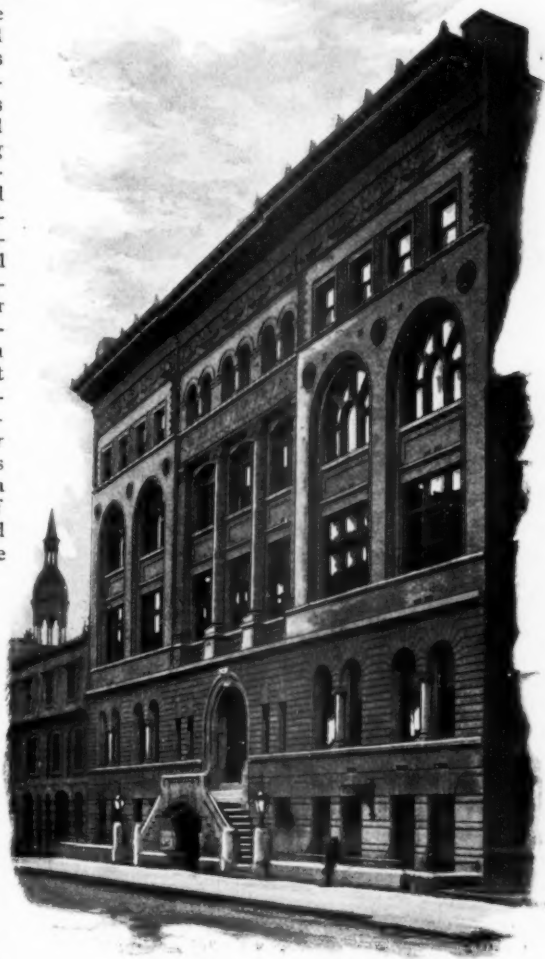
which aim to prepare boys for the entrance examinations for college. In Massachusetts there are eighteen of these private schools for boys, with 109 instructors and some 1400 pupils. In New York there are fifty-six such schools, with 416 instructors and some 4500 pupils. So far has New York city grown away from its primitive simplicity that it may be said that it is practically impossible for a boy there to fit himself properly for college in the free public schools. As a commentary upon this statement, it may be added that, of the best 153 pupils in the classes of 1894, 1895 and 1896, at Yale college, selected according to their rank, at the end of the first term of the freshman year, not one of them was from a free public school in New York city; and only six out of the 153 were from the free public schools of the whole state of New York.

It needs no further facts and no more figures to show why the private schools for boys have such a hold upon the community. They are, at any rate, for New York city boys, a necessity, and for boys all over the country, except such fortunate fellows as those who live near the crack free high schools of Massachusetts, a necessity as well, if they intend entering college. There are, however, still other reasons for their popularity. Parents living in the social and business turmoil of our large cities are glad to shift the responsibility of the training of their boys on to the shoulders of men who make

that their business, and still other parents believe that in any case several years at a boarding-school are best for their sons.

These private schools for boys are of two very distinct kinds, schools that are built up and governed by individuals, and schools that are endowed and under the general supervision of a board of trustees. There are many subdivisions to be made under each of these heads. Some of the private schools are, so to speak, stock-companies, in which two or more masters divide the responsibility and the profits, others are directly under the control of one man who hires his teachers and exercises complete control over teachers and pupils, assuming all responsibility and taking all profits or losses himself. On the other hand some of the endowed academies have almost no endowment except the school buildings and school apparatus, and are dependent for their support upon the payments of the pupils. In some of them again, as at St. Paul's school in Concord, the head-master although nominally under the control of the trustees and employed by them at a given salary, as a matter of fact, receives a salary based upon a percentage of the payments from pupils. There are also other differences, but for all practical purposes it is enough to give as examples one school of each of these two classes. We have chosen two schools that are widely different in aim, scope and situation and which mark plainly the extreme points of difference. The one is in the heart of a great city, the other is in the country miles from a city; the one is a private enterprise built up and governed by one man, the other is an

endowed school whose head-master must be a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal church and the government of which is vested in a self-perpetuating board of trustees; the one is a day-school with a dozen boarders, the other is a boarding-school with no day pupils; in the one the boys spend part of their day only and meet their masters as instructors, in the other the masters and pupils



BERKELEY SCHOOL-HOUSE.

live as far as possible a common life; the one represents the American home idea with the school as secondary, the other represents the English school idea with the home as secondary; the one is a purely secular adjunct to the home for purposes of instruction, the other is somewhat monastical in its general outlines and provides a home, as well as mental, moral and physical training.

The first of these schools is the Berkeley school in West Forty-fourth street, New York city, in the very heart of a dense city population. The school was started in New York in 1880, but came into possession of its present building in 1891. The principal, founder and governor of the school is Dr. John S. White, a graduate of Harvard university in the class of 1871. The main school building measures one hundred feet on the street by forty-seven in depth and is four and one-half stories high above the basement. The entire framework is of iron, and the interior walls, the floors and the roofs are of iron and fire-proof brick. The building contains an armory—there is a certain amount of required military drill—which is also large enough to serve as a gymnasium, as an in-door tennis court, and as a hall for the public exercises of the school. Every class-room in the building has a north or south light. The entire building is heated by the hot water sys-

tem. An electric fan on the roof, will, if put to its top speed, empty the entire building of air in five minutes, consequently the air breathed is always fresh and pure. Even the water that the boys drink is filtered and re-filtered and runs through pipes that are packed in ice, so that there is no possibility of contamination from that source. All the toilet and bath-rooms have outside windows, and the pipes are all exposed and carried from cellar to roof in the separate shaft which contains the toilet-rooms. In addition to this building there are ten acres of playground at about fifteen minutes ride on the train from the Grand Central railway station, which station is but a short distance from the school. Here there is a quarter of a mile running-track and ample room for foot-ball, base-ball, cricket and tennis. So complete is this playground and so conveniently situated that the inter-collegiate field games have been held there for several years, and the great foot-ball game between Yale and Princeton on Thanksgiving day has also been played there.

The aim of the school is to be a first-rate preparatory institution for the university or for the higher grade of scientific school. The number of pupils are about two hundred and ninety-two. They are divided into eleven classes, beginning with what is here called the "Preparatory

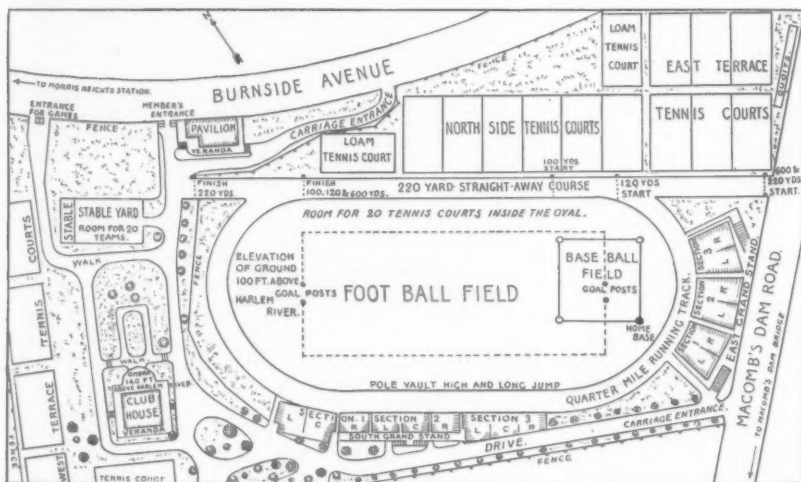


DIAGRAM OF BERKELEY OVAL. NEW YORK CITY.



CLASS-ROOM, BERKELEY SCHOOL.

Third class" in which are the youngest boys of eight or ten years of age. Their work is in reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic. The highest class, called here the "Senior First class," groups the boys who are about ready for the university entrance examinations. The average age of the boys in this class in 1891-92 was seventeen years and nine months. They have two hours and a half of English, consisting of the study of the authors prescribed for admission to Harvard and other colleges; five hours a week of rhetoric; five hours of Greek; five hours of Latin; two hours of French; five hours and a half of natural science, and five hours a week of mathematics. The teaching staff of the school numbers twenty-nine, or about one teacher to every ten pupils. The curriculum includes much the same studies that all boys must be prepared in, to enter one of the larger universities. Indeed, no school can have much latitude of choice in this matter so long as the universities require a rigidly fixed entrance examination, holding, as all do except Harvard, with the French gentleman who said: "Ah,

no, it is not necessary that a gentleman should know Latin and Greek, but it is absolutely necessary that he should have forgotten them!"

In a paper read before the department of superintendence of the National Educational association at Washington in 1888, President Eliot said: "The average age of admission to Harvard college has been rising for sixty years past and has now reached the extravagant limit of eighteen years and ten months." When it is remembered that four years in the undergraduate department and three and even four more in the professional school may be added to that, it is seen that the man may only begin his professional career,—as our secondary schools and universities are now managed,—at the age of twenty-six or seven. This implies a waste of time somewhere and also entails a preliminary expenditure that is ruinous to all save the rich, and which is utterly subversive of the democratic traditions of this country.

The cost of a boy's schooling at Eton in England is from £140 to £200 a year, but there, it is to be remembered, that

they are all boarders, and these charges include everything except their vacation expenses. At the Berkeley school the boarders pay \$1000 a year, and the day boys \$350 a year with an extra charge of \$75 if they stay to the hot luncheon which is served every day in the school building. This is just a little more than the charges at the large country schools, such as St. Paul's, St. Mark's, Lawrenceville and Groton, although where the necessary travelling expenses to and from such schools are added, the amounts are about the same.

This school is, of course, unsectarian. It represents the extreme opposite of the other school we shall describe, in that it is in the city, is a day institution, and the private enterprise of an individual. It has, however, solved the mother's problem, if we may so call it, of how to keep her boy at home and still give him a taste of life at a great school. And when one sees the lads crowding the Berkeley oval at the time when their inter-scholastic games take place, it is hard to believe that we are in the very heart of the largest city in the United States.

Of the other class of private schools for boys, there is hardly a better type for contrast than the Groton school, at Groton, Massachusetts, of which the Rev. Endicott Peabody is the head-master. The school at Groton is some three miles from Ayres Junction, on the Fitchburg railroad, and is situated on a plateau, looking north and west towards the New Hamp-

shire mountains, with Mount Wachusett a conspicuous feature of the landscape, twenty-five miles to the southwest. The school land slopes down to the Nashua river, so that here, too, the lads have opportunity for boating. The school was started in 1884, is governed by a board of self-perpetuating trustees, and has now 102 pupils—all the school can accommodate—all of whom live in the school. This, like St. Paul's at Concord, N. H., and St. Mark's at Southborough, is a church school; that is to say, the head-master is required to be, by the regulations, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal church, and the boys are all obliged to attend the services of the school chapel—out of the 102 boys there are only about fifteen whose parents are not of this church. The marked difference between the methods of this school and such an one as has been described lies in the fact that here the boys are entirely and exclusively under the influence and in the company of their masters for the greater part of the year. And to a far greater extent than in a day-school is the personality of the head of the school of far-reaching importance. He practically occupies the position of a father to this large family of boys, and Rugby under Arnold, and Winchester under Wilson, are evidence of how great may be such an influence for good, while Eton in its worst days is, per contra, evidence of how little good may come of such school management.

Mr. Peabody was himself educated first



HEAD-MASTER'S HOUSE, DINING-HALL AND DORMITORIES, GROTON SCHOOL.



HEAD-MASTER'S STUDY, GROTON SCHOOL.

at a public school (Cheltenham) in England, afterwards at Cambridge university. One sees here, therefore, evidences of this experience. The school is divided into six forms, and where these forms are too large, they are again divided, in order that each may receive his meed of individual attention. The day is divided into "periods"—four "periods" from 8.45 until 11.45 in the morning, and three more in the afternoon, each forty-five minutes in length. At seven o'clock the morning bell rouses the boys, and the "prefects" marshal them in the different dormitories, and, no doubt with frequent warnings to the dilatory, get them to the lavatories. Later they assemble in the school-room, and from there go to the large dining-hall, for breakfast. The boys sit at long tables, with a master at the head of each. The head-master presides at a smaller table, on a raised platform, and with him are his wife and the prefects of the school. After breakfast follows a recess of half an hour, and

at 8.30 the boys assemble for morning prayers, and at 8.45 the first period of work begins. If a boy be in the sixth (or highest) form, for example, he recites in the Greek that he has prepared the evening before for the first period, then studies Latin for two periods, and recites that Latin the last period, which brings him to the end of the morning work at 11.45. The hour and three-quarters between 11.45 and 1.30 is play-time, very judiciously put in the bright, warm part of the day. After dinner, which is served at 1.30, there is a recess, and then three more periods of work, of three-quarters of an hour each, as before. In the evening there is an hour and a half of work, mostly spent, by all the lads, in preparing for the first period of work in the morning; then follows the delivery of the mail, then evening prayers, after which the boys under fifteen go to bed, to be followed, three-quarters of an hour later, by the older boys, and all lights are out at ten minutes before ten. The boys

sleep in dormitories, each one having a small space to himself, partitioned off and big enough for his bed, a chair and a dressing-table. At the end of each of these long dormitories sleeps one of the masters, each with a bed-room and a good-sized study to himself. Some of the oldest boys, who are prefects, have separate studies, occupied by two boys; but the rest of the school do their studying all together in one large school-room. The school-buildings are charmingly situated around what would be called at college the "campus," and having been built for such a school, and planned by one who

where in the vicinity of \$1000 a year.

The ideal of this school is that the masters and the boys should live a common life, the boys profiting not only from the superior mental attainments of the masters with whom they are thus thrown, but also making friends early with a knot of manly, cultivated gentlemen, who are in sympathy with them. Although this school is by no means modelled upon the great English schools like Rugby, Harrow or Winchester, it is none the less much like them, in that it gives the boys an institutional life of their own, makes them familiar with the necessities incum-

bent upon those who are bound together under the same laws, obedient to the same rules and imbued with loyalty to the same society. The regularity of the life, and its almost scientific wholesomeness of food, sleep and exercise, could hardly be duplicated in the average home, and great care is taken to make the boys feel the responsibility that devolves upon them, as well as upon their masters, for the success of the school.

But what shall be said of these schools as supplying an educational need to us in a democracy. The Berkeley school more nearly outlines



BOYS' STUDY, GROTON SCHOOL.

knew exactly what he wanted, they strike one at once as being a marvel of convenience and neatness. There are baseball, foot-ball and tennis grounds, besides a gymnasium and fives' court, for exercise in stormy weather.

The policy of this school is to be to some extent self-governing, and five or six sixth-form boys are appointed prefects by the head-master, and they assist him and the other masters in a variety of ways that only an intimate acquaintance with the every-day life of the school could enable one to enumerate satisfactorily. There is no "fagging," and it is hardly necessary to say, in these days, no flogging. The charges at this school are \$630 a year, and as boys are expected to go home for their holidays, this, with clothes, extras, travelling expenses, etc., must bring the total up to some-

the individualistic ideal, but it too must be grouped with the others when it is said that they are all class schools, since to go to them a lad must have an unusual financial backing behind him. No family that has not a large income can afford to send a boy, or perhaps more than one, to such schools. But the weakness of such a society lies in the fact that the boys measure themselves only against other boys of approximately the same feelings about their future duties and responsibilities. While no American who enters life can live and do battle in a class or for a class, but must throw down the gauntlet to all sorts and conditions of men.

In the United States legislation is an affair of the masses and only he who has some sympathy with them, some understanding of them, and some real experience of their needs and ambitions, can

hope to represent them or to win their allegiance, and not to do this is not to have a hand in the legislation of a democracy.

And in a great democracy like ours the danger of sending boys to any of these private schools lies there. Do what the head-master may to prevent it, these schools are necessarily class schools. In the earlier days when all alike went to the publicly supported schools, and all played and fought and studied together, the mayors of Boston and New York, and the governors of Massachusetts and New York, and the representatives in legislative halls, were picked men always. The men of wealth and breeding knew their fellows and were known by them through years of association, but now that is all changed, and from the very beginning in their school days the line is drawn. Matthew Arnold sitting in the house of Emerson at Concord, turned to the distinguished company gathered there to meet him and asked: "How many of you were educated in the public schools?" (i. e., publicly supported schools.) Not one person present responded in the affirmative. "That is what I find everywhere I go in this country," he continued, "your people are now educated as are ours, in private schools!"

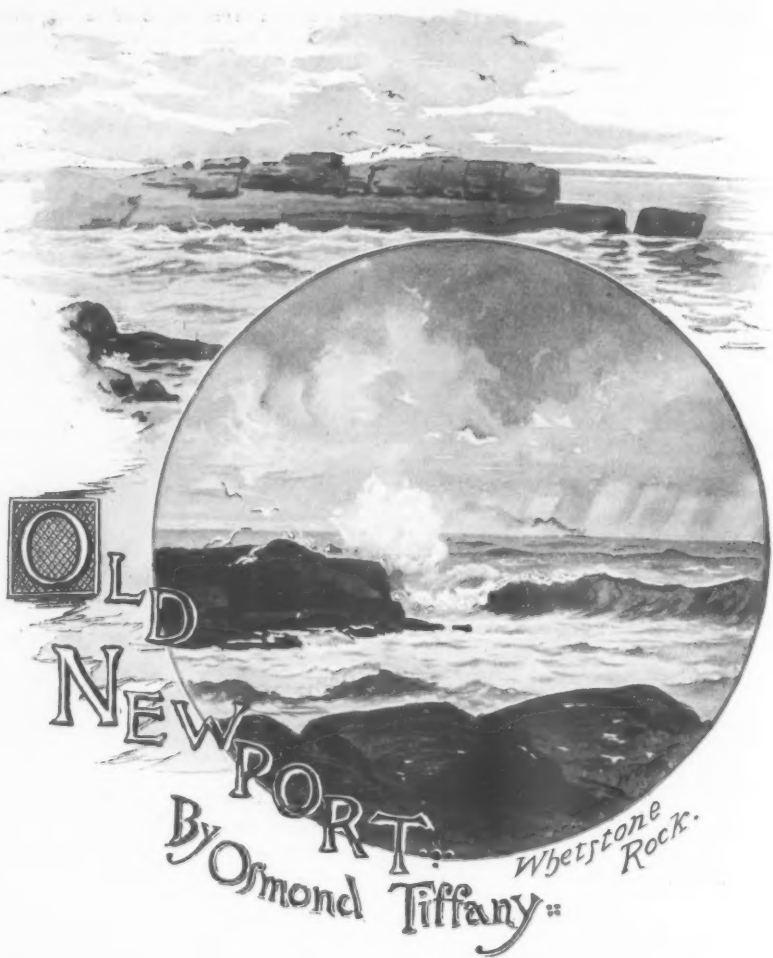
In England there was no money appropriated by parliament until as late as 1832, for the purpose of national education. In Holland, Scotland and the United States we have had publicly supported schools for more than two hundred years. The whole matter reduces itself to this, viz.: that we must consider the

publicly supported schools as instruments for dealing with the children of those who can afford little time and little money for educational purposes, and those who wish for even a first-rate secondary education, must pay for it and get it at private institutions of one kind or another. This is the true state of the case even now, for Massachusetts is the only state in the Union in which there is mandatory legislation on the maintenance of high schools. From this it follows that the publicly supported schools should aim at merely a thorough instruction in what may be called elementary studies, and the higher branches be left to the private schools. Much more attention ought then to be paid to these private schools, and they ought in some way to be brought, at least partially, within the jurisdiction of a state or university board of regents or examiners, as has been tentatively suggested by President Eliot.

These great schools like Groton and Berkeley, and others, should be as heavily endowed as are some of our richer colleges, in order that boys of small means may go to them. This is, be it said to their great credit, the aim of both Groton and Berkeley. Mr. Peabody uses every means in his power to make his school a place where lads of small means may go, and Dr. White has already outlined in his mind a plan for making the Berkeley school a great endowed academy in New York city, with decent remuneration for teachers, and scholarships that will enable poorer boys to profit by its advantages.



GYMNASIUM, FIVES COURT AND PLAY-GROUND, GROTON SCHOOL.



MANY a visitor to modern Newport, who basks during its golden summer days in the sunshine of fashion, leaves finally without the least idea of the charm of the place in by-gone times. Before New York was great, Newport was a flourishing city, and its commerce whitened every sea. Opulent merchants dispensed a princely hospitality, and nearly a hundred wealthy Hebrew families worshipped in its now deserted synagogue. The attractions of Rhode island, which gives its name to the state,

lay in its unrivalled climate—deliciously cool in summer and mild in winter—its ample and perfectly landlocked harbor, deep water, and immediate access to the ocean. As long back as the time of Verrazano, the Italian navigator, who visited it three hundred and fifty years ago, its charms have impressed every intelligent traveller. The persecuted Quakers, driven from Massachusetts, found repose amidst its peaceful shores. The French and British officers quartered there during the Revolution bore testimony, in

many of their records, to the fascinating character of the place, and fifty years before them the gifted Berkeley had passed several years on the island, and had left to it undying memories of his gentle and holy spirit.

Nor was society then a whit behind, in elegance, that of the present, for the most distinguished and affluent southern families came there year after year, passed the whole summer, and met their peers from New York, Boston, and other northern capitals, but without the glitter of fashion which now revels in Newport. The Middletons, the Alstons, the Pringles, the Izzards, the Prioleaus, the Hamiltons, the Joneses, the MacAlisters, the Pettigru's, and many more of the most eminent of the Carolina and Georgia families, were accustomed to spend several months yearly on the island, and to give a high tone to its society. Cottages there were almost none for them, except the stone villa of Mr. Henry Middleton, now so enlarged and belonging to James Gordon Bennett, and one of wood, built later by Mr. George Jones of Georgia, opposite the Ocean house, and now in the hands of the King family. The hotels and the boarding-houses in those days were of the quaintest and plainest order, but all domiciled in them without complaint, and enjoyed such amusements as they afforded. The great Boston families, such as the Seares, the Winthrops, the Otises, with prominent New Yorkers, Philadelphians and Baltimoreans, assembled also in these primitive abodes, and made a delightful union of north and south.

The only two summer hotels of any size and prominence were Whitfield's, on Touro street, and Potter's, or the Bellevue, not far off, on Catherine street. Whitfield's was a big wooden structure, directly on the narrow street, with no sidewalk in front. No sign of a landlord or hotel clerk was ever vis-



GENERAL PRESCOTT'S HEADQUARTERS.

ible. It was run upon the queerest system, the principal factotum being the colored head-waiter, who was generally out of the way when called for. Bells were few and far between, and the servants answered calls according to the humor they were in. The floors slanted in various directions, the doors hung awry, the windows rattled in the slightest breeze, and the furniture, beyond description, might have come over in the Mayflower. It always seemed to me that whole families might go to Whitfield's, remain all summer, and then pack their trunks and depart without calling for their bills, and that Mr. Whitfield and assistants would be none the wiser. The Bellevue was of somewhat similar character, except that the Quaker landlord, Mr. Potter, was always visible, and his wife at breakfast time presided over a large brass coffee urn. The house, originally, had been a fine mansion of the olden time, belonging to the Brinley family. A long addition in



GOAT ISLAND LIGHT-HOUSE.



STREET IN OLD NEWPORT.

the rear, and several scattered tenements near by, serving as "colonies" for bachelors, made up the establishment. In the dingy parlor, with its forlorn carpet and cracked haircloth and mahogany furniture, the guests assembled in the evenings, played cards and backgammon, and sometimes danced when the rattletrap of a piano could find a performer. Occasionally, two or three squeaky fiddles were brought down from Providence, to aid in the deception as to music. The polka had not come in, and the quadrilles were a sort of half-way between the by-gone minuet and the later lancers.

Another shabby hotel on the main street, at the corner of Pelham street, deserves mention, although not a fashionable resort. It was the only tavern open all through the year, the Golden Eagle, with the sign of that bird of freedom perched in front, and kept by Tommy Townsend as everyone called him. It was headquarters, during the long and sleepy winters, for the political quidnuncs of Newport—the custom-house officials, the postmaster, and the select men of the town—where they drank

flip and told interminable yarns about nothing. Tommy was famous for his fish-dinners, and it is related that his invariable greeting to newcomers, whom he supposed always wanted nothing but fish, was: "How'll you have 'em, sir—fried or biled?" When Oliver Hazard Perry's famous expedition to Lake Erie was organized, his men started in coaches from Townsend's Golden Eagle, for Bristol ferry, as the commencement of their long journey. The house still stands, very much as it did; but the Golden Eagle tavern has been

metamorphosed into the United States hotel.

The ancient steamboats that I first remember connecting Newport with Providence and New York were the Benjamin Franklin and the President, which were about as much like the present magnificent Pilgrim as Noah's ark was like a three-deck line-of-battle ship. They left Providence in the middle of the day, and somewhere about three in the afternoon tied up at Long wharf, to receive freight and passengers. They then paddled off for Long Island sound, and went round the dreaded Point Judith, which then presented a real horror in seasickness, and reached New York the next morning, about the comfortable hour of ten. Returning, they did not reach Point Judith

till long after daylight, when the usual calls for basins were somewhat distracting and one's ears might have mistaken the woe-begone passengers for Indians whooping on the warpath.

Across the sheeny waters west of Long wharf lay Goat island, then as now in the sole occupancy of the United States. It was then, however, only marked by Fort Wolcott, an

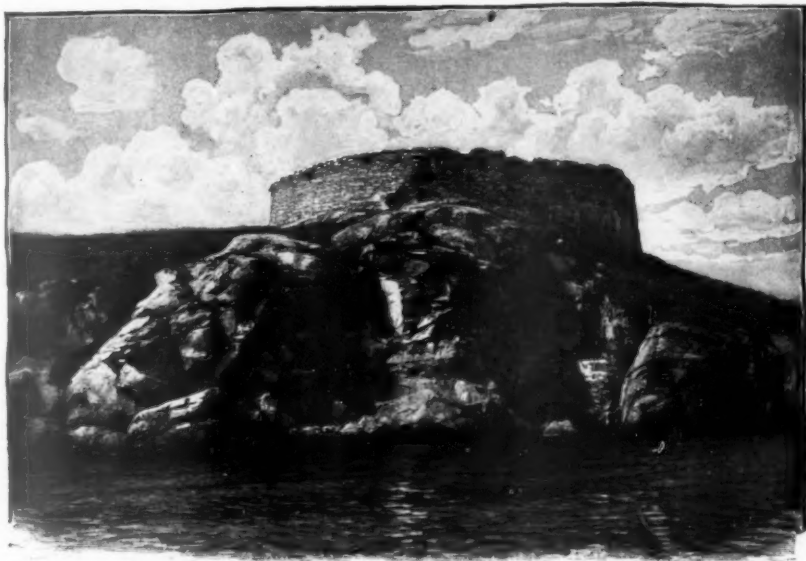


THEO. NICHOL'S HOUSE. BUILT BEFORE 1775.

earthwork, mounting a few old, rusty cannon, and without the sight of a single soldier. Its barracks were untenanted and dropping into decay. At the south end of the island was a curving point, on which whole shiploads of pirates had been hanged a century before, and their ghosts were still supposed to haunt the spot at night. On the north end of the island, before the long stone pier was built, on the end of which the light-house now stands, was an ancient beacon-tower, which did much more harm than good, as its light continually entrapped vessels which went ashore on the shoal stretching out from it. At last the United States came to the rescue, built the noble stone pier, hundreds of feet long, and pulled down the old tower. Those who now visit the torpedo station, with its active works and numerous fine quarters, can hardly realize how the island looked in the days of the old fort and light-house, when not a soul dwelt upon the spot, except the keeper of the misguiding beacon.

There were then remaining many mansions of the olden time, of most interesting character. The wealthy Hebrews, who at one time before the Revolution

numbered eighty families, all left Newport at that period and went elsewhere, and their dwelling-houses fell into the hands of impoverished strangers. The Jews went wherever trade induced them, but never returned. For three-quarters of a century afterward not a single Jewish family lived in Newport, and there are probably few there now. They left, however, two touching memorials of their faith—the substantial synagogue and the house adjoining (for the rabbi), and the little cemetery, which Longfellow has made the subject of a charming poem. Both these places, in my recollection, were enclosed with plain brick walls, but in 1843, by a bequest of Abraham Touro, of New Orleans, were adorned with substantial granite and iron fences, which permitted the passer-by to view these spots. Mr. Touro and his brother Judah were among those who left old Newport and never saw it again; but he was not unmindful of the beautiful home of his boyhood. The bequest more than covers the expense of keeping the synagogue in order, and the trustees are sometimes puzzled what to do with the surplus fund. Worship is occasionally held in the synagogue during the summer, when Hebrew



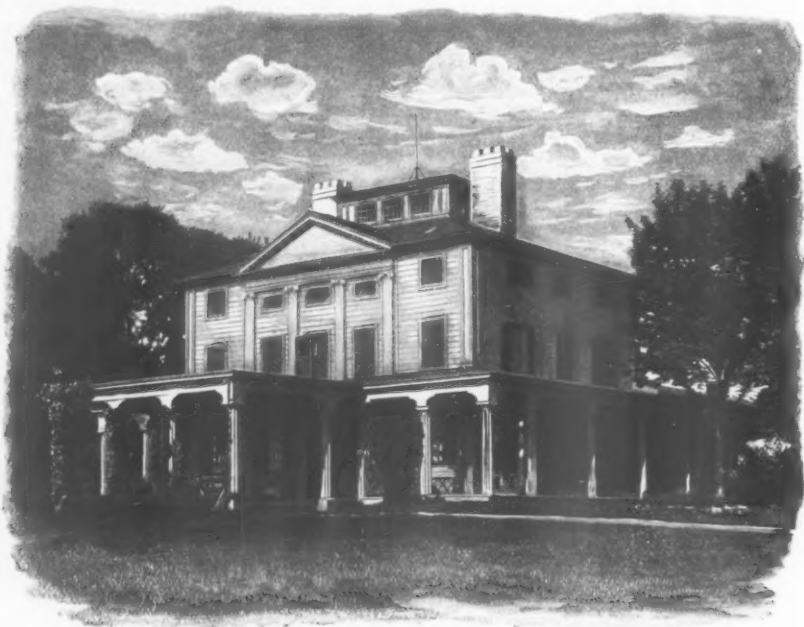
RUINED FORTRESS OPPOSITE FORT ADAMS.

families visit the town, and the little cemetery, with its large shade trees and its brilliant shrubs and flowers, lovingly gracing the antique tombstones, always attracts the interest of the visitor. Both the Touros directed that their remains should be brought to Newport and laid in the little graveyard of their ancestors.

The Hunter and Malbone mansions, with the gardens of the last-named family near Miantomini hill, were also noted memorials. The Hunter house was on Washington street, skirting the bay, and

ter, nor their two beautiful daughters. Lauzun was one of the gayest spirits of the court of Versailles, a member of one of the oldest noble families of France, and among the women of his own land a noted gallant.

The Malbone house, which still stands on Thames street, was during the last century the town residence of the wealthy Malbone family. It was built in the early part of the previous century, and is a solid brick double mansion, standing back from the line of the street, with an



"KINGSCOTE."

commanded from the rear a fine view of the harbor. Along the same avenue were many others which had belonged to the ante-revolutionary days, and which still kept up an air of decaying gentility. Dr. Hunter was a distinguished physician, and his home was the especial resort of the French officers when they were quartered in Newport, notably of the Duke de Lauzun, one of General Rochambeau's staff. Lauzun had been taken ill and was received into Dr. Hunter's house, where he was carefully nursed until his recovery. He appears never to have forgotten the kindness of Dr. and Mrs. Hun-

ter, nor their two beautiful daughters. When I first knew it, it was occupied by relatives of mine and had a low brick wall in front, with ponderous wrought-iron gates, which were afterwards removed. Property was then so low in Newport that the half of the house in which my relatives lived was sold to them for five or six hundred dollars. The house was large enough to accommodate another family in the other half. Many of the rooms had fine old panelling and high, carved, wooden mantel-pieces, while extensive garden grounds lay in the rear of the house. Here the lordly Malbones dwelt and feasted in the

days of Newport's commercial supremacy. It is said that much of their wealth was derived from the slave trade, in which other families were also interested. They also possessed a summer home of large extent at the foot of Miantoini hill, the rocky fortress of the old Indian sachem who dwelt there in state when Roger Williams landed near by. These grounds, of many acres, commanded beautiful views over the island and the western bay, and a grand mansion-house stood in their midst. This was burned down before the Revolution, the fire occurring during an entertainment. According to tradition, Mr. Malbone had the table reset in the grounds, and insisted that his friends should not lose their dinner. The house was never rebuilt; the fortunes of the Malbones declined with the advent of the Revolution, and the seat became a ruin. Nearly seventy years elapsed, during which time "Malbone's garden," as the place was called, was the favorite resort on Sunday afternoons for romantic young ladies and smitten swains, to wander amidst the neglected hedge-rows and to breathe their loves beneath the beautiful, dreamy cedars of Lebanon which adorned the spot. Remains of the ancient fish ponds, and a long, low brownstone wall, also told of the former elegance of the domain. Some forty years ago the place was purchased by Mr. J. Prescott Hall, of New York, who erected a fine, large mansion on the old site, and "Malbone's gar-



AN OLD LANDMARK.

den" became a thing of the past.

The Vernon and the Champlin houses on the corner of Clarke and Mary streets were also historic and aristocratic abodes, and still remain, although no longer in possession of the old families. They are wooden structures, but elegant in aspect, and were built long before the Revolution. When General Washington visited New-

port, he was entertained at the Vernon house, then the headquarters of Count de Rochambeau. One of its owners went to France about the time of the French revolution, and became possessor of quite a large number of valuable paintings by old masters, which he acquired in Paris, where so many fortunes were wrecked at that terrible time. From his long residence abroad and his familiarity with the language and manners of France, Mr. Vernon received the title of count among his friends and the public. His



"WHITEHALL."—THE RESIDENCE OF DEAN BERKELEY.

paintings were sold after his death and brought large prices. The Vernons had also a large country-house a mile from town, overlooking a large part of the island. Adjoining this is the fine estate of Mr. Henry Bull, the mansion being erected before the Revolution, by one of the colonial officials, and styled Kingscote. He was driven away by the Revolution and forced to flee, when the estate was confiscated. It was afterwards owned by Governor Collins. When I first knew this place, property was so low in Newport and its vicinity that it was offered, house and twenty-eight acres of land, for five thousand dollars. It is now worth at least twenty times that sum, and is still one of the most elegant residences on the island.

Vaocluse, six miles from town, and on the shores of the lovely eastern bay, has always been one of the most noted country-seats, and was built by a Mr. Elam, a wealthy gentleman, long before the Revolution. He was a bachelor, and having, it is said, been disappointed in love, named his place Vaocluse, after the celebrated retreat of Petrarch, where he could

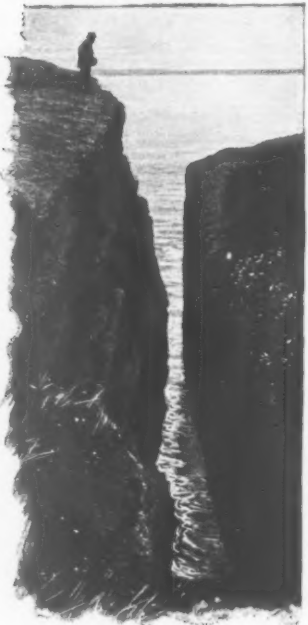
bewail the loss of his own Laura. He, however, survived the bereavement for many years, and was more noted for potatoes than for poetry, he having introduced to the New York market a superior variety of that useful vegetable, which went by his name for a long time. The



MALBONE HOUSE.

grounds of Vaocluse are very extensive and especially beautiful, laid out in the old geometric style, but adorned with many rare trees, including fine specimens of the cedar of Lebanon. The gardens incline gently to the shore, where a pretty little bathing-beach is washed by the waters of the eastern bay, often called the Seconet river, although an arm of the sea.

Near by, on the same shore, was the Glen, a romantic resort, having, in miniature, some of the features of the celebrated Watkins Glen. It was a very favorite afternoon drive in those primitive days, forty years ago, and large parties of young people, duly matronized, would go out from Newport and pass an hour or two in innocent flirtations amidst the winding fastnesses of this beautiful spot, checkered by a little stream which wound its way to the shore. On coming back from the glen, it was usual to take tea at Mrs. Durfee's celebrated tea-house close by, an inn as charming, in its way, as the Royal Sandrock of the Isle of Wight, and then reach Newport at the twilight hour. Mrs. Durfee's griddle cakes were famed over all Rhode Island, and the insatiable appetites of the young ladies, after the drive and the courting in the glen, proved their excellence, as well as the fact that woman cannot live by romance alone. The grounds about this inn were very pretty, and a number of persons boarded there through the summer. In addition to these regular lodgers, Mrs. Durfee turned many an honest shilling by the



"PURGATORY"

delicious teas she furnished to excursion parties. Near by, on the east main road, was another tea-house, and occasionally some of the fashionables would get up a very enjoyable subscription dance there.

There were many other places of interest, regularly visited in those early days, and my childhood recollections go back even to the times when livery hacks were very scarce, almost as much so as in the days of Sam Place, who at one time during Newport's extreme depression kept the only hack in the town. When a party was on hand, this vehicle was running from dark till nearly daylight. The open Jersey wagons, as they were styled, were the favorite carriages, of the springless order with movable seats, which bounced and jolted violently every time the vehicle went over a stone, but which served for many a gay party to Miantonomi hill.

The Paradise rocks on the other side of the island, near the second beach, were favorite resorts for picnics. Numerous craggy nooks and dells give it a wild aspect, quite remote from the peak of Paradise. Its chief celebrity is derived from Bishop Berkeley, then dean, who, one hundred and fifty years ago, was accustomed often to walk across the fields from his house, Whitehall, and, under the hanging cliff which overlooks the ocean, here to muse and write, his sublime spirit inspired by the great sea stretching out before him. Whitehall still stands, and belongs to Yale college. It is always a point of interest to literary pilgrims. There, in one of the rooms occupied by the famous dean, is a fire-place surrounded by the same Dutch tiles he placed there. Around that fireside the dean and his friends from Newport often gathered. After a residence of three years upon the island, finding that his plans proved abortive, he departed for England, to return

no more, but leaving undying memories to his chosen Newport. It is said that, while he was deeply engaged in thought at the overhanging rocks of Paradise, the future grandeur of America came to him in prophetic vision, in consequence of which he composed the lines beginning,

"Westward the star of empire takes its way."



THE REDWOOD LIBRARY.

Traces of some of the ancient industries of Newport have been nearly or wholly obliterated. There were, in the days of my boyhood, relics of the salt works, which at one time formed quite an important feature. Long, shallow vats of stone were filled with water from the harbor, hauled there by ox-carts, and left to crystallize in the sun, and be worked into salt. The water cost nothing, and the salt must have paid some profit, as the industry was kept up for many years, but has long since been utterly extinct. The distilleries, also, of which there were, in ante-revolutionary days, at least twenty in full blast, manu-

facturing rum to send to Africa to buy negroes with, had long been abandoned, as well as the old slavepens on the wharves, which they had once filled; but the crumbling walls of some still remained to tell of former busy life.

The Redwood library, not, as now, a flourishing atheneum, open every day and evening and thronged with visitors, was then only



the little central building, with two small side-rooms, and no alcoves to break its ancient aspect. Twice a week only, for two hours in the afternoon, was it open; but the privilege was, perhaps, the more enjoyed on account of its rarity. Around the room were arranged the shelves and the antique volumes, the panelled walls, and the rude old chairs and tables—all the same as a hundred years before. The light came in mainly from three large windows in the rear, subdued by the thick foliage of the trees around. The old Newport worthies of long before the Revolution, with their silk stockings, shoe-buckles and satin embroidered waistcoats, attended with their wives in hooped petticoats, flowered satin skirts, and high, powdered coifs, with more liberal display of bosom in broad daylight than would now be sanctioned, and seemed to grace the place with their presence. It was delightful to peer into the ponderous old folios, the tomes on heraldry, voyages and history, and to mark in some of them the annotations of Rev. Dr. Styles, long decades before the librarian, and afterward president of Yale college. The mind, too, went back to the days in the Revolution when the British officers held sway in Newport and carried off a good many of the books. After that the place was nearly deserted for half a century, and the gentle Channing relates how he often passed day after day, and sometimes week after week, undisturbed by a single visitor. The original building was always considered a gem of Grecian architecture, and was designed by Harrison, the assistant



THE OLD STONE MILL.

builder of Marlborough's famous Blenheim house in England.

Antique Trinity church, with its sacred memories of Dean Berkeley, who often preached from its pulpit; the organ he gave, in its choir loft, with the crown and mitre blazoned upon it; the royal crown of England still upon the vane of the steeple, probably the only symbol of kingly rule yet left in America; the high, square pews; the mural tablets; the monument upon its side to the Chevalier de Tiernay, commander of the French fleet in Newport harbor, when Rochambeau and a large force of distinguished officers arrived to aid the colonial cause; the quaint old grave-stones of a century in the church-yard—all conspired to make the venerable edifice dear to the heart. There was, then, but one small Roman Catholic chapel in the town, and it was attended, once a month, by a priest from Providence. Dr. Samuel Hopkins, the hero of Mrs. Stowe's "Minister's Wooing," had preached near by, his doctrines outdoing even those of Calvin himself, but, singularly enough, the very edifice had been bought by the Unitarians.

There were other interesting features of olden Newport, not less dear to the antiquarian, and nearly all now greatly changed. The island cemetery, now kept



THE BIRTHPLACE OF DR. CHANNING.

in good order, with its costly tombs and Belmont chapel, was then only a wilderness of graves, some dating from the earliest settlers, the slabs of uniform dark gray, with quaint lettering and angels' heads carved thereon, slanting toward the four winds of heaven. The only monument was the plain obelisk which marked the resting place of the hero of Lake Erie. The little Coddington burial-place, at the side of the First Baptist church, hid under its trees the graves of the founder of Newport, and of some of his associates.

The custom-house was then the sleepest of official cribs, tenanted by just such fossils as Hawthorne writes of in the *Scarlet Letter*; and the State house, still unchanged fortunately, the Masonic hall, the Moravian church, the Quaker meeting-house, and the "old mill," were all redolent of colonial times. The Masonic hall, deserted as it was, had a sort of ghostly appearance, in accordance with the fearful stories told us in childhood of the mysteries of an initiation. The enormous Quaker sanctuary, dating back a hundred years, was filled to overflowing every June, when the venerable Friends, in the most straitlaced of orthodox costume, appeared to have waked up out of the sleep of a century. The "old mill" was a problem then as it is now; but we

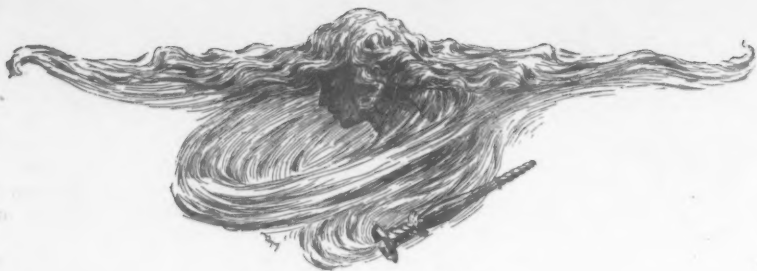
took a more lively interest in the numerous wooden mills that dotted various parts of the town and whirled their white wings over the trees.

The shopkeepers in those primitive days locked up their shops when they went to dinner, quite sure that no impatient buyers would visit them until they returned, while so quiet was the old town at night that many a front door was left unfastened all the year around.

At length, about 1830, the tide of Newport's prosperity began slowly to turn. Mr. Henry Schroeder, a retired merchant of Baltimore, settled in the place, bought land and erected a cottage, while Mr. Giliatt, a wealthy Englishman, who had married Mr. Schroeder's daughter, erected two beautiful dwellings on Tourou street. Mr. Ball, a South Carolinian had previously built on the same street; and Mr. Henry Middleton, from the same state, erected a substantial stone house, on a line with those further south. The last formed the nucleus of Mr. Bennett's magnificent villa. It was not, however, until 1844, that real hotel and villa life began. The Atlantic and Ocean houses were erected in that year, and in the next Mr. Edward King built his elegant villa, after the designs of Upjohn. Thenceforth the history of Newport belongs to the realm of wealth and fashion.



A HOSTELRY OF MANY GENERATIONS.



HIS UNBIASSED OPINION.

BY GRACE LIVINGSTON FURNISS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MRS. GATHERUM-JONES, who adores celebrities.

Miss Chester Dabney, who wrote *A Gilded Pill*.

Mr. Chillingsby Blight, whose opinion is final.

Scene—A flirtation nook, opening from Mrs. Gatherum-Jones' ball-room. Portières and tall plants screen C entrance. Small door L. Divan down L C. Chairs here and there.

At rise, Chester Dabney is discovered peeping through C entrance. Music and hum of voices comes from off. Mrs. G.-J. enters L. Chester advances to meet her.

Mrs. G.-J.: "So glad to see you, my dear Chester! (Kisses her.) So glad!"

Chester: "So kind of you! What an alarming crush you have! I was afraid to venture in."

Mrs. G.-J.: "I've got quantity—but quality? (With gesture of despair.) Not one new celebrity!"

Chester, looking off: "Isn't that Bangerefsky by the piano?"

Mrs. G.-J.: "Yes; but he is in a frightful temper and won't play. What does he fancy I asked him for?"

Chester: "What, indeed! But I see—one—two poets, eight novelists, an actor, and three critics. Enough lions to start a menagerie."

Mrs. G.-J., pathetically: "All last season's; and last year's lions are this year's bores. Positively, you and Chillingsby Blight are—"

Chester: "Chillingsby Blight, the critic?"

Mrs. G.-J.: "Yes; is it not a triumph?"

I have told him all about your dear book."

Chester: "You didn't tell him I wrote *A Gilded Pill*?"

Mrs. G.-J.: "Certainly. I have prepared everyone to meet you. Come!" (Takes her arm.)

Chester, drawing back: "I won't—can't be presented as the author of *A Gilded Pill*."

Mrs. G.-J.: "Surely, you are not ashamed of it?"

Chester: "No, only tired of being a tag on my own book. Before I wrote it I had friends. Now, I only make curious acquaintances, who stare, and question, and—and are perfectly horrid."

Mrs. G.-J.: "The penalty of fame. Come, my dear!" (Takes her arm again.)

Chester, resisting: "Please, really I cannot run the gauntlet. I know the process so well. (Imitating) 'Who is she? What did *she* do? Soh! soh! Gilded Pill. Oh! not bad-looking—for a literary woman. Next!' No, no!"

Mrs. G.-J.: "Nonsense!"

Chester: "Present me as Miss Dabney. Please, Mrs. Gatherum-Jones! Let them find out for themselves if I am clever."

Mrs. G.-J.: "How could they? At least—you know what I mean." (Both laugh.)

Chillingsby Blight enters hurriedly, L; looks about haggardly.

Blight: "Peace at last! (Perceiving ladies.) No, caught again." (Bows.)

Mrs. G.-J., gushingly: "Ah, my dear Mr. Blight, I want you to meet this foolish girl—"

Blight: "Charmed." (Bows.)

Mrs. G.-J.: "Mr. Blight, my dear Chester, is our most dreaded critic. His word is final, his—"

Voice off: "Mr. Claude Errol!"

Mrs. G.-J., ecstatically: "Claude Errol, the author of those naughty, naughty poems! My evening is turning out a success. Pardon!" (Hurries out C.)

Blight, aside: "I wonder what she goes in for? (Aloud) You have read Errol's book?"

Chester, severely: "Certainly not."

Blight, hopefully: "Then you are not an advanced woman, Miss—er—pardon, was Chester the name?"

Chester: "My name is Chester. (Aside) He don't know me. Delightful!"

Blight: "And you—er—pardon me again, but Mrs. Gatherum-Jones' guests generally—er—er—"

Chester: "Generally are some one. I can give no excuse for living. I am just a plain, ordinary—"

Blight: "Plain, ordinary, pretty girl. More and more charming. (Placing chair) Pray sit down." (Sits on divan.)

Chester: "You object to clever girls?"

Blight: "I prefer fascinating ones." (Points this with an insinuating look.)

Chester, laughing: "You are clever, are you not?"

Blight: "I must refer you to my obituary notices."

Chester: "Ridiculous! But, seriously, why don't you like clever women?"

Blight: "Because they are all dead."

Chester: "Why, don't you know—"

Blight: "I know an army of brightly imitative women in all departments of art. Charming dabblers—"

Chester: "Dabblers! Think of—"

Blight: "Oh, oh! A few exceptions proved the rule—and died in the attempt."

Chester: "Really!" (Half rises.)

Blight: "Angry?"

Chester, sitting again: "No; but I can assure you I know—oh! lots of clever, brilliant, conscientious women."

Blight: "Which of them has made a new departure in literature?"

Chester, confused: "Departure?"

Blight: "Yes. Ah, you see! Women are like the Chinese: they imitate with dexterity, execute with celerity, adapt with rapacity, but originate—never."

Chester: "How crushing! I begin to fear you."

Blight: "You need not. (Takes up her fan; fans her.) A womanly woman commands my respectful admiration,"

Chester: "Are brains unwomanly?"

Blight: "Apparently."

Chester: "Oh!" (Begins to tear up her bouquet.)

Blight: "Every day, some feminine aspirant demands my unbiassed opinion of her book, or my life."

Chester: "Well?"

Blight: "She gets my life: at least, I shorten it by hunting for something to say."

Chester: "I should tell her the truth."

Blight: "Impossible! There are always some pathetic extenuating circumstances in the way. Her work is deplorable, but—she has a sick father, or husband. Or she is a gifted widow with ten children, or a consumptive orphan. In short, I cannot give her my unbiassed opinion."

Chester, nervously: "There are others. (Rises.) Suppose—just for fun—suppose I had written a novel."

Blight: "Heaven forbid!" (Rises.)

Chester: "But suppose I had—just for fun—wouldn't you give me your unbiassed opinion?"

Blight: "Suppose I did. And suppose—just for fun—that you cried, and called me monster?"

Chester: "As if I would! (Crosses, sits R.) But I am not a clever woman."

Blight, joining her: "The woman who does not publish a book to prove her ignorance, is very clever, negatively." (Fans her, with devoted air.)

Chester, much irritated: "Please don't fan me! I—I—well, I think women are just as original as men."

Blight: "They are nicer." (Rises, paces about.)

Chester: "More original!"

Blight: "Name one—alive; dead don't count." (Sits L.)

Chester: "I will. Did you ever read—a—a—A Gilded Pill?"

Blight: "Yes."

Chester, fiercely: "It is considered to be a new departure."

Blight: "Oh, yes; the author is like a balky horse—she departs from the beaten track backwards into a ditch."

Chester: "So that is your unbiassed opinion?"

Blight: "Certainly." (Fans her again.)

Chester: "Why didn't you write a criticism and tell her so?"

Blight: "I did. I was almost as funny as I could be. Touched it up in my most sportively sarcastic vein, and then—"

Chester, leaning forward: "And then—"

Blight: "Suppressed it at the request of Mrs. Gatherum-Jones. There is the usual pathetic reason: Miss Dabney is an orphan, and my critique might have injured the sale of her book."

Chester, springing up: "Oh! And I— (Recovers herself, and bestows a dazzling smile on *Blight*.) Do tell me what you said, Mr. *Blight*! I am a very intimate friend of Miss Dabney."

Blight, taking out note-book: "Do you care for the flavor of minced friend?"

Chester: "It's mental ice-cream soda to me. (Sits by him.) Go on! Please!"

Blight: "You won't tell her?"

Chester, burlesquing: "I swear that she shall never know your unbiassed opinion, unless you read it to her yourself!"

Blight, laughing: "I shall never place myself in such an embarrassing position. Oh, no! (Opens book.) I believe she is here tonight."

Chester, demurely: "Yes, she is very much here."

Blight, turning over pages: "Is she pretty?"

Chester: "No; but she's—she's— (Laughs behind her fan.) Please go on!"

Blight, reading: "'A Gilded Pill is a striking example of the useless in fiction—as it is equally false to life and art, and neither amuses nor instructs.'"

Chester, gasping: "Oh! Oh! Now—go on!"

Blight, reading: "'It, however, introduces us to an entirely new type of hero—'"

Chester, brightly: "Yes!"

Blight: "'Who would shine resplendent as a freak, from his remarkable physique. In addition to the conventional marble brow and chiseled lips, Claude

Lorraine possesses the torso of Apollo, midnight hair, one cold steel eye, one arm of Hercules, the lope of a tiger, and the fierce temper of his Arabian mother. When we add that he combines the intellect of the village idiot with the morals of a thug, we have simply rounded out Miss Dabney's portrait of a happily impossible man—'"

Chester, springing up: "Ah!"

Blight, folding up book: "His love scenes are ineffably brutal."

Chester: "You mean strong."

Blight, dryly: "A dog fight is strong."

Chester, pacing up and down: "I mean strong! Ah, I understand now your prejudice against women. You are jealous!"

Blight, rising: "Jealous!"

Chester: "Critics are stunted authors, pickled in disappointment—"

Blight: "Oh, I say—"

Chester: "Revengeing their own failures on their successful rivals."

Blight: "Why make such a personal matter of this?"

Chester, tragically: "Why?"

Mrs. G.-J., in door C: "My dear, you must come. Everyone is simply wild to meet the author of *A Gilded Pill*."

Blight, with agony: "You wrote it?"

Chester: "Yes."

Blight: "Your name is not Chester?"

Chester: "My name is Chester Dabney."

Blight: "And I—" (Sinks into chair.)

Mrs. G.-J.: "You did not know? What a pity!"

Chester, hysterically: "Not at all, for— thanks to the misunderstanding—I have had the dubious pleasure of receiving Mr. *Blight*'s unbiassed opinion of my book. Let us go!" (Exits with *Mrs. G.-J.*)

Blight, starting up: "Miss Dabney! One moment! (Sinks down again.) Ah, truth, truth! Why did you ever leave your well?"

(Quick curtain.)



THE PAPYRUS PLANT.

BY GEORG EBERS.

SINCE Auguste Mariette began his excavations in Egypt a number of remarkable monuments of antiquity have been discovered on the Nile, particularly within recent years, where one remarkable discovery has followed the other.

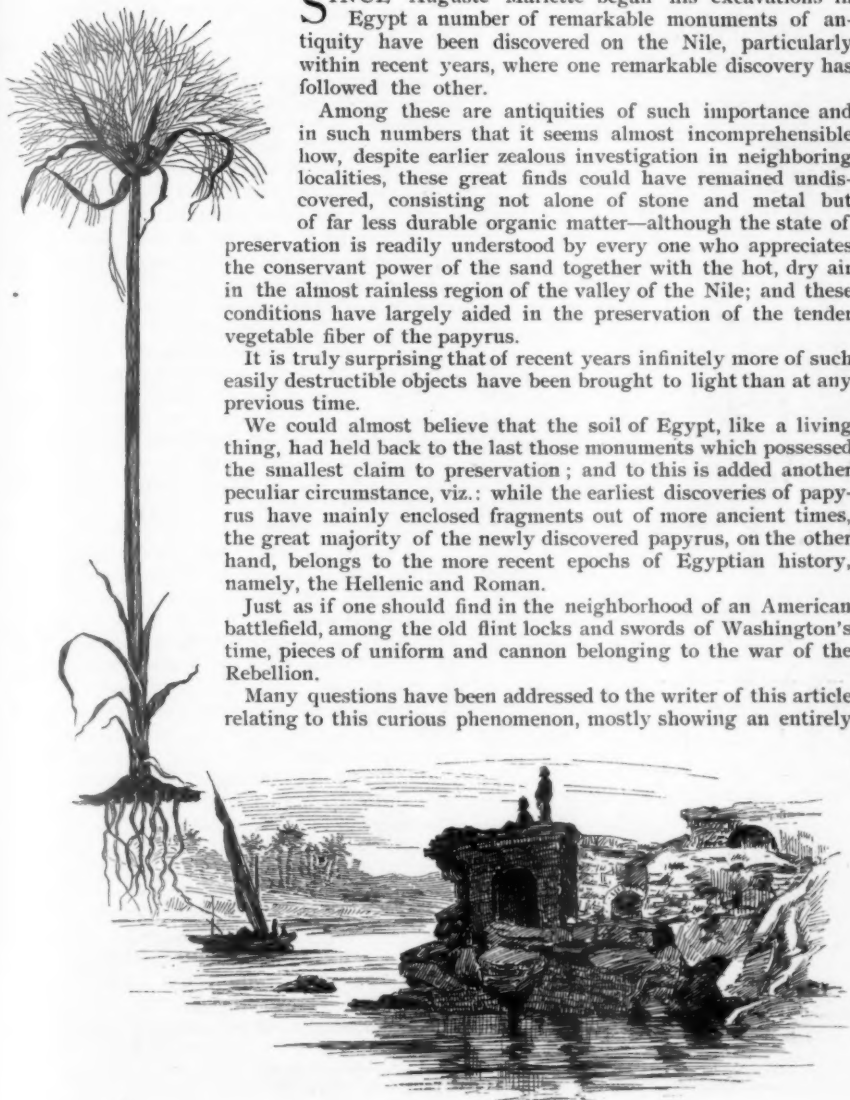
Among these are antiquities of such importance and in such numbers that it seems almost incomprehensible how, despite earlier zealous investigation in neighboring localities, these great finds could have remained undiscovered, consisting not alone of stone and metal but of far less durable organic matter—although the state of preservation is readily understood by every one who appreciates the conservant power of the sand together with the hot, dry air in the almost rainless region of the valley of the Nile; and these conditions have largely aided in the preservation of the tender vegetable fiber of the papyrus.

It is truly surprising that of recent years infinitely more of such easily destructible objects have been brought to light than at any previous time.

We could almost believe that the soil of Egypt, like a living thing, had held back to the last those monuments which possessed the smallest claim to preservation; and to this is added another peculiar circumstance, viz.: while the earliest discoveries of papyrus have mainly enclosed fragments out of more ancient times, the great majority of the newly discovered papyrus, on the other hand, belongs to the more recent epochs of Egyptian history, namely, the Hellenic and Roman.

Just as if one should find in the neighborhood of an American battlefield, among the old flint locks and swords of Washington's time, pieces of uniform and cannon belonging to the war of the Rebellion.

Many questions have been addressed to the writer of this article relating to this curious phenomenon, mostly showing an entirely



false conception of the material of which papyrus consists, of its preparation and employment. This is the more to be regretted as the papyrus factories on the old Nile are as truly the original source of our writing and books as is the Phœnician alphabet the basis of our own.

Our word paper is directly derived from papyrus, our word Bible from byblos, the Greek name of the papyrus plant and the writing material prepared from it—the Greek word *byblion* applying to both.

Up to the period of the Byzantine empire, papyrus was used in the copying of legal works.

It had long been the custom in ancient Egypt to use black ink, and to begin each sentence with red ink; hence our word rubric, from *rubrum*, red.

It is to be observed that the rolls of papyrus were formed by the gluing together of single leaves. The draught of court-sittings or, originally, only the statements of the time of the sitting were glued on the report of the prosecution, the witness's testimony, or the notary's documents; hence, comes our word protocol, signifying glued.

The word *charta* or *carta* was given by the Romans to papyrus, as the same word is given by the Italian of today to paper; hence, the German word *karte* and the English *chart* and *card*.

The numbering of pages occurs in papyrus books of very ancient date, as also in that called after

us the Ebers papyrus (a manual of Egyptian medicine), wherein the pages are numbered from beginning to end, over the middle of the text; and this writing, being of the nature of a collection, was issued in its present form under Amenophis I. in the sixteenth century, B.C.

In this same manuscript occur, even at this early date, crosses or asterisks to denote the proper place in the text for any notes or additions.

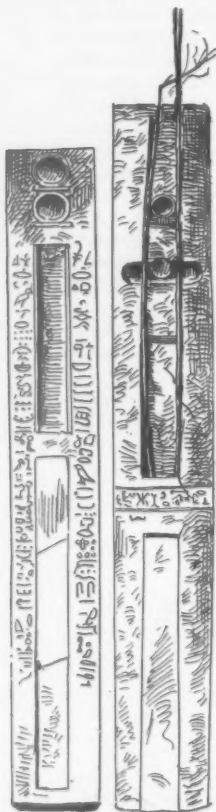
Thus papyrus literature is to be regarded as the root or origin from which has sprung our own. To treat it in its entirety would be to write a volume on the subject; hence, this essay will simply be devoted to a description of the papyrus plant and of the writing material prepared from it, as also of the fabrication of papyrus paper and the papyrus books or rolls.

The plant from which the writing material was obtained is the *cyperus papyrus*. *Papyrus* antiquorum* is of genuine African origin, occurring almost everywhere in the dark continent where marshes and sluggishly flowing water are to be found, as well as in the southern part of Western Asia and Syria, on the shores of the Jordan and the lake of Tiberias, and also in certain localities in Sicily.

Its geographical limit is from 38° north to 26° south latitude. The Syrian and Sicilian varieties are not identical with those from which the writing material of antiquity was prepared.

The Sicilian variety is to be commonly understood when reference is made to the papyrus plant; for what is cultivated in European and American greenhouses comes, almost without exception, from the neighborhood of Palermo. Genuine specimens of the African variety are so difficult to obtain that when the botanist, Professor Schenk of Leipsic, wished to procure a stalk of the papyrus plant for examination, he could find only a single specimen of the true African *cyperus antiquorum*; this one was cultivated in Dresden, while the other botanical gardens to which he had applied only possessed papyrus from Palermo, which is generally designated *papyrus syriacus*.

The differences distinguishing the two



PALETTES.

* Pronounced *pápyrus*, rather than *pápyrus*. *Παπύρος* had in classic Greek a long u, from which the Latin poet scans *papyrus*: Catull. 35.17. In Attic Greek *papyrus* is long, in Hellenistic, short.

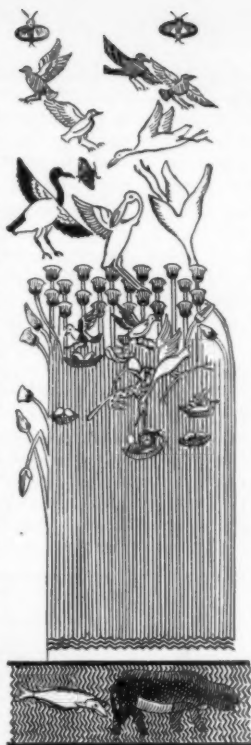
plants are very slight; we can, therefore, leave off a more detailed discussion at this point. The rare occurrence of the African species in our botanical gardens is easily explained by the remarkable fact that the plant having its existence, during the time of the pharaohs, on the shores of the entire Nile and growing with the utmost luxuriance on the branches of the delta, has, together with the hippopotamus and the crocodile, disappeared from Egypt proper and withdrawn to the upper Nile. There it occurs today in large quantities. It reaches a height of fifteen feet, and the stalks are so strong that boats are constructed from it on the Tzana lake today, as was formerly the case in ancient Egypt.

Travellers who have met with the papyrus thickets on the upper Nile are loud in praise of the wonderful sight that they present. The monuments dating from the time of the pharaohs frequently represent these thickets and show the artistic effort to represent their luxuriant growth, as well as the diversified fauna which seek protection along the banks or flutter about in search of nourishment.

The plants from which the books were made afforded the artist an opportunity to show himself a philosopher in his efforts at representation. It is, indeed, scarcely accidental that in such pictures one insect follows another, the bird sweeps past after the insect, the fox chases the bird, while man pursues both bird and quadruped.

Already, in the time of the pyramids, we find the harvest of the papyrus represented, and in the oldest inscriptions the picture of the papyrus plant and the book roll prepared from it belongs to the hieroglyphical written characters.

The Greeks and Romans were greatly delighted, and most justly, with the sight of this tender green hedge, standing high up out of the water. Cassidorus, the long-lived private secretary of Theodoric the



A PAPYRUS THICKET, FROM
A TOMB AT BENI HASSAN.

Great, who reached the latter part of the sixth century, was also attracted by it, and has given the following terse but clear description of it: "Here was lifted up a forest without branches; these bushes without leaves; this harvest in the waters; this ornament of the swamp." At this period, papyrus was still used as a writing material and was a source of wealth to the Egyptians; but when parchment was substituted for the use of papyrus, the culture of the cyperus was abandoned; the ground once occupied by papyrus thickets was more profitably employed, until, finally, the last papyrus stalk disappeared from the delta and Upper Egypt, and he who looks there today for the papyrus plant, looks in vain.

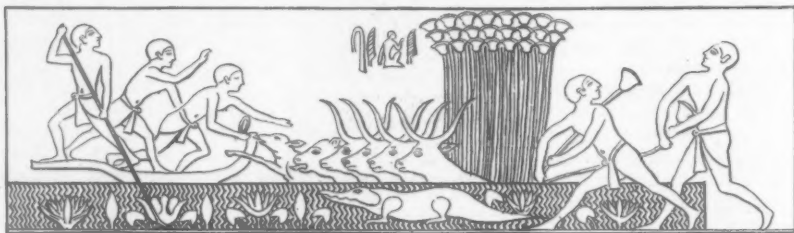
To be sure of meeting with it one must ascend the Nile to Khartoum, and follow up the White Nile. But a view of this "ornament of the swamp," as Cassidorus has it, is to be obtained with less

difficulty, as a trip to Sicily suffices to show the curious observer a really superb papyrus thicket. The cyperus fields on the shores of the Victoria Nyanza and Ukerewe lake occupy much greater areas, and, according to Steudner, Schweinfurth, Stanley, and others, there occur enormous forests of this plant in shallow places, particularly on the borders of the Sobat, which, together with other plants, form immense and impenetrable thickets. In the indentations of the Nile, island clusters rise over fifteen feet above the surface of the water. Indeed, one hears of such luxuriant growth along the White Nile as to obstruct the flow of the river in many places like a wall. The papyrus grove in Syracuse is also a most amazing sight.

One hot day in June, as I was sailing in a boat up the Anapo to the spring Kyane (today called Testa di Pisima), I found myself in one of those very thickets which the Egyptian artists know how to portray

so admirably. The clear, heated air trembled, as in Africa, above the plant masses, which reached twelve or fifteen feet above our heads on either side of the boat. The graceful tufts on the ends of each slender spikelet crowned the stalks like a green feather ornament, growing so close together that the eye could not pierce them. Although consisting, of course, of many members, still the thicket presented the appearance of a solid wall, arousing envy as, in the great heat, it stood laving its feet in the water of the river, and ever drinking in new life and refreshment under the burning summer sun. As a polished metal plate reflects some dark, smooth surface, so the water mirrored our image and that of the boat and the beautiful plant-wall on the shore, so clearly, indeed, that the movement of the tender leaves on each individual tuft became visible, while here, as in ancient Egypt,

In ancient times, through the Egyptian delta, there were many places very similar in character to those near Syracuse, where papyrus flourished in greater luxuriance and where far better cultivated specimens were to be found. We know what enormous quantities of cyperus plants were obtained there, and that cultivation developed extensive varieties whose peculiarities it is no longer possible to determine, although differing essentially in their quality and price. We visited the places where, in ancient times, some of the finer varieties grew; they embraced the old Sebennyitic district, called today Semennoud, a most wretched spot, at which we arrived when sailing up the Damietta branch from Mansura. In this neighborhood the blue and white varieties of the lotus flower, which have also disappeared from the rest of Egypt, are still to be found in some places, and Dr. Roche-



GATHERING THE PAPYRUS HARVEST

hovering over this luxuriant growth, were swarms of the airiest children of the insect world.

Such multitudes of brilliant, shimmering libellulidae, butterflies and other insects I never had met with, even on the Nile, their humming and buzzing bearing us company the entire trip through the camérone, as the broadening of the river is here called. And as this sibilant, mingled with the more cheerful chirping, sounded on my ear like some monotone, I bethought me of an old myth that was connected, in ancient times, with the stream on which we were, according to which this water sprang from the tears of the nymph Cyane, the companion of Proserpina, weeping in sorrow over her mistress's disappearance. The tradition that the tyrant Hiero transplanted the papyrus anapus from Egypt into Syracuse we must, for many reasons, disregard.

bach even, some few decades ago, saw the ground seeds of this water plant used by the fellahin as an article of food, and yet of the papyrus antiquorum there was not a single stalk to be found! And formerly no variety of papyrus was more highly valued, or dearer, than that from Sebennytos.

In the neighborhood of Saïs (known today as Sa el-Hager) formerly abounded a highly valued variety, but we could not discover a single vestige of the plant along the shallow shores of the lake. The same may be said of the region of Tanis, where the well-known Tanitic papyrus was obtained. It appears to be entirely extinct, as in the district of Thebes, where the papyrus was extensively cultivated and an excellent variety of paper, the charta thebaica, was prepared. Neither the shores of the Nile, nor the various ponds and lakes, would afford opportunity today for even a mod-

erate quantity of the papyrus plant to flourish.

The entire western delta may be regarded as the habitat of the Libyan papyrus.

The papyrus was from the earliest time so preëminently the characteristic plant of Lower Egypt that it was even introduced by the builders of the pyramids to depict the landscape of this region; indeed, it may with justice be designated as its heraldic emblem. It is generally represented as a high stalk with somewhat lower and diminishing branches which are not infrequently broken on either side.

Different parts of the papyrus were frequently employed for ornamentation in architecture, being so true to nature that a mistake became impossible. The general appearance of the individual plant can scarcely be given shorter, or more to the point, than in the description by Strabo.

specimens, such as I have myself cultivated, it appears almost circular, but the older ones, particularly toward the top of the stalk, show the edges to be sharper. The middle of a stalk cut by the professor of botany at Leipsic, Professor Schenk, formed almost a complete equilateral triangle.

The roots reach a considerable length and are strongly developed; they form a strong horizontal branch from which the stalk ascends at a right angle, while those of the under part, consisting of fine rootlets, descend into the water. The roots frequently attain the thickness of a man's arm and the length of several meters. In the case of young specimens they are still soft and have a not unpleasant taste. The root bulbs of a papyrus variety called in old Egyptian "gayu," are very aromatic. These are often mentioned under curatives and receipts for perfumes and belong most certainly to the cyperus

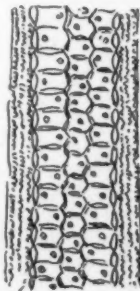


FROM THE MASTABAT-FARAON AT MEMPHIS.

He describes it as "a bare pole supporting a bunch on the top." This bunch, or cluster, consists of a mass of very narrow, thin leaves which display themselves from the end of the stem, or, as in the case of older specimens, surround the stalk on every side like a beautiful rounded, drooping crown of leaves. The stalk is whitish in color to the point where it is submerged, while above it is a most beautiful sap-green color. The ancient Egyptians must truly have taken an infinite pleasure in the graceful appearance of the plant, as is shown by the fact that a papyrus stalk with the tuft intact took the place of the scepter in the hands of a mummied king under the pharaohs of the eighteenth dynasty. Also goddesses, and especially those of the north (the Buto of the Classics) have such emblems in the hand.

The older the stalk the more decidedly triangular is the section. In very young

varieties, and are not to be regarded, as is often the case, as papyrus antiquorum. What is utilized belongs much rather to the cyperus esculentus L. The main root of this plant was regarded by the ancient Egyptians as a delicacy, mentioned by Theophrastus and Pliny, and numbers of dishes containing large quantities of it have been discovered in the graves. In the Passalacqua collection a number of these root bulbs have been taken to Berlin. The root bulbs of the cyperus esculentus, known by the Arabs as habb el-aziz or excellent grains, are always on sale at Cairo, and in fact they are not an indifferent article. It is readily to be understood that they were used in the



SECTION OF STEM OF PAPYRUS PLANT.

workshops and perfume laboratories. They are very dark in color, round in shape and quite small. The edible lower portion of the papyrus antiquorum is to these aromatic bulbs as bread to cake, and was a much more usual article of food, as the papyrus antiquorum, being cultivated for writing material, grew far more abundantly on the Nile than papyrus esculentus.

Diodorus relates with what small means it was possible in Egypt to maintain a child, namely, with twenty drachmæ, or about four dollars. Among the simple articles of food with which children were nourished, he mentions the under part of the papyrus plant which was roasted over the fire. But other portions of the stalk were also boiled, and sucked out, as the boys and girls along the Nile may be seen sucking sugar-cane today. Certain portions of the papyrus stalk were also used in the kitchens of the better classes as appears from old receipts. Still the papyrus antiquorum, besides being manufactured into paper, found other useful applications. In this country, so destitute of wood, the dried bulbs were used as fuel, and it was also converted into charcoal. Boats were in very early times built from the stalks; in the pictures found of them they seem to have been made by binding numerous stalks together, the boat's keel curving sharply at the stern, but less at the bow where the oar was plied. The center resting like a raft on the water afforded very little space for passengers, the boatmen faced forward, as was not the case in larger boats. These

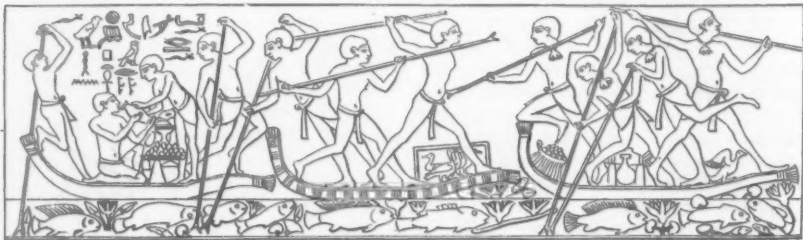


A SCRIBE—ORIGINAL IN THE LOUVRE.

boats were also used as a protection against crocodiles, and, further, the sails were prepared out of papyrus pith. Cages were constructed from the branches, as well as a variety of boxes and baskets, and it is not impossible that the ark in which the babe Moses was discovered consisted of the same material. We learn further of the wreaths which were woven from the leaves of the papyrus.

Plutarch relates that when Agesilaus came to Egypt, a wreath of papyrus was presented to him, and its airy grace so won his heart that he made the request for another. From the bark a bast-fiber was obtained from which not only silk was prepared, but also mats, mattresses and carpets were woven. Papyrus ropes were in use from an early period—a rope made of papyrus bast-fiber is mentioned in the Odyssey. Herodotus refers to the papyrus cable which was used by Xerxes in throwing a bridge of boats across the Hellespont. Prisoners of war brought into Egypt by the pharaohs were bound with papyrus ropes: did they come out of the more northerly regions they were represented as bound with ropes on the ends of which were the papyrus blossom, thus conveying the idea of the northland.

That Martianus Capella, at the marriage of Philology with Mercury, adorned the feet of the bride with papyrus shoes (*calcei ex papyro textili*) may be regarded in the light of the humorous, in order that the head as well as the feet of Philology might thus be immersed in books, or, at the least, in writing material.



A PLEASURE PARTY IN PAPYRUS BOATS.



HOW TO AVOID TAKING COLD.

BY CHAS. A. HOUGH, M.D.

TO those who "take cold easily," the usual caution against draughts and damp feet is inadequate. Such persons seldom suffer from a known imprudence. Little key-hole draughts and "trifling" exposures, like little sins, which no remorse attends or cures, are most dangerous to delicate persons. These slight causes of disease, which are harmless to robust persons, can never be entirely avoided, and it is only by increasing the body's power of resisting such influences, that this unfortunate susceptibility to colds may be cured. This power of resistance may be cultivated. Autumn is the most favorable season for such treatment and the cure may be wrought at home and without expense.

The skin is much more than a mere covering to the body. It might be said to represent in its structure, and to supplement in functions almost every organ of the body. The blushing cheek tells how intimate is the relation of blood supply to nervous impression. So richly supplied with blood-vessels that it may at one time contain a large proportion of the entire blood; so intimately related to the vital processes that a burn of even slight severity extending over more than three-fifths of the body, is generally fatal, and so delicately sensitive, that differences in weight of seven to fifteen grains, and

variations in temperature of but one-half degree, are perceptible, we need not wonder that through our skin we are profoundly influenced by our surroundings.

The influence of cold upon the skin causes a temporary blanching of the surface; the minute blood-vessels contract, the blood recedes and accumulates in deeper and more protected structures. That which immediately follows this first chilling is wherein the person of robust health and the one who "takes cold easily" differ so widely. Immediately following the blanching should be a return flow of warm blood to the exposed part, the skin becoming rosy, warm and doubly fortified against chill. The delightful glow which follows bathing a part of the body in cold water, is an example of what should follow exposure. Reaction often follows so quickly, that stepping from the house into cold wind or rain, appears to call an immediate glow to the face and warmth to the entire body. Persons who are endowed with this power of rapid reaction, enjoy boisterous weather and have little fear of evil consequences from any ordinary exposure.

Vastly different is the lot of their unfortunate fellows who take cold easily. Even a slight chilling of the skin produces effects which may ultimately be serious. The circulation, usually slug-

gish and insufficient in quantity, is profoundly disturbed. Blanching of the exposed portion of the body is pronounced. The skin becomes relaxed, white, moist and cold, or the condition called "goose-skin" may be present. This local condition persists, possibly for hours. The nervous system is profoundly impressed; general chilliness, indisposition, both physical and mental, frontal headache, aching of the limbs, general soreness—in short, what physicians call general malaise, or "ill ease," indicate an imminent illness. All these results attend because there is failure to react at the point of exposure.

Now, it is by cultivating the power of reaction, that delicate persons may lessen their liability to colds. Multiplying wraps, increasing the weight of clothing ordinarily worn, and hermetically sealing and overheating the living-rooms, are all wrong.

Prompt reaction presupposes pure blood and plenty of it, circulating in a healthy skin. Pure blood can only be made from proper food—not medicine—assimilated during exercise, either active or passive, in pure air, not too warm. A healthy skin is, first, a clean skin, one from which all the organic débris has been removed by thorough washing. Too frequently, bathing consists in moistening the greasy impurities and then distributing them evenly over the surface—much as we polish a shoe. So long as the moistened hand will rub up anything from the skin, it is not clean.

Next, the skin should be elastic, firm-textured, and muscular. Every little hair follicle, each of the myriad glands, and all the minute blood-vessels with which the skin is so abundantly supplied, are surrounded by tiny muscles, which have an important rôle in the processes of life. Unless these muscles be strong, active, quick to respond to demands made upon them by their accompanying nerves, the skin is sluggish and reaction cannot be prompt and efficient. These, in common with all muscles, require exercise to keep them in proper tone.

Such a skin as I have attempted to picture may be cultivated, just as quickness of perception, and muscular strength and dexterity in other parts, come by exercise.

This may strike one as a novel proposition, but it is absolutely true that the most efficacious means of cultivating immunity against colds is in exercising the skin and habituating it to those changes of temperature and humidity which no one can hope entirely to avoid.

If the reader will give but one month's trial to the plan of treatment I am proposing, further argument will be unnecessary.

First, keep your skin clean by frequent, thorough, energetic bathing, followed by much friction. If you are in reach of a competent masseur, employ massage occasionally, until your skin acquires elasticity, and becomes hardened to rather harsh usage.

Immediately upon rising, move leisurely about the chamber for a few minutes, day by day increasing the exposure of the body, until soon you can take an air bath of five or ten minutes' duration, without discomfort. This exposure should always be followed by brisk rubbing before dressing. Soon you may venture to dampen the entire body, by rubbing with the hand, moistened in water which has stood exposed over night, and is nearly the temperature of the room. Next, use a sponge, slightly moistened; then one which is not so dry. Soon you will be taking with impunity, and enjoying, a cold sponge bath, which may become more prolonged and more beneficial as the skin becomes habituated to it.

But do not forget that these baths are to be followed, in all cases, by brisk and prolonged rubbing and kneading of the skin, and are not to take the place of the thorough cleansing bath, taken at some other time of the day.

These morning baths are merely skin gymnastics, beneficial in that they harden it and increase its power of reaction. As the weather becomes colder with advancing autumn, gradually the morning temperature of your room and the water which you use for your ablutions become lower, and when you are habituated to them, you may venture to open the windows a little, on the warmer mornings, and expose the nude body to a slight draught.

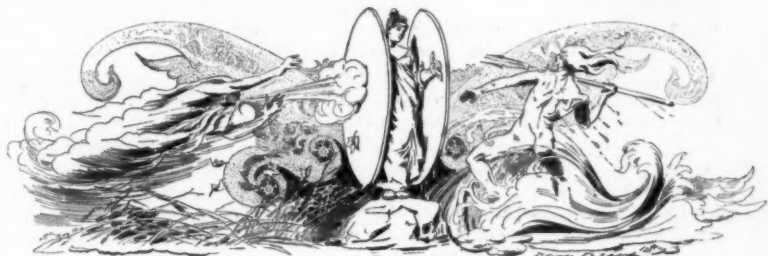
During the night, the mucous membranes should be hardened by leaving the chamber windows open, to the extent they should have been during the sum-

mer, guarding only against draughts or exceptional falls in temperature.

During the day, remain out of doors as much as the weather will permit, and resist the impulse to put on unduly heavy clothing.

I would not be understood as deprecating ordinary prudence, at any time. Keep the feet dry and warm, and the body dry, at all times; avoid violent changes and the long continued cooling of a single

portion of the body; remember that the draught through a two-inch aperture, if it strike the person, is more dangerous than the wind through an entirely open window; believe that, often, the Thanksgiving dinner is as active in causing a cold as are "chill November's surly blasts" outside; persevere in the course of training laid down, and you will find that what must be endured may be largely curtailed by fortifying against it.



RHODODENDRON LAND.

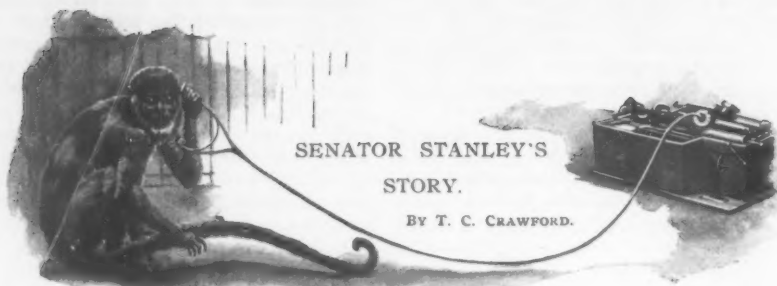
ADRIAN BLOCK'S SONG. 1614.

BY E. E. HALE.

HARD a-port! Now close to shore sail!
Larboard now! And drop your fore-sail!
See, boys, what yon point discloses,
Where the wind so softly blows, is
Heaven's own land of Ruddy Roses.

Past the Cormorant we sail!
Past the rippling Beaver-Tail!
Green the shore,—and red with flowers,
Sweet with singing,—fresh with showers.
Is this new-found land of ours!

Roses all along the sand,
Roses on the trees on land—
Rosy Beach and Rosy Highland!
I shall take this land for my land,
And I name it "Roses Island."



SENATOR STANLEY'S STORY.

BY T. C. CRAWFORD.

I AM a senator of the United States.

A man who has reached a position in this body by fair means or otherwise, has had much experience; he certainly has been through enough to kill all romance and sentimentalism of disposition. As a brother senator of mine once said: "A man who reaches the Senate of the United States has been chased and torn on the way by bloodhounds, tramped over and tossed by wild elephants to such an extent that nothing afterwards can hurt him." This remark was brought out by a question concerning an editorial in a leading New York newspaper, which tore the character of my friend to shreds and held him up as an object of contumely before its readers.

Possibly, my senatorial friend exaggerated the difficulties along the path to the senate, so as to properly set off his own success in getting there, but there was a touch of truth in his highly colored and dramatic picture of the road to the position of a senator. We senators know that we are a class set apart. We are the eighty-eight men who have captured the first prizes of American politics, and it cannot be denied that we always maintain the superiority of our positions.

But I must not forget that I have a story to tell. I have acquired a bad habit in the senate debates of rambling at will when engaged in a discourse, and it is difficult for me to harness myself down to the straight way of a succinct narrative. From a friend, a successful writer, I have learned the following rule for telling a story; it is: Begin at the beginning and stop when you have finished.

This looks like a simple rule, but I find it will require some practice to follow it

absolutely. I shall begin with myself, in this very peculiar story which I have to tell. To make it understood I am obliged to say something about my character and position. First, I am fifty-five years of age. My wife is dead; I lived with her twenty years. She has now been dead five years. She was a quiet, self-contained woman, not given to much talk. Our marriage was a happy one as marriages go. She was a faithful wife and I was a reasonably faithful husband. I never dreamed an old man's folly of trying to replace her. I have two sons, both grown up, and in business in Denver. Both are married. I have been alone for some time, but I find there are worse things than that. I have lived for many years in a house of my own at Washington. It is a good, well-built house, roomy and complete in all its appointments. It is in charge of a very wise, very quiet and good-mannered colored man of middle life. There is not a woman employed about the house. As a consequence my house is always quiet and in a good state of discipline. My cook is an especially good one and understands my simple tastes. I have had good health and an ample fortune. My position in the senate was assured. Up to a year ago I knew I could stay there as long as I wished, because there had been for a long time no opposition to me in my state. I was a welcome guest in every house of note in Washington. My ten odd years of social experience developed my powers of entertaining. I flatter myself that I was not a dull companion at the dinner-table, and I could endure a general reception with the stoicism of a veteran.

You might think that life should have had for me a look of cheerfulness, and that I should have been contented to float down the stream of life to its unknown and unknowable destination with something approaching contentment. Such contentment was possible, but now that sentiment is past. How mere physical comfort ceased to be a source of contentment will be found by any one who is patient enough to read what follows. Let me add one or two more points about myself. All my busy life I have been a materialist. In matters of religion I have said simply I do not know; what appears to be evidence to others of a future life has never appealed to my reason. I have always treated religion, however, with great respect. I have always thought it most unfortunate that there was not some high court of appeal to settle disputed questions of religion, but as there is none, I have always regarded such discussions as idle and impracticable. In fact, I have refused to bother my mind with them. In politics I have very positive convictions, but it is not necessary to say to which one of the great parties I belong. I will merely add, that never in my entire career have I occupied a position on the fence.

I have a friend, Martin Reynolds, who is an old school-mate. He is rich. He made his money in railroad building. He was always a member of the construction company. He is married, and has two grown daughters, Mary and Florence. His wife is a very dark, well-preserved brunette, who thinks her husband is one of the greatest men this country has yet produced. She is familiar with good society, to which she is devoted. She is not brilliant nor particularly well-informed, but she makes no blunders. She does not have that unpardonable vice of some Washington women of affecting an interest in politics. The two daughters have a more pretentious education, but still remain good, genuine, clean-minded American girls. My friend Reynolds has retired from railroad building and has settled down in Washington. He has an amiable weakness for entertaining people of high official position. He is a member of the Metropolitan club, and, thanks to his wife, is noted for his good dinners and his entertaining. I myself have never

belonged to any club. I regard them as mere social trades' unions for the advancement of those who are either socially or mentally feeble.

Reynolds' house is an old colonial one on Panorama Heights, in Washington. It is built in the solid fashion of the early days, and is touched up with the light hand and color of modern taste and comfort. Reynolds has a good deal of time on his hands and as he is very active, he has always been on the lookout for new forms of entertainment.

One day in April, I think it was near the middle, I received the following note from him:

"My dear senator: I have captured such an odd fish for a guest. He is a Hindoo fakir. No, perhaps I should not call him that; I believe he calls himself an expert. He is a great juggler. I have invited a few friends out to see him this evening. He is going to give some tests of his wonderful power. Be sure and come.

"REYNOLDS."

This note I received late in the afternoon, just before dinner. It came very opportunely. I was very nearly in a temper. I had practically been called a liar, in the brief space of one afternoon by at least two members of the opposition, because I had tried to tell the truth about a certain railroad scheme that was slowly but surely wriggling its way through the senate. I had also found in my mail, upon my return to the house, a scathing editorial of a distinguished independent editor, calling the attention of the public to my suspicious attitude in opposing this railroad scheme. "Was the senator, or were his friends bearing the stock?" asked the editor, "for we see no other motive for his peculiar actions." To be called a liar by two colleagues in one day, and then to be pointed out as an object of suspicion by a leading editor, because I was really trying to do my duty, were enough to disturb even my philosophy. But this note, and the prospect of a pleasant evening, made me forget my annoyances.

I knew at Reynolds' house I should see pleasant people, and if the visit included some curious diversion by the Hindoo, his special guest, why so much the better. If I could have foreseen the result of that visit I would have fled to the opposite end



"IT PASSED STRAIGHT THROUGH THE CEILING, VANISHING INTO THE NIGHT."

of the earth before I would have gone. In calm ignorance of anything, but the prospect of an agreeable evening of ordinary social converse, I prepared soon after an early six o'clock dinner to go out.

I drove from my house on Massachusetts avenue out on the wide and spacious Sixteenth street, over the hill. In twenty minutes from the time I left my house I was alighting at my friend's door. I paused for a moment under the old-fashioned porch, supported by four solid gray granite pillars, before ringing the bell. The air was very sweet and moist. The odor of the spring was heavy upon the languid atmosphere. In the west great blue-black clouds were slowly moving forward with flashings of lightning playing in and out of their huge masses. The color of the bank of advancing clouds under the play of the lightning ran through a brilliant scale, from faint-azure gray tones, to royal purple and then densely blue-black. The stillness of the

air was broken occasionally by short, sharp gusts, flying messengers in advance of the approaching storm. I stood for a moment lost in reverie, gazing upon the majestic spectacle, when the sound of voices within the house recalled me to myself and I rang the bell, after dismissing my carriage.

I found the lower part of the house well lighted. It was now nearly half-past eight. The guests were gathered about a very distinguished-looking man of the oriental type. They were assembled in the library-room at the right of the main hall. In the group about him, I recognized Reynolds, his wife, their two daughters, the Secretary of State and his wife, the Secretary of the Navy, and his keen, intellectual, cynical looking daughter, three or four senatorial friends, and several members of the diplomatic colony.

I give this group merely to indicate the stage setting about the scene where Ram Chunder, the Hindoo expert, and I were soon to play the principal parts in what you

may call comedy or tragedy as you please. The East Indian wore the conventional evening dress of polite society. He appeared to me to be about fifty years of age. He was tall with a thin, spare figure. His head was long and broad at the top. His hair was a short grizzled gray, nearly as white as his turban, the only bit of oriental dress retained by him. His face was angular and deeply lined with the strokes that character and experience alone can stamp upon the human countenance. His eyes were dark and deep set, glowing with a subdued fire, an inner light rather than an outward sparkle. His nose was a fierce hook with a broad base. His mouth was thin lined, very firm in its outlines and partly hidden by a drooping gray mustache which shaded into a spiky beard of a lighter tint. In his shirt-bosom there was a small emerald which glowed in the light with apparently more expression than was visible in its owner's eyes. His long, slim, dark-brown

hands were devoid of ornament, except for a great opal, set in a solid gold band and worn upon the middle finger of the left hand. This left hand rested lightly upon a round oaken center-table which had been stripped bare of ornaments, books and cover, for his use.

I found the company so absorbed in some mysterious source of excitement that my entrance was hardly noticed. Reynolds presented me in half a word to Ram Chunder, as I made a sweeping general bow to the company, all of whom were known to me. The oriental made a profound impression upon me. He was seated as the host introduced me. The expert did not rise and he scarcely bowed, yet his manner gave me the impression of a very subtle and penetrating courtesy. A slight sensation of fear, incomprehensible and unexplainable, stole over me as I met his look. His figure appeared to radiate a sense of great power. Burke says that all ideas of power are associated in the minds of men with ideas of fear. I am not an imaginative man. I am not even nervous. I had never seen a man who could produce upon me the sensation of fear until I had seen this Hindoo expert. In his presence, for a moment, I felt as must a raw young trooper feel when first a gleaming bayonet in the hands of a vigorous enemy darts towards his breast. There was the same faintness of the stomach and the shiver along the spine. These sensations were so wonderful to me that I was quite content to sit down and ask no questions concerning the strange scene which was being enacted in this great circular room.

A silent conversation was going on between Ram Chunder and those about him. As an evidence of the peculiar power of an expert, he had said that he would engage in a mental conversation with those present. Questions were to be asked mentally by individuals, in turn, and his answers were to be made by flashing a reply upon the consciousness of the questioner. This test had just begun when I entered. The Secretary of State had been favored with the first mental conversation. The secretary was an amiable, consequential old gentlemen, described by a friend as a man whose mind went to sleep at three o'clock every afternoon. He had listened to the explanation of what was required

of him with an easy, vacuous look. There was a silence as Ram Chunder dwelt upon the importance of the questioner keeping his mind absolutely upon the subject of the inquiry made. There was such a possibility of delusion in the whole thing. How could one know whether the mental question was really answered, was asked by several. Said Ram Chunder: "That you can only know by experiment. You will have no doubt when the answer comes that it is the real answer and from me." Then he added quietly, "As a storm will soon burst over this house that will make ordinary talking impossible, you will find this method of exchanging thoughts quite advantageous."

There were some further preliminaries to arrange. It was agreed that the questioners should make a record of the conversation. Each questioner was given a pad of paper, with a pencil. The question was first to be written, and then the answer was to be promptly recorded. Where possible and agreeable, the records were to be shown; but I noticed that there was very little heartiness in the approval of this proposal.

I would not have trusted for a moment this first experiment to the lively imagination of the ladies present. Their highly sensitive organizations were strung up to an unnatural tension—an atmosphere overcharged with the electricity of the coming storm—and, stimulated by an experiment of such an unusual character, their powers of imagination might lead them into the realm of delusion. But the Secretary of State had no imagination. He could be safely trusted to lead off. He began his questions with a most impassive face. I almost knew from the grave lines of his countenance that he was asking some serious diplomatic question. I was wondering how a reply could be flashed upon his feeble consciousness, when I heard the secretary give a chuckle of delight, and then, after one or two more seconds of silence, he waved his hand gracefully, and said: "I am satisfied. I am more than satisfied."

I may as well add right here that I afterwards talked with every one of the persons present upon this eventful night, and they all agreed that their questions were answered correctly. The Secretary of State confessed with difficulty. From the

meager scraps I pulled from him before my own experience began, I learned that his conversation with Ram Chunder must have run about as follows:

"Shall I ever see the beautiful red-headed girl who applied to me the other morning for amanuensis work?"

"You certainly will. Red-headed girls in search of work from statesmen, if given a little encouragement, are very apt to call again."

"You think there is no harm in my taking a paternal interest in her? She is so young, and she says she is all alone in the world."

"Harm? I think there is no more touching sight in the world than the interest taken by weary, worn men of affairs in young and good-looking women, however unfortunate and lonely in life they may be. It shows that no experience of life is sufficient to quite stamp out youthful freshness from the human heart."

I shall not report the details of the other conversations as I obtained them. I give that with the Secretary of State, in order to gratify a very laudable public curiosity to know some of the phases of the workings of a great mind, and will pass directly to a most serious conversation had between Ram Chunder and myself. The others reported to me lighter subjects of talk. Perhaps, if I had started the conversation with Ram Chunder, I might have had a different experience. At the very instant it was my turn, there came to me, as distinctly and clearly as if it had been fairly shouted in my ear: "I have a message for you, of the greatest importance."

Now, I quite despair of explaining just how this sentence reached my mind. It came to me so positively that I drew myself up with all my senatorial dignity, and said, mentally: "At your service."

I cannot explain just how, for the time being, I surrendered my reason and soon ceased even to wonder. I cannot say that I believed in the man. I may have thought that he had some peculiar power of producing illusions. Something of this was in my mind when he said, mentally: "I see you do not believe in me very much. You concede a certain peculiar ability, but you really question my power to do anything not explainable by known natural laws."

This came to me so clearly that for the life of me I could not help nodding my head affirmatively. Then it occurred to me that I was not fully exercising my will against possible illusion. I was permitting my now awakened imagination to gallop at a pace in keeping with the mad rush of the storm that was now dashing against the house with great fury. I pride myself upon my will. I set my teeth firmly, as I said to myself, "Well, my black-faced friend, try your best to humbug me. I give you permission."

"You defy my power," came to me, as direct as if from a telegraph instrument.

"Yes," was my mental reply.

Ram Chunder now turned and looked at Reynolds. The host at once arose, stepped to the door, where he called a servant to bring a glass of water and place it in front of the expert.

Then Reynolds spoke. He said: "Ram Chunder can converse mentally with but one at a time. To save time, I will explain to you what he is going to do. He is going to take this glass of pure water and give you two illustrations of his power before continuing his conversation with the senator. The first experiment will be visible to you all, directly under the light of the chandelier, where the glass stands. The second will be very interesting. He will, without approaching the water, or without touching in any way the table, change the harmless contents of the glass into the most deadly poison."

Need I say that I was the most intensely interested member of this group. Why this parade of what appeared to be supernatural power before giving me my message?

But, as I thought this, the expert raised the glass to his lips and swallowed a draught of it, to show its harmlessness.

Then he placed the glass at a distance from him, and, with his hands folded gracefully in his lap, he looked steadfastly at the water. It was in a plain cut-glass goblet, devoid of ornament, heavy and clumsy in its lines. There was now a lull in the storm. Everyone followed earnestly the gaze of the expert and concentrated their attention upon the same object. The silence was profound.

Faintly, now, there began to dawn upon this clear water a pink glow. Then this

glow deepened, until it became the color of blood. A light shudder ran through the circle at this mysterious change, and then the solid color began to take form. Light places appeared in the water, and in a moment more a great red rose, full, velvety and fragrant, appeared upon its surface; and yet, perhaps the strangest part of this incident lies in the fact that there was no surprise expressed at this apparent miracle, although murmurs of admiration were heard on all sides. Now the rose faded, and again, in another moment the water became blood-red, paled, and once more was as before.

A light green vapor was now seen hovering over the glass. The water caught its reflection, and soon it took on a tone that suggested a poison of the most malignant character. I am not a superstitious man, by heredity or training, but I would not then have breathed the air hovering over this glass to have saved my seat in the United States senate. In a second almost, the vapor and color faded. The water was clear again. Was it really poison?

Some secret signal from Ram Chunder, and Reynolds again went to the door and again called to the servant. The man entered the room five minutes afterwards, bringing with him a purple dove from a cote in the rear of the house. Dazzled by being brought suddenly into the light, it stared stupidly about and did not flutter or struggle.

Obeying instructions, always given mentally, Reynolds stepped forward and held the dove at arm's length over the water, so that its head was not more than an inch above the fluid. The water flashed an angry green light, and in the instant the bird was dead. Reynolds placed it gently upon the table, as he stepped back, apparently stricken with fear. A blue vapor floated over the bird a moment; then from the prostrate form there moved upward another bird, exactly like the dead one in form and color, and passed straight through the ceiling, vanishing into the hurry and roar of the storm.

Ram Chunder now turned to me, and said: "Are you satisfied that you are in the presence of unknown forces?" And then, without waiting for my reply, he bade me, in the silent language of which he was master, to fix my gaze upon the glass of water.

From that moment my surroundings disappeared from what I shall call, for lack of a better term, my normal vision. The room, the people, the table, everything first became dim in the mist that ascended from the glass, and then, in a moment, I was looking into what seemed to me to be another world. I could not, by any exercise of my will, change back to my preceding condition. My body was as if I were dead. Only the intelligence lived, and gazed out of the body as from a frame from which it might at any moment be released, following without question the will of an all-controlling master.

I saw the past unfold before me like the leaves of a book. Every incident of my life was repeated in a series of flashing pictures. Notwithstanding the rapidity of their lightning-like production, not a single detail was lost to me; my supersensitized vision recorded everything as sharply and as distinctly as if years had been employed in presenting visions, instead of a brief fraction of a second.

I assure you it is not agreeable to sit as a spectator and see so correctly the incidents of one's past. No illusion was possible. There was no cloud of personal passion or prejudice to stand between me and them. For the first time in my life, I was enabled to see things exactly as they were. I had not supposed, up to that time, that I was either better or worse than the average man. But as I sat in judgment upon myself, with the clear record before me, I could not help being deeply impressed by the intense selfishness and hopeless pettiness of it all. My loftiest ambitions looked very small and unworthy. Any evidence of self-denial, any sacrifice for the good of another, did not appear. Often some charitable act would come to the surface, but it was always the result of mere idle good-nature, and never represented any thought or sacrifice on my part.

Suddenly the pictures ceased. A mist again swam before my eyes. A voice as from a distance came to me, saying: "Of what use has been your life? Who has been better for your living? In what way has the world been a gainer by your presence in it?"

I am willing to confess that such questions addressed to me normally, under

the ordinary, natural conditions of life, would not have bothered me. I would have made most satisfactory replies to any such queries if they had been propounded to me in the open senate, but here it was different.

The questions pierced to my inner consciousness and appeared to compel by some mighty power the exact truth in reply. My new vision made no reply possible. I was crushed with the sense of the utter and dire failure of my life.

Now there came another change. The visions began again. I was invited to project my consciousness into the future. I had no will but to consent. I was borne along upon a tide I could not resist. You cannot know the hopeless horror of the thing. I felt myself a mere waif in the hands of unseen and irresistible forces. My mental pride was crushed. My physical courage was gone.

From then on I saw nothing of individual freedom. I was bound in strong fetters and the end of my life appeared so dark and so dismal that I will not here dwell upon it, as I wish to make no appeal to anyone's sympathies. I will simply speak of the after effects of that evening. At the close of the conversation with the expert I was told that I had forfeited my right to my own individuality through my selfish love of comfort, and that I must be prepared at any moment to surrender that individuality to influences which would make a better use of the opportunity afforded by my position.

I went home in rather a dazed frame of mind.

The next morning the scene of the preceding evening appeared like a dream. In fact, I could not conceive in the bright light of open day, in the quiet serenity of my own house, how I could have been so affected by the incidents of the evening before. My mind was in a quiet state, and I turned to my morning paper and documents requiring attention with more than ordinary interest. I returned to my philosophical frame of mind by saying to myself that things that are not explainable should be dismissed from all consideration.

I went to the senate chamber at an early hour. There was to be a hearing before a committee of which I was a member. I

do not now recall the question that was pending; the proceedings were of a routine character and no one there observed anything unusual about my manner. I then remember going to the senate chamber, and there I listened with more than ordinary interest to the opening prayer of the chaplain. He appeared to direct his attention to me from the first. There were only two or three members in the senate chamber, as few come in before the prayer is ended. Some moral reflections in this good man's discourse stirred somewhere in my organization a dull repetition of the questions of the night before. What had I really accomplished beyond achieving personal comfort for myself?

During the morning hour I wrote letters. I dwell upon the incidents of the morning because this was really the last day of my normal life. It is not often given to a man to witness the closing hours of his own existence and to be able to write correctly and in his own person the story of his departure from this life. I did not go away in any ordinary sense and no one will be more surprised than my friends when they come to read this assertion.

At fifteen minutes past two, on the day following my visit to Reynolds' house, I rose to make a speech upon a measure which had been pending before the senate for some time. It was a general proposition relating to the proper government of the business affairs of the various great railroad companies in their relations to the public. According to the traditions of my political career, I took naturally the strong side of the corporations and in this I was thoroughly in harmony with the spirit which prevailed in the Senate of the United States. I had not openly said that the people had no rights in the matter, and that the rights of the public should not be protected as against the rights and claims of these corporations. My views concerning the subject were well-known. My whole success in life had dated from early connections with corporations. I had represented them before the legislature of my state and in that body. Now, that I am speaking with such frankness, I may as well add that I owed my election to the United States senate to the powerful influences of the corporations which have



"HE WAS CONTENTING HIMSELF WITH A CLEAR AND ANALYTICAL EXAMINATION OF THE LAW IN QUESTION."

for years controlled the political affairs of my state.

When I arose to speak, a little blonde page darted from in front of the presiding officer's chair with a glass of water. I am a very deliberate speaker and not at all inclined to be eloquent. I belonged to the class of modern statesmen who believe that facts cannot be stated too clearly and too simply. They discard adjectives, impassioned phrases, and studiously adopt the conversational tone in presenting arguments. I was never more deliberate than I was on this day. It was warm, and before speaking I raised the glass of water to my lips. As I did so, I involuntarily glanced to the private gallery where visitors of prominence or fashionable ladies are to be found during debates. It is natural for a speaker to wish to know whether

he has an audience or not. * There were not over a half dozen ladies in the gallery. There was a white spot in the farthest corner shadowed by the heavy ceiling, which attracted my notice. In an instant I saw it was the white turban of the Hindoo expert. There were, perhaps, twenty-five or thirty senators in their seats. The debate on the bill had been led by two or three senators who had not presented very strong arguments. There was a trifle more than ordinary interest in what I was going to say, because even now I have left some remnant of pride concerning my former manner of discussing public questions.

I began, "Mr. President." These were the last words of any public address ever made by me. There was a jar in my body as if from some shock to its internal

mechanism, and then I was conscious of passing directly out of my body and had the extraordinarily odd sensation of seeing this self-same body standing there full of life, occupied by someone else. The experience is not a common one. I need not add that it was anything but a pleasing one. Here I was changed in the twinkling of an eye from a positive entity to an absolute nonentity. My first impression was one of outrage. I turned and shouted at the expert. I roared at him, shrieking with rage, but apparently no sound of my voice stirred the quiet tranquillity of the senate. No one had observed the transformation.

After the first moment of shock, succeeded an angry curiosity to know the result. I seated myself deliberately in a vacant chair near my old place and watched my material body go through the form of making a speech. I was strangely critical. At last the power had been given me to see myself as others saw me. I observed with regret that I had been careless in my shaving that morning. My hair needed trimming and my coat had not been properly brushed. These superficial facts made the same impression upon me that would be made by one looking into a mirror and were the evidences that I must have been more than ordinarily disturbed during the morning. My interest was not at first very great. My substitute did not depart from my usual manner for a few moments, but there was an unusual undertone of earnestness in his thoughts, and every now and then I saw a flash of fire in his eyes. This was a grave infraction of senatorial etiquette, and so I watched carefully my successor to see whether these new features were attracting attention. He had not as yet expressed any view concerning the measure. He was contenting himself with a clear and analytical examination of the law in question. I must say he did this very well, but in a moment he turned to the senate and began to express sentiments so foreign to my own beliefs that a positive sensation was created. He became strangely eloquent. His voice was musical and persuasive. This speech rapidly filled the galleries. News of anything unusual flies upon mysterious wings at Washington. Whenever the unusual happens it does not take many sec-

onds to produce an audience. After the senate galleries were filled, the senate itself became crowded. Word was sent over to the house, and members came crowding in from every direction. I must confess that I was so filled up with pride at the sight of this vast audience gathering to listen to what, in all appearances, was the amiable gentleman who had so many years occupied my seat in the senate that I did not pay much attention to the thread of his discourse. But *the senator*—let me call him, because to me he was the senator of all—was now speaking with a fire and a fury which absolutely thrilled his audience so that they swayed up and down the gamut of passion and feeling like waves on a sea before a mighty wind.

At first there was a look of surprise on the faces of the senators, then there was a shock at this breaking away from traditions and this daring to be eloquent, at this arrogant presumption of attempting to stir up the emotions of men hardened to every trick and appeal of ordinary eloquence or phrase-making. Then this feeling was succeeded by one of indignation. I began myself to listen, and if it can be said that the hair of a nonentity can rise, then my hair rose with horror. The senator who had the floor was making a picturesque, powerful appeal for the consideration of the rights of the people. Think of that, and in the senate chamber! It was clear that everyone about was under the impression that I had either gone mad or that I had suddenly developed an abnormal ambition to become a popular candidate for president of the United States. He used such plain language and he had such a way of driving home old-fashioned truths that no one thought of interrupting him. He said that the senators of the United States were simply servants of the people and that it was time that they were reminded of that fact. The corporations of the country were loaded with gifts from the people. Was the generosity and was the care always to be given to these great vested interests? Was there ever to be legislation in the interests of humanity, in the interests of the sin and suffering that filled the world? Was this measure which was at best but a feeble step in the direction of restoring the rights of the

people to their own, to be choked and throttled by arguments stale and shop-worn from the bureaus of the great corporations which furnished them?

I do not propose to make a report of this speech. It is enough to say that it overturned every tradition of the senate; defied every belief before expressed by me, contradicted every one of my previous utterances upon public questions, and in the end closed with a peroration picturing the duties and aspirations of a man properly educated to honestly serve the public. These words were uttered with such deep conviction that a corresponding wave of emotion thrilled through and through the great audience.

From this day my substitute was very active in all debates, and was easily the foremost figure in the discussions of the day. Naturally, he was the constant subject of attack. My old friends in the senate looked at him first with wonder, then distrust, and then dislike. It was inconceivable to them that he was acting from disinterested motives; some held that he had gone out of his mind. I was in constant communication with him, although powerless to control him in any way. It was a long time before he would promise that I should occupy my old place again, and then only upon the condition that I would carry out the work he had begun. For months I was in a dull state of rage at my powerlessness. He was using my brain, my place, my former opportunity, to advocate theories of an absolutely impossible kind.

One day, when the appropriation bill for the support of the agricultural department was pending before the senate, he arose, and said that he saw no objection to appropriating hundreds of thousands of dollars for the study of agricultural subjects, for the payment of distinguished scientists to devote their time to a skillful warfare against the noxious enemies of valuable vegetable growths, nor for the experimenting with new plants for the extension of the food-products of the farm. Wise were the provisions for the stamping out of the diseases of cattle and hogs. Cheerfully should be paid all sums necessary for the extension of our food-supplies. When the fish commission comes to the senate and asks for large sums of money for deep-sea studies, for the prop-

agation of food-fishes in barren waters, what sensible man thinks of objecting. Government aid to such subjects is wise, because more secure than could be the support of private enterprise.

Thus far in his discourse my senator attracted no particular attention. The advocacy of large appropriations for almost any purpose of a routine character for which there are well-known precedents, is always received in the senate with the sleepy approval of the lullaby song in the nursery. Suddenly my representative changed his note of polite comment and said in sharp, trenchant tones that waked everyone: "If you are ready to spend the money of the people so freely in the directions already indicated, why would you not be willing to appropriate sums infinitely larger for the study of the means to prevent the ills and diseases of mankind? By ills I mean everything relating to one's social condition. You have now bureaus under the direction of wise and sagacious experts, dexterous in the arts of stamping out the misfortunes and diseases of the vegetable and lower animal world. Why not now ascend the plane and take up the subject of man?"

I shall not follow the speaker too closely. His plan for the establishment of government training-schools in every crowded district for the care of children, for the enforced development of their physical condition, and for their being fed by the government when necessary, he said did not savor of charity, which might encourage pauperism. It was the duty of the government to see that every child in the country should have an opportunity to acquire the full maximum of robust manhood that nature intended for him, with an education and a training which would make him self-supporting as an adult. "The hopelessly depraved, if there are any such," said he, "should be isolated and placed within the lines of a social quarantine to be crossed only when morally healed. You will never stamp out poverty and crime in the country without beginning with the children. There are thousands of children now growing up in the crowded cities who are steeped in a daily atmosphere of vice and sodden misery that would degrade, pollute and destroy any character, however nobly gifted at the start by nature. We

have progressed to the point where we quarantine known contagious diseases. Years ago when the "black death" appeared, or when the Asiatic "pest" swept over the earth, thousands upon thousands died without a struggle. Now, the public good which is the sole excuse for all laws, justifies the seizure of property, the arrest of individuals and even lives are ruthlessly taken in the maintenance of a quarantine. If all this can be done to keep out a fever, what might not be ventured in the interests of our moral and physical welfare equally threatened from all directions."

Must I go on? My senator could not be restrained. He continued: "We have every year questions involving the right of quarantine. The powers of the government have been enormously increased, so that the government of the great American republic is as autocratic as that of Russia, in the exercise of its power to protect the national health. Now I do not propose any sweeping change to be made at once, but I would like to have incorporated in this measure an amendment providing for the establishment of a commission of nine members to be appointed by the president, to take up the question of how best to protect the weaker members of society. You have among the people a deep-seated discontent that grows year by year. The reason for this is that we permit the production under such unfavorable conditions of a continually increasing population, which is always a menace and a detriment to a country through their lack of early moral, intellectual, and most important of all, physical training. The huge sums paid cheerfully for the pensions of the war, the burden of which is felt by but few, would give more than enough to take out of their present vile and unhappy surroundings the children of all the unfortunate in the country, and train them up into clean and self-supporting independence. It will not do to say that the children of even vicious and degraded parents have not within them the bud of promise. Look at the splendid work of the New York Reform school and the high average result actually accomplished there in the building up of character, although its inmates are never admitted to the school until they have actually broken some one

of the criminal laws of the state."

Need I add how severely was my senator snubbed for his views. His amendment did not receive a single vote besides his own. Few condescended to answer any of his arguments. From this day on he was more of a marked man than before. The letters received by him were now wholly different than those that used to come to me. There were no more communications from the heads of great corporations or leading bankers, but instead a perfect deluge of letters from the under world of society. My senator rarely slept, so furious was his desire to help others. My comfortable fortune melted to the right and the left under his benevolent touch. The newspapers hinted that some of my relatives were talking of having a conservator appointed for the protection of my estate, but these reports were untrue. My boys were sturdy and self-supporting, very loyal to their father. If it pleased me, they said, to blow in my money on games of benevolence, it was my affair, not theirs.

Where was I all this time, the individual I, who records this story? I was chained as a shadow to my senatorial body. I could not escape from it. I followed it where it went and learned after a time to know something of this new world of duty assumed by my representative, who often talked the subject over with me when we were at home in my library. He said one evening: "If I could convince you of the correctness of my views, I would give you back your body and let you take up my tasks while I go on elsewhere. You need to learn a new definition of honesty. How could you in the past call yourself a public man when you were never actuated by anything but motives of private interest. Now honestly, have you ever felt a single heart-throb of indignation over the unjust suffering there is in this world?"

"No."

"Have you ever shed a tear of pity over the wrongs of the unhappy?"

"No."

"Then by what right have you dared to assume the post of the guardian of the people, if you have not thought constantly of the poorest and the unhappiest? The wisdom of the legislative ages has been concentrated upon the building up of



"IF YOUR HAPPINESS DEPENDS ON ME, COUNT ON IT, WITHOUT FAIL."

guards about the properties and rights of the well-to-do. It is time for an extension of the field of legislative action."

"But what can the government do? It can't make poor people rich; it can't give them money, you know—"

"If you follow so-called natural laws in the struggle with small-pox or the cholera, where would you be? The trouble with even the friends of the people has been in the remedies sought to be employed by them. They have wanted to move too rapidly and to right by law and purse immediate wrongs. This, of course, cannot be done in a moment. We can, by government aid, help the cause of physical training and so educate the up-growing that it will not be possible for an ill formed or an ill trained child, saving always accidents, to escape such a system of wise beneficence."

I cannot say that the senator convinced me that his views represented anything practical. I believed that if I were permitted to once more gain back my body before all my fortune was gone, that I should sink back into my comfort-living

habits. You cannot teach old dogs new tricks.

One day he gave me permission to gain back my body. He was summoned to a high conference in India. "Mind you," said he, "if you fail in your duty as an honest man in serving the public, I will come back at once and punish you."

"How?" I asked, for I was curious to know what to expect as I had no hope of meeting his anticipations. I was conscious of being several centuries behind him in development. He looked at me carefully. I was then seated opposite him at the library table in my home. "I think," said he, "I will give you an object lesson before I go." He called my carriage, and gave my coachman an order to drive to the National Zoological Gardens.

I may add here that I hate menageries. The smell of wild animals in confinement makes my gorge rise. So you can imagine the pleasure for me in being dragged at the heels of my tormenter until we reached a cage in which a large, disgusting monkey of the mandril type was confined. Attached to the monkey's cage

was a huge phonograph. Outside the cage and near the phonograph was a small, red-bearded man dancing about, uttering the discordant notes of an idiot, while frantically attempting to attract the attention of the mandril.

Suddenly the occupant of the cage came out of its dull, apathetic mood, advanced to the bars, and stretched out a huge, long-fingered paw, as he began to utter howls almost frantic in their misery and wailing. The little man outside with the phonograph now danced with delight. "Excellent," he said. He then began to try and repeat the peculiar howls of the mandril.

"This man," said my companion, "is engaged in the fascinating task of collecting and registering, with the aid of the phonograph, the cries of the monkey species. He thinks he has classified these cries and imagines that he has evolved from them a semblance of language. But I did not bring you here to observe him. I want you to take a good look at the mandril standing at the bars. Do you notice anything peculiar about him?"

"Nothing, except the fact that he has a blue nose, red stripes around his beastly face, and that the hair is well worn off from his haunches."

"Do you notice anything peculiar about the expression of his eyes?"

The mandril now ceased his shrieking as if he understood the silent question. He appeared also to have the gift of seeing me as well as hearing the conversation which passed. I answered: "Nothing, except an expression of low cunning and extreme selfishness."

My companion laughed as the mandril flew about in a perfect fury of anger, shaking the bars of his cage and uttering cries of such deep and piercing rage that they nearly cracked the phonograph cylinder.

"Now," continued my friend, "that mandril before you is at present occupied by the spirit of your old friend, Senator Babbington."

At this the mandril bowed his head affirmatively as I turned toward him.

"He is a disembodied spirit in temporary confinement at the Zoo, and of course sees you and can hear you. He was one of the richest senators. His fortune was colossal. He never used one penny of it

except for his own personal advancement. With millions in his grasp he only thought of heaping together money, which neither he nor many generations of descendants could hope to use. He never had a kind or a charitable impulse. He ruthlessly ruined every friend who had ever trusted him. Towards the last of his wretched life he paid a small insurance upon his future happiness by giving money to the church of which he was a nominal member. At present he is serving a preliminary term in the body of the mandril to subdue his pride. He is soon to be the spirit which will enter into a child to be born of the poorest and most wretched and starving peasants in East Galicia. He will have to know centuries of poverty and suffering before he will be heard of again above the surface. But it was not to speak of him that I brought you here. It was to show you your future home for the remaining term of your natural life after I leave you, if you ever swerve from your duty after I give you back your old body."

I shuddered at the horrible thought, and Babbington howled with malicious delight at my perplexity. It was evident he did not believe he would be much longer confined in the mandril's form. His sturdy, selfish spirit was eager for the contest with the forces of the world again, even if he should have to begin with a handicap of poverty and miserable conditions.

The next day, with the same jar and sense of electric shock with which I left my body, I resumed my old form. I was once more at home. But how changed was the situation. I was now the center of entirely new interests. My mail was one mass of begging appeals; my money was now going so rapidly that I doubted if my fortune would last out my days. Even my cook was ruined, as his abilities had been so long ignored that he had become indifferent. I did not dare to change one feature of my rearranged life. At a moment's hesitation at any call of duty made upon me, I instantly saw a vision of the blue-nosed mandril and scented Babbington's eager impatience to have me slip so that he could be moving on to new scenes.

Thank God, I did not slip, however, for a long time. Perhaps, if it had not been

for the incident I am now about to relate, I might have escaped for a much longer time my ultimate fate. In the senate I was severely let alone. In my state, all the corporations were arrayed against my reelection, as my term was now near an end. The people, outside of the politicians, were for me with a madness of enthusiasm hard for me to understand.

There was, during this closing winter of my life, a number of senatorial elections throughout the country. In one state, there had been an unusually bitter contest against a former friend, Senator Elihu Backus, a member of the opposition. He was reelected, but the election was followed by a huge scandal. The use of money had been so open and flagrant in the election that the disappointed contestants were able to force an official investigation at Washington. The usual conflicting mass of testimony was taken, but such a clear case was finally established against Backus, that my party associates, who then had a majority of one in the senate, decided, in secret caucus, for purely political advantage, to vote to expel the offending senator. While the motives of my party associates were partisan, there was no question about the justness of the sentence and the correctness of the action agreed upon in the secret caucus.

So it was clear what my vote must be. It was not often my new sense of duty placed me in accord with my party associates. My position was so clear that no one took the trouble to ask me about it.

The night before the day when the subject was to be finally passed upon, the agents of millionaire Backus fairly stormed the houses of senators whom they thought might be influenced. Pleas, piteous and sordid, struggled for a hearing. Backus was old; the disgrace would kill him. His only child, a beautiful, young and motherless woman, would be socially ostracized in spite of her father's millions, if he should be expelled. Huge sums were brandished as temptations. But it was now a party matter, and our side was hopelessly committed. A change of vote was not possible without incurring greater disgrace than that which threatened the guilty senator.

No one called upon me until nine o'clock that evening. I sat alone in my

library. I could no longer take my ease. I was at work upon reports, answering letters of appeal, writing checks for this and that, bitterly toiling at my hateful task of doing good to people I did not know and for whom I cared nothing.

At nine o'clock, a young, manly-looking man, about twenty-five years of age, stained with travel and careless of attire, entered the room unannounced. I took a second look at him before I recognized my favorite son, if it can be said that I had a favorite. I loved both my boys, God bless them; but the younger always seemed nearer to my heart. He had a trick of the eyes and a slight tossing of the head, when in earnest, that always reminded me of his mother. He was now the assistant manager of a great western railroad, and so closely occupied with his duties that I knew his unheralded presence in Washington and the hurry of his visit meant something unusual.

I folded Dick in my arms and kissed him. He returned the kiss with the same loyal affection of his boyhood.

Standing on the rug in front of the open fire, with one hand clasped in mine, with the other on my shoulder, as he looked up into my face, he said:

"Father, I have a request to make of you."

"What is it?"

"I want you to vote for Senator Backus and save him."

I was astonished; but I kept silence, as I thought of what such a vote would mean for me. First, I would lose all my popular support at home, without gaining any support from my former friends, the corporations. Thus I must lose, first, my election; second, my reputation for honesty, because eleventh-hour changes of opinions, where millionaire interests are at stake, are damning; and, lastly, there was the blue-nosed mandril to be thought of.

Alarmed at my long silence, my son burst forth into eloquent pleadings.

"Do you know," said he, "that I am engaged to be married to Jane Backus? We have been long in love with each other, as you must have known if you had ever given the subject attention. But Mr. Backus never encouraged me; nothing under a foreign prince could match his millions, he said, and no engagement

was permitted. All this you might have known; but I found you, during the last year, so devoted to a new life, so different from your past, that I did not like to come to you."

"But," he added, loyally: "do not think father, I am criticising you. Only, I did not understand, and you had so much to bear, in the way of unfriendliness, that I had not the heart to tell you that Senator Backus laid the chief burden of his opposition to me upon you and your devotion of a once great fortune to chimerical ideas. 'He will leave his sons beggars,' said he, 'and my daughter shall never marry a beggar.' But all this is changed now. Three days ago I was telegraphed for by Jane Backus. I arrived here this evening, and Senator Backus has agreed to our engagement—upon one condition."

"I know what that is, I am to give him my vote. Do you know what that may mean to me?"

"Father, I think I know that you will have a bad quarter of an hour; but you have so often lately acted outside of your party, and have established such a high reputation for unselfishness and honesty that you will be pardoned more easily than any other man. Then, father, you know very well that Mr. Backus has done no more than the average senator has done or would do in a close fight. You know father, in our last election, you sent me down with a check for five thousand dollars to be given to Mr. Somers, your agent, who telegraphed for help early in the morning. What was that check for, father?"

Decidedly, the young man was not fortunate in his arguments. It does not make us any more charitable for the sins of others to be reminded of our own. My heart hardened. Besides, I did not like old Backus very well. Let my boy Dick look out for some other girl. He was good looking enough to get as good a girl as Jane Backus and he would never need her money. Besides my determination was hastened slightly by a seeming shadow in the mirror. I fancied I saw the blue nose of my friend Babbington, and caught the eager glint of his eyes gleaming with the hope of an escape.

My son saw my refusal in my face, but he did not give up. He left the room without waiting for my final word, but

returned quickly with Jane Backus who had been waiting in the room below. They stood before me. They attempted no theatrical pleading. They stood there with hands locked, looking at me in their pride and youthful passions, asking like children to have their own way, not dreaming or caring for the cost of the answer so long as it was "yes."

Heavens, what a picture! He, tall, manly, dark, olive-tinted, his black, crisp moustache shading his mouth, his lips parting in eager anticipation; she, a foil to his darkness—a clear, wholesome blonde, showing in every line of her figure, manner and dress the result of careful training, of money lavishly spent by cunning and skillful hands to produce that rare product of modern society, a lady. Both stood as if a sentence of life or death was about to be passed. The love that radiated from the splendid, speaking eyes of Jane Backus for my gallant boy touched me more than her few low-voiced words for her father.

How do unworthy fathers come to have such children! Can I refuse my boy even temporary happiness? Can I shatter his loyal affection by refusing to grant his wish? Surely, a parent's love for a child is something more than an extension of individual egotism. As the boy looked at my hardened and silent face, his head gave that toss of confidence and trust which his mother used to give when she wished to express unusual faith in me. It was clear that I was, of my own free will, to do something unselfish at last. As I resolved to sacrifice my life in response to the frank confidence of my boy Dick, there came straight to me a message from my absent friend in India:

"Remember! If you fail in your public duty, you may know what to expect!"

Expect! I could even now hear the shriek of the mandril.

"Dick, my boy," I exclaimed, with all the impetuosity of my early days, "if your happiness depends on me, count on it, without fail. I consent to what you have asked me."

I have been told by philosophers that everyone has, at some period in his life, one whole moment of perfect happiness, to compensate him for the general misery of existence. Well, when I saw those two young people fairly mad with happiness,

I had my moment. Never mind the price. I would not go back upon my decision, if I could. My only fear, at first, was that I would not be allowed to play my part to the end, and that my high-minded substitute might come back and make me false to my promise. But when I had made the decision, another message came :

"No, you shall not be disturbed. I showed you the way of duty in your relations to the public. After that, with your eyes open, if you choose to let private interest again influence you—and love of a son may become as improper an influence as any other private interest—then upon you must rest the consequence."

All right ! I accept ! I've closed the doors of the library, and shall spend the night in writing. I know I shall be permitted to finish my programme. I know that, after the vote of tomorrow, to the world I shall be dead.

I hasten to complete this narrative, so that there will be left some reasonable explanation of the closing year of my life : that, while I played the part of the philanthropist, I despised those whom I was forced to benefit, and to the last I maintained, in spite of my attitude in the senate, my sturdy contempt for the public or its wishes.

Those who may have an interest in my unfortunate career will avoid my grave, but will rather come to shed the pious tear of regret at cage No. 5 in the section assigned the monkeys at the Zoo. You will recognize me by my blue nose, my red-striped face and the general worn-out appearance of my hairy garments.

* * *

The above narrative was found among the private papers of the late Senator Stanley. Two newspaper dispatches, sent out to the Associated press upon the day of his death, are of interest in connection with this story.

First :

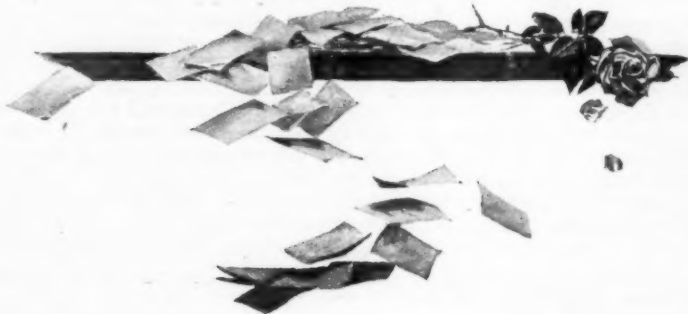
"Washington, January —. The famous Senator Stanley died suddenly this evening. He was quite alone at the time of his death. He had taken a part in the senate debates and had made a great sensation by voting with the opposition against the expulsion of Senator Backus. His vote alone saved the latter. Senator Stanley was made the subject of great recrimination and was cut dead by every one of his associates. His sudden death, which took place in his library, at home, was attributed to heart failure. The scenes of the day undoubtedly hastened his end."

Here followed nearly a page of the great man's career, which it is not necessary to give.

The second dispatch to the Associated press, in another part of the paper, was as follows :

"Washington, January —. Murphy, the mandril kept in cage No. 5, at the National Zoo, died suddenly this evening. It is feared that the mandril has been driven to suicide, as the monkey was found with his skull crushed, evidently from a self-inflicted blow."

So, perhaps, the senator, in spite of his forebodings, was forgiven. In spite of his disobedience, he was spared the torture of Murphy, the mandril. It is to be hoped that he was in the end forgiven for all his other failures.



NOTES OF ANCIENT ROME.

BY RODOLFO LANCIANI.



THE PRIORATO DI MALTA, ON THE AVENTINE.

Esquiline with one in twenty-one, and so on. These data prove that the patricians preferred to live in wards more distant from the center, and away from the noise and the bustle of the city.

Discoveries made on the Aventine since the time of Paul III.,* more especially in the course of the present century, prove the statistics to be correct. To speak only of what I have seen myself, I could mention the palaces of Annia Cornificia Faustina, younger sister of Marcus Aurelius, and wife of Ummidius Quadratus; of Cosmus, the wealthy minister of finances of M. Aurelius; of Cæcina Decius Albinus, the prefect of the city in A.D. 414; of Marcella and Principia the friends of St. Jerome. In watching the discovery of these beautiful palaces, I have been struck by the fact that they must have perished by the same cause, towards the beginning of the fifth century of our era. The signs are everywhere the same: flames which have blackened the red ground of the frescoes, and have caused the roofs to fall on the mosaic or marble pavements of the ground floor: coins scattered among the ruins, belonging, save rare exceptions, to the fourth century: statues restored over and over again: marbles stolen from pagan buildings, mostly of the funeral spe-

THE Aventine hill has always proved to be a mine of archaeological wealth, and it seems to contain more hidden treasures than all the rest of the septimontium put together. This welcome specialty cannot be easily explained; perhaps it results from the fact that the Aventine was the most aristocratic quarter of the city, as shown by the statistics published in 354 A.D., under the title of *Notitia and Curiosum*.

These statistics give among other items, the number of palaces in comparison with the number of tenement houses belonging to each of the fourteen wards of the city. The ward which contained a greater percentage of palaces (*domus*) over tenement houses (*insulæ*) was therefore the favorite with the aristocracy. The Aventine heads the list with one palace in nineteen houses; then follow the Campus Martius with one in twenty, the

* Paul III. made the first great excavation on the Aventine in 1540, while building the Bastione commanding the plain of the Tiber and the approach to Rome from Ostia.

cies, and made use of for hasty restorations: symbols of Christianity on lamps and domestic utensils. All these signs point to the same historical event—to the capture and pillage of Rome by the Goths in August 410. The Aventine must have paid dearly for the partiality shown toward it by the noble and the wealthy. The treasures accumulated in its palaces must have roused the cupidity of the invaders, and led them to excesses of plunder and destruction such as were spared to more humble districts of the city.

Although the imperial casino in the gardens of Sallust is the only structure mentioned by historians as having been razed by fire, on August 10, 410, we are constantly discovering in Rome the evidence of a far more widespread loss by this cause, and even among the written records of those eventful days some new particulars come to light from time to time. Here is one of the latest:

There was on the Caelian hill, between S. Stefano Rotondo and the Lateran, a palace belonging to the descendants of the Valerii Poplicolæ, namely to Valerius Severus, prefect of Rome in the year 386, and to his son Pinianus, husband of Melania the younger. The palace was so beautiful and contained so much wealth, that when Pinianus and Melania (grieved to death by the loss of all their children) put it for sale in 404, they found none willing to purchase it: "ad tam magnum et mirabile opus accedere nemo ausus fuit." However, seven or eight years later the same palace was given away for little or nothing, "domus pro nihilo venumdata est." The reason for such a change has lately been discovered in a MSS. of the library of Chartres. The barbarians had plundered all its valuables and injured it by fire: "dissipata et quasi inclusa."

The same fate befell the palaces of the Aventine, as related by St. Jerome (in the epistles 48 and 96 of the Maurine edition). One of them, the ruins of which have been explored in March of the present year, belonged to Marcella, the founder of monastic life in Rome. This noble matron having been left a widow after seven months of marriage, and being pressed by the consul Cerealis to marry again, determined to sever all connection with the world for the rest of her life. Following the rule of St. Athanasius, bishop of

Alexandria, she dressed herself in simple robes, gave up the use of wine and meat, and divided her time between the study of the scriptures, prayers and pilgrimages to the tombs of apostles and martyrs. Some noble young women joined her rule, and many fashionable houses were transformed into monasteries. St. Jerome became Marcella's spiritual adviser. In one of his epistles she is addressed as "the pride of Roman matrons." However, Rome having fallen the prey of the Goths, the barbarians broke into her peaceful retreat, and tortured her in an attempt to discover the secret hiding place of her treasures, treasures that she had long before given up to the needy. Fearing more for Principia's safety, whom she had adopted as a spiritual daughter, than for her own life, she threw herself at the feet of the Gothic chieftain, and begged to be conducted to the church of St. Paul outside the walls, which, like St. Peter's, had been set apart by Alaric as a refuge for women and children. The destruction of her Aventine house, and the shock sustained, brought Marcella's life to a close. She died before the end of that eventful August.

The barbarians attacked with equal fury the public buildings of the Aventine, especially the Thermæ. One of these establishments called Thermæ Decianæ from the family of the Cæcina Decii who had built it in the neighborhood of their own palace, was undermined by the Goths so that the main wall of the tepidarium leaned forward, dragging into its own ruin all the neighboring halls. The damages, as well as the repairs made in haste by Cæcina Decius Albinus in the year 414 are described by an inscription discovered on the spot in 1725, and now preserved in the Capitoline museum.

No wonder that the Aventine should contain hidden treasures, which the genius loci, as the ancients would say, offers to us, searchers of antiquities, with more or less good will and grace, and at more or less frequent intervals.

Under the pontificate of Pius IV., while planting a vineyard near the church of Santa Prisca, Matteo da Castello, the pope's architect, found some two or three receptacles of lead, containing one thousand eight hundred pieces of gold, with the image of the empress Helena on one

side, and the symbol of the cross on the other. Having declared his discovery to Pius IV., the pope made a present to him of the whole find. The gold was valued at about three thousand dollars.

Flaminio Galgano, a contemporary of Matteo da Castello, met with another chance. While quarrying stone at the foot of the hill near Santa Prisca, he discovered in the heart of the rock a square room, with the pavement inlaid with crusts of agate and cornelian, and the walls covered with panels of gilt copper, in the cornice of which rare medals were set as a motive of decoration. The room contained many pateræ and instruments of sacrifice, all damaged by fire.

The treasure trove, to which the present paper particularly refers, took place in the afternoon of March 21st of the present year, under peculiar circumstances.

The Benedictin order is building a new establishment, a sort of international college, on the spur of the hill which projects from the church of Santa Maria del Priorato toward the Bastione di Paolo III. and the porta di S. Paolo. Remains of Roman houses stripped of all their valuables, have been found at the average depth of fifteen feet. A few capitals and bits of columns, some brick-marks and fragments of statuary are the only produce of these vast excavations.

On Tuesday, March the 21st, four workmen were digging a trench through a bank of earth of quite recent formation; two were filling the buckets at the bottom of the excavation, two were hauling them by means of a windlass. The place was not watched at the time, because no discoveries are ever expected in newly made ground so far above the level of the Roman strata.

The two men above having noticed that their companions below had suddenly stopped working, looked down the trench and saw them filling their pockets in hot haste with pieces of gold. The results are easily foretold: the two who had discovered the hidden treasure bought the silence of the last comers with a handful of gold apiece. When work stopped, toward the Ave Maria, at nightfall, they went each their own way, as if nothing had happened, and free of suspicion.

Four men are decidedly too many for

the safe keeping of a secret. Before twenty-four hours had passed the owners of the ground, the police and the whole city were informed of the find, magnified, as always happens, to more than fantastic proportions. As the case is still under the consideration of the judicial authorities, full particulars have not been yet made public. The facts that seem ascertained are these:

The "pocket" contained gold coins, struck by the emperor Lucius Verus in the year 164 after Christ. There are, at least, two varieties of them. The first shows the bust of the emperor in very bold relief, with the legend "*L. VERUS AUGUSTUS ARMENIACUS*," and in the reverse the scene of the nomination of Soemes to the kingdom of Armenia, with the legend "*REX ARMENIS DATVS*." The reverse of the second type of coins represents the Victory writing or engraving on a shield the words "*VICTORIA AVGVSTI*." Both refer to the successful campaigns of Lucius Verus in the eastern provinces of the empire, begun A.D. 162, and brought to a close in 165, of which his biographer, Capitolinus, speaks in the following terms:

"He left Rome to lead the campaign against the Parthians, accompanied by Marcus Aurelius as far as Capua. Being invited on his way (to Brindisi) to visit many of the Campanian villas (belonging to the aristocracy of Rome), he went to such excesses that, while stopping at Canusium, he came to the point of death. Even in anxious times of war he revealed himself a lazy, profligate prince. While Syria was in a rebellious state, after the murder of the Roman governor, and the defeat of his legions, Lucius Verus was still shooting in Apulia, or else sailing in a pleasure boat along the shores of Corinth and Attica, or loitering in the coast cities of Pamphylia, Cilicia and Asia,* renowned for their luxury and immorality. And when at last he reached Antioch, he merged himself deeper than ever in the pleasures of life, while his generals, Statius Priscus, Avidius Cassius, and Marcus Verus gained victory after victory, and took possession of Babylonia, Media and Armenia."

In spite of all this, we Romans feel an affection for this lazy but sympathetic prince. He was so handsome and grace-

*The Roman consular province, including Phrygia, Myria, Lydia and Caria

ful ; his portrait busts are such a popular feature of our museums, the remains of his suburban villas are such a conspicuous landmark in the scenery of our land, that he is almost as favorably known as his model colleague. One of Verus' estates covered the hills of Acquatraversa between the via Clodia and the Flaminia, between the third and the fourth milestone from the city. It has taken many generations to dig out all the works of art and marbles which embellished this suburbanum ; and even in my days excavations have been attempted within its

tains was obtained by means of a pipe, two feet two inches in diameter, from which Prince Borghese, the owner of the farm of Acquatraversa, obtained more than forty thousand pounds of lead.

Various coins of brass, of silver and gold were struck in commemoration of the would-be victories of Verus in Parthia and Armenia. The number of those found in the hiding place of the Aventine seems to be two hundred or thereabouts, of which only one-fourth have as yet been recuperated.

All the pieces look as if fresh from the



THE AVENTINE HILL FROM THE TIBER.

boundary line, and not without success.

Pietro Sante Bartoli, who saw those made at the time of Innocent x. (A.D. 1650), and of Clement x. (1675), speaks of a statue of Venus, "*di maravigliosa bellezza*," and of nine busts, "*la pin parte Lucii Veri*," representing mostly Lucius Verus. There were also a sitting statue of an empress, a head of Marcus Aurelius, and other objects of delicate workmanship. The water supply for the various reservoirs and foun-

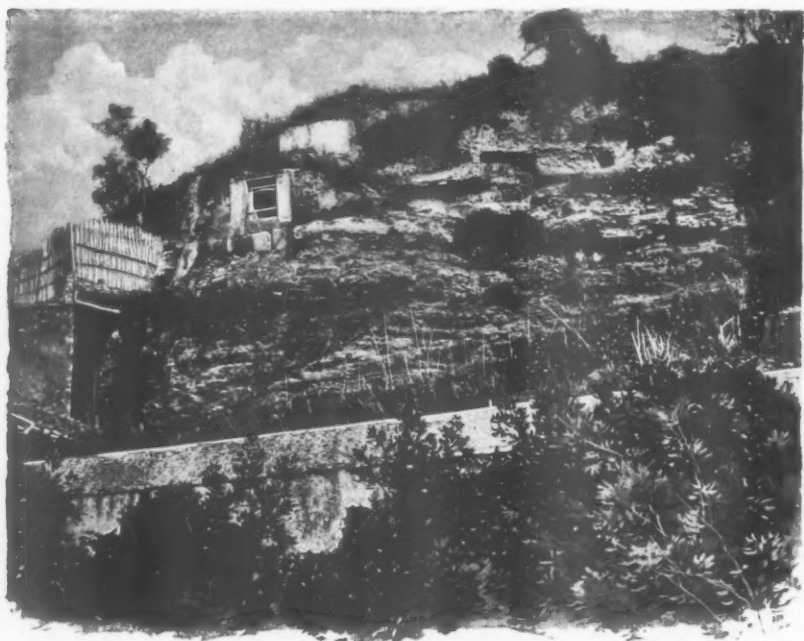
tain, crisp, and perfect in their bold relief. They have never been put in circulation ; they must have been buried in the same year, 164, in which they were struck. But why were they concealed ? I have no answer ready, except that they must be stolen property, hidden for fear of detection. Rome had a great visitation in those days which, for the time being, must have given rise to disorder and riot. The victorious army of Lucius Verus

came back infected with the plague, which carried off millions of people, struck the whole empire with terror, and paralyzed here and there the action of the magistrates, of the police, of the government.

In Rome people died daily by thousands. No funeral honors were paid to the victims. Carts were used to remove the corpses, and new rules set for the police of cemeteries, which Capitolinus calls *asperimæ*, most stringent. The patricians suffered as much as the plebeians. Marcus Aufelius raised statues to the few who

could have been found on March 21, 1893, in a newly-made soil, twelve feet above the level of Roman remains. There is, as far as I can judge, but one explanation to be given: the gold must have been buried twice, once in ancient, once in recent times.

The tract of land in which the discovery has taken place has been upset at least three times since the beginning of the sixteenth century; the first time, in 1540, by the workmen of Antonio da Sangallo the younger, when Paul III. erected



CLIFFS OF THE AVENTINE.

had well merited such honor from their country and from their sovereign; supported the needy and the orphans, and was merciful even to criminals always ready to take advantage of public calamities.

No wonder, that in such a state of things, a sum of two or three hundred gold pieces should have been concealed either by its legal owner, afraid of robbery, or by the robber, afraid of detection. More difficult is to explain how gold concealed during the plague of 165, A.D.,

the Bastione, which still bears his name and his coat of arms; the second, in 1630, by the workmen of Lorenzo Bernini, when Pope Urban VIII. raised the piazza del Priorato to its present level; the third, in 1868, by the engineers of General Lamoricière, when Pius IX. was advised to fortify the Aventine after the battle of Mentana. In either case the finder of the gold, unwilling to denounce or to divide with one or more accomplices his treasure trove, must have concealed it again in a place close at hand, which he hoped to be

able to reach with impunity on some future occasion. The surmise seems to be confirmed by the fact that the mass of gold has not been found in an earthen vase, as it is generally the case, but loose among the débris, as if enveloped in a rag or a handkerchief, since destroyed by age and dampness.

The commercial value of these gold coins may be estimated at fifteen dollars for the pieces with the Armenian king, at seven dollars for those with the Victory.

The well-known numismatist, Celestino Cavedoni, in a work entitled *Ragguaglio Storico Archeologico dei Precipui Ripostigli Antichi di Medaglie Consolari*, has been able to prove how, in the majority of cases, the concealment of each Ripostiglio coincides with an historical event, revolution, war, barbaric inroads, by which the inhabitants of the peninsula were frightened. What Cavedoni says about the republican period of ancient Rome, answers for all ages and periods of our history.

At the beginning of the works for the embankment of the river, and for the widening and deepening of its bed, I made a point to determine the comparative depth of each find, or in other words, to determine the "stratification" of objects of every description which cover the bottom. The task was not easy because more dredgers were kept at work, and more compressed-air caissons were sunk at the same time than one could watch personally, and personal observation is necessary in such delicate enquiries. Comparing the notes taken from 1878 to 1889, I have come to the following result: that, leaving aside straggling objects which may pertain to any age, the archæological strata of the Tiber correspond with considerable regularity to the leading catastrophes in the history of Rome. The objects with which the dredgers have first come in contact make us recollect the revolution of 1848-49, and the hurry with which compromising objects, republican symbols, weapons of every kind were made to disappear as soon as General Oudinot had become the master of the city. The next important layer seems to correspond with the French invasion of 1798-99; the third with the ap-

palling sacco del Borbone of 1527, and so forth. The sacco del Borbone was undoubtedly the worst calamity met by the city since its first destruction by the Gauls.

One of the familiar lullabys sung over the cradles of restless children begins with the words: "Fatti la ninna, a passa via Barbone!" (Go to sleep, Barbone is gone.) The name "Barbone" (the man with the long beard) having usurped the place of the Connetable de Bourbon.

On the morning of June 1, 1879, an apprentice mason engaged in repairing the drain of the house, N. 23 via della Stelletta, found a shiny piece of metal, and put it in his pocket waiting for the chance of showing it to a connoisseur. In the meanwhile the dirt from the drain was carted away in the direction of the porta Angelica. The lad was caught in the act of receiving twenty francs for his piece from a goldsmith opposite. Search was made at once on the spot, and one hundred and forty-two gold coins were found in and near the drain. Policemen were sent after the carts. They overtook them outside the porta Angelica, examined the contents, and found forty-two more pieces, to the great amazement of the drivers, who had no idea they were removing gold from such an unexpected mine. One hundred and eighty-four gold pieces had therefore been concealed in the drain of the house during or immediately before the pillage of 1527. The date is certain: the coins bearing the effigy, the coat of arms, and the legend of Pius II. (+ 1464), Innocent VIII. (+ 1492), Alexander VI. (+ 1503), and other predecessors of Clement VII., under whose pontificate the pillage took place. Those of Clement VII. himself amount to one-third of the whole number.*

A diarist of last century, named Cecconi, relates that in 1705 a "ripostiglio" of sixty thousand sendi was found in the cellars of the palazzo Verospi on the Corso, where it had been concealed in 1527.

The pillage in its most violent form lasted eight days: from the 6th to the 14th of May. In so short a time all the treasures collected in Rome in the run of centuries were dispersed. The church of St. Peter suffered more from the hands of the

*It was asserted at the time of the discovery that the effigy and name of Paul III. Farnèse had been seen on one of the coins, which statement, if true, would place the burying of the gold at a later period than the sacco. I have not been able to see the coin in dispute.

Christian Spaniards and Lombards than it had suffered from the hands of the Saracens in 846. The Spaniards searched every tomb, even of the saints of the church. They stripped the corpse of Julius II. of his pontifical vestments; they gambled their booty, lying stretched on the venerable altars, using the chalices of marvellous mediæval workmanship as drinking cups, in company with profligate women; they stabled their horses in the aisles of the sanctuary, preparing their litters with the precious manuscripts collected by Pius II. and Sixtus IV. In the neighborhood of every church, or convent, or palace, bonfires were lighted with diplomas, deeds, and other historical treasures. The Flemish tapestries designed by Raphael were stolen for the sake of their gold threads; the stained-glass windows of Guillaume de Marcillat broken into pieces; furniture, pictures, marbles, masterpieces of the renaissance were destroyed; pearls and precious stones were apportioned among the lansquenets by spoonfuls, the share of a simple soldier being from three to four thousand ducats. Exquisite refinements of cruelty were devised to extort money from persons suspected of having concealed it. The old Cardinal Pouzetta, although a partisan of the emperor, was put at a ransom of twenty thousand ducats, and afterwards dragged through the streets of the city with his hands tied behind him. He died soon after in great destitution. Another cardi-

nal, Cristoforo Numalio, was torn from the bed where he was lying ill, placed on a hearse and dragged in procession in pontifical robes. Drunken lansquenets and profligate women surrounded the bier, brandishing torches, and vociferating infamous songs in imitation of priestly canticles. Thus the unfortunate old man was carried into the church of the Aracoeli and lowered into a crypt, to be buried alive unless a fresh ransom was paid. Friends came at the last moment to his rescue.

More horrible was the fate of a priest

whose name ought to be celebrated among those of the great heroes, whose image ought to be placed on an altar. A group of inebriated soldiers had dressed a donkey in sacerdotal robes and made him kneel before a street shrine. Having caught hold of a priest they tried to force him to administer to the brute the communion. The good old man, to save the Holy Ghost from such profanation swallowed it before they could prevent him, and suffered from those demons in human



BUST OF LUCIUS VERUS IN THE CAPITOLINE.

flesh one of the most horrible martyrdoms recorded in the history of persecutions. The loss sustained by the city in those eventful days has been valued at seven or eight million of ducats by Scaramuccia Trivulzio, cardinal of Como; at fifteen, by Ulloa, the biographer of Charles V., while Gregorovius, in estimating this loss, mentions a sum of twenty millions of florins.



CANOEING IN AMERICA.

BY LEE J. VANCE.

WHEN Columbus first saw the New World the unabashed natives came to his ship, some swimming and others in their boats called "canoes." Looking up the historic event recently, I came across an interesting reference by the Spanish historian, De Herrera. It is translated in quaint seventeenth century English by Capt. John Stevens, as follows :

"The next Day being the 13th of October, many Indians came aboard the Ships, in their Canoes, most of which carry'd forty-five Persons ; yet some were so small that they held but one. They row'd with an Oar like the Peel of an Oven, as if they had dug with a Spade ; and their Boats are so artificially made, that tho' they overset, the Indians swimming turn them up again, and empty the Water with dry'd Calabashes or Gourds they had for that Purpose."

Thus, the canoe is an American boat of the past, and we predict that it is an American boat of the future. The canoeing

of the red man had little in common with the modern English and American canoeing, for the simple reason that it was another kind of canoeing entirely. It was paddling, and not sailing as it is known today ; it was hard work, not sport. It would require a stretch of the imagination to figure out the Cheemann sieve—for that is what Hiawatha's canoe really was—in the modern canoe, with its airtight compartment, its centerboard, its drop rudder, its sliding seat, and its immense sail area.

In truth, the typical canoe of today has reached its present finish, form and perfection by a process of evolution. The surprising thing of it all is that the great development of canoeing in America has all come within the past ten or eleven years. That is to say, more improvements have been made in the canoe since 1882 than were made from 1492 to 1882. These improvements have revolutionized the canoe as a sailing vessel. For obvi-



THE SLIDING SEAT.

ous reasons, not much progress has been, or can be, made in canoe paddling, which is now about where it was when Columbus sighted the West Indies and saw the natives paddling with "an Oar like the Peel of an Oven."

Canoeing in America is the logical outcome of that canoeing which came over from England some twenty-five years ago. In fact, all modern canoeing as a sport dates from the memorable voyages of the late John MacGregor's historic canoe Rob Roy. The log-book of his first voyage was published in 1866 under the title of *A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe* on the Rivers and Lakes of Europe, and among young people it is as great a favorite as Tom Brown at Rugby. The next year, or in 1867, the Royal Canoe club, with the Prince of Wales a commodore, was organized and canoeing was at once added to the list of out-door sports for gentlemen.

Our American sportsmen took up canoe sailing within a year after its introduction into English waters. They had only to take an American boat of the past and to change it a little to suit their ideas. They had right at their doors the finest cruising waters in the world. Several American voyages were made in canoes that rivalled the European cruises of MacGregor and

others. We have in mind the adventures of Mr. N. H. Bishop, who has been called the apostle of canoeing in America. He sailed in a paper canoe through Lake Champlain, down the Hudson, and along the coast of Florida. He also cruised down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers in a queer kind of craft called a "sneak-box," and his book descriptive of the trip is as well known as MacGregor's little classic. Among other extended journeys was the voyage made by Mr. Chambers in the *Dollie Varden*, beginning at the headwaters of the Mississippi. He discovered and first described Elk lake, where the great Father of Waters really rises.

It was not long before every section of the United States and Canada had its canoe clubs and canoeists, who found more health, strength and sport in a canoe trip for one week than in any other kind of outing lasting for one month. The New York Canoe club was organized in 1870, and the first American canoe regatta was held on Flushing bay in the summer of 1873.

Finally, in 1879, a canoe convention was called by the New York, New Jersey and Cincinnati Canoe clubs. This meeting of canoeists resulted in the formation of the American Canoe association, or as it is familiarly known, the A. C. A. This association held its first "meet" at Lake

George in 1880, when twenty enthusiastic members were brought together. Another place on the same lake was selected the two following years.

Then, in 1883, the association visited Stony lake, Canada, and the "boys" turned out over two hundred strong. The next three years, or in 1884, 1885 and 1886, the association went to Grindstone, Thousand Islands; to Lake Champlain in 1887; to Lake George in 1888; back to Thousand Islands in 1889. The first "salt-



CANOE WITH LARGE SAIL FORWARD.

water meet" was held at Jessup's Neck, on Peconic bay, in the summer of 1890; it was a delightful experience, and it will be remembered in after-years as a red let-

ter meet in the history of the A. C. A. The meets of 1891-92 were held at Willsborough Point, Lake Champlain. This summer the A. C. A. holds forth at one of the Thousand Islands.

The membership of the association has now become so large that it is impracticable to accommodate canoeists from far distant sections of the country. The result is that the parent body is broken up into divisions. Thus, there is the Atlantic division, embracing canoeists who live in the Eastern and Middle States; the Northern division, including the Canadian members; the Western division, the Pacific coast division, and so forth. All of these divisions hold local

The annual canoe meet is really a grand, good camping-out time in midsummer. Several hundred jolly "boys," and a score or two of ladies, live in canvas tents and imitate in modern manner the habits of the early American paddlers—the Indians. Many of the campers have such luxuries as raised board-floors and canvas cots to sleep upon, rugs, chairs, and ice-chests containing refreshments for visitors. The veterans, who scorn the "soft things" of life, roll themselves in a blanket and sleep on the hard ground. The ladies have a very desirable part of the camp to themselves. Their location is always known as "Squaw Point." Their tents are seldom decorated elabo-



A GALA DAY AT THE 1890 MEET.

meets of their own, and usually send their best representatives to take part in the A. C. A. championship contests.

The function of the A. C. A. is to make all rules and regulations governing the sport; to hold yearly meets; to develop the best all-around canoe—in brief, to give authority, dignity and prestige to canoeing in America. Hence, the annual meet on Lake Champlain is to canoeing what the Newport meeting is to tennis, namely, the time and the place for experts to meet and to decide their championships.

rately on the outside, but inside there are many evidences of feminine taste and fancy. The first race of the meet is usually a ladies' tandem paddling race, and the skillful manner in which some of the women can use the paddle excites unbounded admiration from the men.

The camp site is laid out in streets, the same as a little town. A broad roadway runs along the front of the main camp to headquarters, where the commodore and his assistants hold forth. There are painted sign posts on the corner lots. The



STEAMBOAT LANDING. VISITOR'S DAY.

streets bear familiar names, but they are confusing. Thus, you can go from Madison square, New York, to Chestnut street, Philadelphia, in a few minutes; or, from Beacon street, Boston, to Newspaper row, New York, without change of cars.

It is the last camp-fire of the meet—and a big fire it is, too. The camp turns out en masse, and the members are sitting or standing within the circle of light. There is a sharp snap and a crackle of embers; the flames leap higher and higher, as the dry wood is piled on; clouds of smoke roll heavenward and cast flying shadows far out on the face of the still waters of the lake. Windward of the breeze is a platform, from which the commodore hands the trophies and prizes of the meet. As each man goes to receive the tokens of his prowess, he is given a cheer and a "tiger." After that, the officers and popular men of the meet are cheered and re-cheered. At last, and reluctantly, the boys join hands, sing "Auld Lang Syne," shake hands all around, and the annual meet of the A. C. A. passes into history and into memory dear.

The rapid progress of canoeing in America may be ascribed to three causes: (1) The keen rivalry and friendly competition which the A. C. A. meets arouse; (2) The absence of that common element called "professionalism;" (3) The natural exercise and delightful recreation which the sport brings.

If it were not for the national championship contests, it is doubtful if there would have been so many and so remarkable improvements in canoe-sailing as have been made within the past ten years. When the A. C. A. was organized, canoeists generally used sails as a secondary assistance to paddles. Today, sails are of the first and paddles of secondary importance in giving speed to canoes. True, there are still, among the thirty thousand canoeists in the United States and Canada, those who paddle down smooth streams and cruise along the shores of some quiet lake. But the canoeist who has done so much to change not only the build, but the rig of canoes, is a different sort of person entirely. He is, as some one has well said, a person who sails races in all sorts of weather all summer, and he lies

awake o' nights all winter trying to invent some new contrivance that will give him an advantage over his equally wide-awake rivals.

Here the American association steps in and forbids the anxious canoeists making their canoes mere racing machines. The object of the races is to develop the all-around canoe—to bring out a boat which is good alike for paddles and sails. Thus, it is stipulated that sailing canoes at the meet shall be good also for paddling purposes. To this end, therefore, races of many kinds and descriptions are given, as the following from the programme of last summer will show:

Paddling and sailing combined, half miles alternately. Total, three miles. Time limit, two and one-half hours.

Paddling open canoes not under fifty-five pounds weight, single blade paddles, one-half mile straightaway.

Novice sailing race. No limit to rig or ballast. Distance three miles. Time limit, one and one-half hours. Open only to men who have not sailed a canoe prior to September 1, 1891.

Cruising race. Open to "general purpose" or "cruising" canoes, sailing and

paddling combined, one-half mile alternately. Distance, three miles. Time limit, one and one-half hours.

Then there are "upset" and swimming races, and gymnastic contests. You should see some of the clever tricks the athletes can perform in their canoes, both sailing and while standing still. Here are a few of their feats: They turn somersaults in the cockpit, skip the rope on deck, jibe the boat with the rudder out of water, and walk around the masts back to their seats, upset and right their canoes. Mr. L. E. Barrington, who won the prize for canoe gymnastics last summer at Lake Champlain, gave a novel exhibition. He climbed like a cat to the top of each of the two masts in succession, and then threw himself into the water without upsetting his canoe.

Canoeing is, perhaps, the only popular sport that has not been invaded by the professional. The A. C. A. is an amateur organization in the true sense of the word. It gives no prizes of any value; it bars out a man who has raced in a canoe for any material gain or profit. The prizes, for which canoeists in the United States and Canada travel miles and lie



A CAMP AT THE ANNUAL MEET.

awake o' nights thinking about, are simply silver cups or silk flags. Thus, the greatest honors of the meet are the "practical flags," which are bestowed upon the three leaders who score the most points in the trophy and combination events.

In order to show the recent improvements in canoe sailing, it is necessary to have some idea of the sailing canoes of ten years ago. The typical canoe of 1883 was of standard dimensions, fourteen or fifteen feet long and thirty inches wide; it was heavy, full-bodied, bluff-bowed and strong; it was fitted with flat floors carried well forward and aft, thus giving a cockpit of six or eight feet for the sailor to lie at full length; it had a flat bottom and hardwood keel; it was steered by a heavy wooden rudder hung to the stern post; it was loaded down with about one hundred pounds of shot in bags, and it was thus able to carry from seventy-five to eighty-five square feet of sail in moderate winds. The canoeist of the 1882 meet either sat or stretched out on the floor, his head just above the edge of the cockpit. All the spars crossed the mast in the form of a lateen or balance lug, or a modification of the balance lug.



THE LIEDE.

The canoe of the present day is very fine and very light; it has a broad, blunt stern, and a well-rounded floor; the cockpit is seldom over four feet in length, with water-tight bulkheads fore and aft; it is fitted with a brass centerboard eighteen inches in depth; it has no shot-bag ballast, but one hundred and fifty pounds of lead in the keel; it has a metal drop rudder

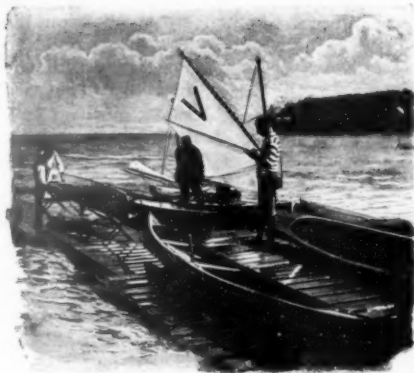
and an ingenious steering gear; it is provided with a sliding seat across the cockpit, and it is able to carry from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty square feet of sail in almost any breeze not a gale. The canoeist of 1892 met sat out over the edge of his boat sometimes as far as two feet. All the sail is set aft of the mast, most of the sails being of the big topped-lug kind battened out to keep them flat.

The first improvement appeared in 1885, when Mr. C. B. Vaux showed that a canoe could be sailed faster if the sailor



sat on the deck and held his weight out to windward. The second improvement in canoe-sailing came the next year. In 1886, Mr. Barney went to the annual meet with his historic canoe *Pecowsic*, which carried no ballast at all. He depended upon his weight to windward to hold the boat on her feet. Moreover, the sails were laced to the mast, and, as they could not be hoisted, lowered or reefed, the bold sailor had to keep jumping about to avoid upsetting. That the change was a good one was shown by Mr. Barney winning all the prizes worth winning.

In 1886, Lieutenant Warrington Baden-Powell came to America to take the International Challenge Cup away with him to England. He was one of the most expert canoe-sailors in England, and his *Nautilus* canoe was a typical English boat, big, heavy, strong; loaded with one hundred and twenty pounds of ballast it was able to carry one hundred square feet of sail. Fancy the lieutenant's surprise, when he saw American canoeists sailing



MAKING READY FOR THE RACE.

their boats from the top of the deck, and when he learned that ballast was discarded in most cases. If Lieutenant Baden-Powell had come over here in 1884 or 1885, he would probably have carried away the Challenge Cup. As it was, the Englishman won no victories, although he abandoned his own mode of sailing and actually tried the new American style. His companion, Mr. Walter Stewart, came over the next season, but he too was out sailed by Mr. Reginald S. Blake in his canoe *Eclipse*, which was a great boat in its day.

Three other attempts have been made to wrest the International Challenge Cup from the Americans. They were made in 1889, 1891 and 1892 by Mr. Ford Jones, the clever Canadian canoeist. Mr. Jones has been unfortunate. He would win the sailing championship at the A. C. A. meet; but, when he sailed for the coveted International Cup, he failed to capture the prize. In June, 1892, Jones tried for the third time, but Mr. Oxholm, in the *Glenwood*, beat him in two straight races. The superior sailing qualities of the American canoe, as well as the sailor's skill, determined the result.

In paddling, the Canadian canoeists easily lead. They have always carried off the bulk of the prizes. At the 1890 meet the Canadians, besides placing the sailing and the paddling championships and two of the five all-round events, actually won a majority of the open contests. For four years, or from 1886 to 1890, Harry F. McKendrick, of Galt, was not defeated in a paddling race either with the single or double blade. The present champion, Mr. R. G. Muntz, of Toronto, first won with the single blade, and in 1891 with the double blade. Canada has been called the canoeist's paradise; certainly it is the home of the canoe. The story of canoeing in the Queen's Dominion is interesting enough to deserve a separate article.

The third improvement in canoe-sailing was the so-called "sliding seat"—that is, a board three or four feet long and eight inches wide across the cockpit, whereby the sailor can sit out over the edge of the boat with his feet on deck. Before the introduction of this seat, it was very uncomfortable and a great strain on the muscles to hang out to windward without any support. The sailor now slides in and out, according to how the wind is blowing. The sliding seat at once added from twenty-five to thirty square feet of



SQUAW POINT.

sail to the rig of a racing craft, without any real increase in weight. The use of this seat necessitated some kind of a til-



THE COMMODORE'S HEADQUARTERS, 1891.

ler, which could be handled when the sailor was two feet or so beyond the edge of the canoe. Then Mr. Paul Butler, who introduced the sliding seat, devised the cross-deck tiller, which runs parallel with the sliding seat. It was a long bar of wood which the sailor could reach even when out at the end of his seat.

Some progress, if not improvement, may be noted in the recent methods of rigging a racing canoe. The most radical change was introduced in 1890, when the Toltec appeared with the larger sail forward instead of aft. The centerboard was placed in the exact center of the canoe, in order to make the center of effort and lateral resistance and buoyancy come together. This is a complete reversal of the old style of rig with the centerboard quite far forward. The plan of placing the larger sail aft has not justified the change, but there is no question that the new position of the centerboard in the middle of the canoe is an improvement.

The real controversy is now over the comparative merits of the standing rig and of the lowering and reefing sails. The advantage of the reefing and lowering rig is that the sailor can take in and let out as much sail as he pleases, if he is caught in a sudden heavy blow. The disadvantages of a standing rig are that, to decrease sail, you must take it down to-

gether. The sailor must rely upon his good judgment as to the size of sails he will start out with to carry him safely through the race. The last two or three years have been seasons of trial and experiment with sails and spars. The right kind of rig will soon be perfected. It would seem that canoeing had at last reached a stage in which few improvements in boats will be made. With one or two exceptions, the canoes of 1892 were no advance over the canoes of

1890-91. Future improvements are likely to be made in canoe sails.

Now, a man who sails a racing canoe the most successfully must know about sailing a yacht, and all about the peculiarities of a canoe besides. It is more difficult to sail a canoe in heavy seas and in a stiff breeze than to ride a running horse bareback. The sailor should possess not only skill, but he must be bold, active, strong and cool-headed. He must expect a few fresh-water baths, and he must learn how to return to his seat. Hence, the most successful canoeist is a man who knows how to meet an emergency and how to take advantage of circumstance.

I know there are many people who are really afraid of the canoe. They call it a "hair-trigger craft;" they think there is danger in such a frail and dainty vessel. But I venture to assert that, in competent hands, the canoe is one of the safest boats of its size afloat; in it the most daring and dangerous voyages have been made successfully and without mishap; in it the adventurous have ridden on the ocean billows; in it the sailor has run before a gale that would swamp a steam launch; in it the paddler has guided the frail craft down the boiling rapids. What more could be asked of any vessel?

The canoe is a boat that can be paddled where a row-boat or a sail-boat or a yacht

could not well be used. For threading the intricate and devious mazes of swift, shallow streams; for tracking the river to its narrow headwaters; for exploring sylvan nooks and out-of-the-way places; for making inland excursions of every kind—for all these purposes the canoe is without a rival. Then, there are the pleasures of fishing, camping out at night, and the free plunges in the morning. The canoeist can cook his own meals, can make his tea and coffee, and can live off the fat of the land and water. He has, of course, a camera, and he takes many views of the wild and romantic scenery through which he passes day by day.

The expense of a modern sailing canoe ranges from \$100 to \$150. A Peterboro' paddling canoe is quoted from \$60 to \$75. The rigging, sails and spars cost from \$25 to \$50. An ordinary sailing canoe weighs eighty pounds and upwards, while an ordinary open canoe will weigh from forty to fifty pounds. The best canoes are made of cedar, butternut, basswood, or pine, and rigged with spruce spars. The investment in a canoe is a lasting one, far better than medicine, and certainly cheaper than doctor's pills and bills—so say those who find a canoe a thing of beauty and a joy for all summer-time.



THE AGONY.

BY JOHN B. TABB.

I WRESTLED, as did Jacob, till the dawn,
 With the reluctant Spirit of the Night
 That keep the keys of Slumber. Worn and white,
 We paused a panting moment, while anon
 The darkness paled around us. Thereupon—
 His mighty limbs relaxing in affright—
 The Angel pleaded. "Lo, the morning light!
 O Israel, release me, and begone!"

Then said I, "Nay: a captive to my will
 I hold thee till the blessing thou dost keep
 Be mine." Whereat he breathed upon my brow;
 And, as the dew upon the twilight hill,
 So on my spirits, over-wearied now,
 Came tenderly the benediction, Sleep.



IT has truly been said of this unfortunate lady that no queen of England ever died so poor as she ; and it may be added that no queen of England was ever crowned with so magnificent a pomp and splendor. Nothing in all her romantic life is more picturesque than her courtship. Born a princess of the ancient house of Este in Modena, she received, at the early age of fifteen, matrimonial advances from the Duke of York (afterward James II. of England) through his emissary, the Earl of Peterborough. But Mary Beatrice fiercely rebelled against the alliance. James was then five-and-forty, and a widower. Lord Peterborough had seen her, however, and the dazzling qualities of her brunette beauty had filled him with rapture. In Hampton Court we may look today upon her portrait, painted by Lely. It is that of a young woman whose delicate graces and symmetries contrast in marked way with the "broad-blown comeliness" of numerous Restoration ladies near by. The curly hair is worn rolled over a brow of too great height for such a mode of adornment, and rather of what we call the spiritual than the intellectual mould. Long, heavy black ringlets droop and coil about a throat fragile and faultless. The mouth has been called a trifle too large, but the

dark eyes are no less brilliant than benign, and the brows, the nose, the curves of cheek and chin could not well be made more classic.

Mary Beatrice passionately urged upon James's envoy the matrimonial eligibility of her aunt, then reigning duchess of Modena, a gentlewoman by no means ill-looking and not more than thirty years of age. But Lord Peterborough was too shrewd a courtier and too sensible of his liege's preferences for the serious entertainment of any such idea. He was suave and yet insistent, sympathetic and yet argumentative, and at the end he prevailed. In 1673 Mary of Modena was married to him by proxy, with much festal state, and journeyed under his guardianship to England.

Her anxiety previous to the meeting with her husband was acute beyond words. But once welcomed by him on British soil, she swiftly forgot all past fears and became thenceforward his devoted consort. Her fidelity, indeed, through many subsequent years, can only be called ideally exquisite. More than a decade elapsed before the death of the reigning king, James's brother, Charles II. During all this time Mary Beatrice was assailed by bitter troubles. Though her kindly temper and flawless virtue caused

her to be popular in her adopted realm, she was nevertheless often wounded by foes hostile to her religious creed. As Duchess of York she was constantly brought face to face with all the dissolute depravity of her royal brother-in-law's lax and odious encompassments. But here her perfect modesty and rare feminine rectitude shone like a star blurred by half-obscurer mist. History, which never presumes to cast a slur upon her spotless name, has nothing but praise for the duteous and high-minded posture which she preserved among associations and companionships often harshly repellent. But ordeals like these were by comparison slight. In 1678 she shared uncomplainingly her lord's exile into Holland. Two of her children had meanwhile died at an early age. Her little daughter, Isabella, still remained to her, though destined afterward to a premature death. The fair duchess was now hardly more than twenty years of age. She had already been tortured with jealousy by the infidelities of the duke, notorious in the case of a certain Catharine Sedley, a lady-of-honor at King Charles's court, and a person of widely conceded vulgar-

ity in both mind and manners. On every side, moreover, she was forced to hear derisive jibes flung at the creed which she held inexpressibly dear and sacred. All England was now one vast schismatic fume; etiquette and decorum could not hedge in this young aristocrat from the ribaldries and pasquinades of her husband's enemies. Men of rank and power, whose aversion afterward proved the ruin of James, had begun openly to denounce him as a wily hypocrite who professed one faith and practised another.

After the return of the ducal pair to England they were soon politely banished to Scottish soil. In Edinburgh Mary's fourth child and second daughter was born, and eight weeks later it suddenly died. In the following year (1684) a clearer political outlook dawned for the heir presumptive to the British throne. A season of national calm and security had followed the turbulence of the Rye House plot. A broad feeling of tolerance showed itself toward James. His errors appeared to have been condoned if not forgotten. And yet, a few months later, Lords Halifax, Sunderland and Godolphin formed against him a secret cabal

for the purpose of recalling his illegitimate brother, the Duke of Monmouth, from exile, and once more compelling James and his duchess to quit the realm of their coming sovereignty. "They were trying," says Mary Beatrice, in one of her preserved manuscript letters, "to send us into banishment again just before we became king and queen of England."

The death of Charles II., occurring with sharp abruptness, dealt ruin to all such plans and schemes. The coronation of James and his wife took place at Westminster Hall in April of this same year. Since the times of Anne Boleyn, no queen-consort had been crowned except Anne of Denmark, spouse of James I. The present ceremonial was dazzling in its grandeur of display. The robes of Mary Beatrice are said literally to have blazed with gems, and we Americans, in our pilgrimages to London, may view her crown and other like insignia worn on this fateful occasion, if we choose to visit that special chamber of the Tower dedi-



JAMES II.

cated to such royal baubles of vanished epochs. There is no doubt that for radiance of pageantry and luxuriousness of banqueting, this coronation surpassed all others which English annals have recorded.

The mistakes of James II. after his accession to the throne, his alleged obstinacy, blind belief in self and defiance of constitutional laws, need not concern us in the present meagre memoir. That has relation chiefly to the unique sorrows and the almost plaintless fortitude of his evil-starred queen. She seldom mixed herself in the turbid politics of her land. Apparently her intellect was not of the higher order, though she had received an education which in those days must have been held as fairly thorough for even one of her exalted station. Still, this education was marred by deficiencies which now seem almost amazing; for example, we learn that although she wrote and read Latin and French, possessed both knowledge and taste in painting, and was skilled in music (an art which she profoundly loved), her acquaintance with geography and history was so limited that when informed of the great English prince's desire for her hand she inquired, with the undaunted candor of ignorance, who this Duke of York might be. "She had been so innocently bred," James himself recorded in his journal, "that she did not know of such a place as England nor such a person as the Duke of York."

In reviewing the picturesque calamities of Mary Beatrice's life one is led gloomily to fancy that she was born only that she might suffer with serenity and die with resignation. Fate seems to have singled her out for peculiar and agonizing misfortunes, and yet the lesson that she has silently, unostentatiously taught is one of brave patience and almost angelic self-restraint.

Her actual reign was a short one, but while it lasted she was pierced by the keen mortification of having her lord create Catharine Sedley, countess of Dorchester. The insult of permitting this woman to appear at court was stinging in the extreme; but to see her clad in dignities at once undeserved and taunting, taxed the poor queen beyond the bounds of her wonted meekness. "I observed," says Evelyn, while referring to a day



CHARLES MORDAUNT, EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

when his royal mistress dined in public, "that she scarcely ate one morsel or spoke one word to the king or to any about her, though at other times she used to be extremely pleasant, full of discourse and good humor." Not long afterward she fell ill and took to her chamber, but we soon gain a fine and creditable glimpse into her character as an injured wife. Instead of tame surrender she at length chose a far wiser course. Struggling with her sobs, it is asserted, she presently told her husband "that she was determined to witness her own degradation and his disregard of the most sacred obligations no longer," and that "either he must give up his mistress or she would withdraw to a convent." By these resolute measures Mary Beatrice carried her point. James recoiled with dread from the thought of losing her. Lady Dorchester was forced to withdraw from Whitehall, and the queen thus won at least a partial victory. For a long time the king was unfaithful to her, and for a long time she bore with proud silence the misery which his conduct must have caused. For beyond all doubt she loved him to idolatry, despite the difference in their ages. And ultimately her love,

with its blended sweetness and strength, shattered all rivalries. James had shown much fondness for his first wife, Anne Hyde (mother of those two future queens, Anné and Mary II.), though this lady had been by no means attractive, and compared with his second Italian wife as the commonest weed with the choicest exotic. But when all is said, Mary Beatrice surely gained the highest and foremost place in that rather complex and insecure structure which he would have called his affections. Having from the first attained his admiration and respect, she at last permanently captured his wavering loyalty, binding it close to her side with bonds of infrangible sentiment and regard.

A great deal of the disaster that overtook James was most probably of his own wilful devising. But he persisted in declaring himself a martyr, and in the misery and self-humiliation which soon befell him no martyr of the most unoffending type could have had a more tender and ardent consoler than Mary Beatrice. It is needless to recall the many rash and haughty acts by which he managed to embroil himself with his subjects after the thwarted insurrection of Monmouth. So bitter was the enmity roused against

him that on the birth of his wife's fifth child (named ever afterward "The Pretender"), Mary Beatrice was obliged to undergo torments of cruel publicity. The asserted spuriousness of the infant must have cost her untold pangs; but while she lay in the pains and perils of childbirth her chamber was thronged with watchers, sixty-seven in all, and many of them hostile in the cruellest degree. Notwithstanding all those tales about the child having been smuggled into her apartments at the supposed hour of its birth, no greater proof of its royal parentage could exist than the unswerving and eager love with which she always afterward treated this innocent object of so much rancor and spleen. Till the last day of her life she cherished the Chevalier de St. George with a fervor that motherhood might alone explain. And motherhood meant with her so much, reared as she had been piously to reverence the "divine right of kings."

In her midnight flight from London (during December, 1688), she bore with her the little prince, jealously guarded and treasured. Reaching France, she was warmly welcomed by Louis XIV. then in the zenith of his power and splendor. To herself and her husband, who shortly joined her in this final exile, the French king extended a hospitality which almost touched on the sublime. To the royal refugees he gave, with grand munificence, his imperial château at St. Germain. This was the home of Mary Beatrice for a period of no less than thirty years. Here she finally died, and here, says the Duc de St. Simon, her life was "one continued course of sorrow and misfortune, which she sustained heroically to the last." This chronicler adds that "she supported her mind by devotional exercises, faith in God, prayer and good works, living in the practise of every virtue that constitutes true holiness. Out of 600,000 livres allowed her yearly by the king of France she devoted the whole to support the destitute Jacobites with whom St. Germain was crowded."

Memories of these words came to the present writer when strolling, not long ago, on the beautiful terrace that sweeps for miles beyond this historic castle. It is now a museum, and one by no means un-



ANNE HYDE, DUCHESS OF YORK.
FROM AN OLD PRINT.

interesting. But while I watched below stately trees the hordes of endimanchés Parisians who had drifted hither to enjoy their weekly holiday, I could not help dreaming of those far different figures which had moved, two centuries ago, along this same breezy stretch of landscape. Haters of the Dutch usurper, passionate legitimists, inflexible adherents to the unhappy race of Stuarts, they rose before me like phantoms reincarnate. Cavaliers, old and

young, with sword at thigh, with wide-rimmed, befeathered hats, with slashed doublets too often rusty or ragged from wear, with pointed beard and upcurved moustachio, with effeminate curls drooping upon shoulders of martial brawn; ladies, old and young, in their faded brocades that had once rustled and crackled when they curtsied before the Merry Monarch, or in taffetas worn with an air of mingled resignation and disdain; war-scarred soldiers and retainers; inalienable nurses and waiting-women—all flocked before me from the misty blank of the past, replacing these careless modern strollers who dreamed not that they had ever lived!

In spite of that superb generosity which the grand monarque showed toward his ill-fated cousin, never has royalty held its court amid surroundings of more pitiless mockery than here among the chambers and corridors of St. Germain. Touches of humor, too, were not wanting in the whole forlorn solemnity. When Louis commanded his court to appear and pay homage at the château, ludicrous quarrels and bickerings arose. The dauphiness pretended to be ill because she feared a fauteuil would not be given her, and remained several days in bed. "Madame," the wife of the king's brother, refused to go unless she could have a fauteuil on



THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

the queen's left hand, while "Monsieur," her spouse, became sulky because her majesty had not deigned to kiss him. As for the duchesses, they insisted upon having their tabourets here, just as in their own court. Puzzled by all this nonsensical Gallic punctilio, Mary Beatrice consulted Louis, assuring him that she would act precisely as he should dictate. The French king decided that French etiquette should prevail, and Madame de Sévigné

informs us that "Monsieur" was duly kissed by the queen, and hence became willing to waive his privilege of occupying a fauteuil in her own and James's presence. All this now seems laughable enough, but it was then taken with immense seriousness by the dainty and arrogant gentlefolk of that age; and it must have caused Mary Beatrice, unused to such hair-splitting and haunted by anxieties of tenfold greater import, annoyance keen even though trifling.

In the following year James departed for Ireland, and his farewells cost her acute anguish. She raised a large sum of money on her jewels, in order to aid his military enterprises, but not enough for their pressing needs. The battle of the Boyne ruined his cause everywhere throughout the kingdom, save in Scotland, and soon his chances of reinstatement there met with equal disarray. Mary Beatrice now sought relief from her miseries of suspense in the convent of Chaillot, and became thenceforward, until the hour of her death, a worshipped friend and patron of the abbess and her attendant nuns. In this placid retreat she poured forth all the abundant piety of her soul. Those frequent visits at Chaillot meant for her a sort of divine dissipation. To these chaste zealots her comings and goings were events of unparalleled dis-

tion. She brought them odors and rumors of the great world where she had once regally reigned, and where she still reigned with a majesty shattered though stately. But she brought them also a spirit of transcendent chastity and humility, eager to share in their devotions, and to cast aside, amid their sympathetic welcomes, all vestige of that lofty rank which clothed her elsewhere. Her confidences to the nuns of Chaillot are valuable contributions to the history of her peculiar and stormy era; and the veneration with which her memory was for years invested by these meek recluses among whom she prayed and wept, while at the same time recounting to them her manifold sorrows, can serve as but an added proof of her intrinsic womanly worth.

Louis XIV. had bowed before her, as we have seen, in flattering homage. His courtesies were extended with an air of receiving rather than conferring them; there was never, in all social delicacies and subtleties of deportment, a more kingly king. But behind the suavity of his admiring smiles lurked a vigilance, and the name of that vigilance was Madame de Maintenon. This woman, as one might say, then almost ruled Europe;

Louis was her slave—and very probably her husband as well. Maintenon could not go and visit Mary Beatrice in company with that mincing and prattling court which aired its velvets and silks among the statued and fountained gardens of Versailles. She had no claim to seat herself before royalty, either in pliant, in tabouret, or in fauteuil. But as a jealous woman, fearful of complications and disturbances, knowing well the amorous and headstrong temperament of her king, she could present herself privately before this dark-eyed Italian princess, queen of a great country, dethroned and all the more romantically fascinating by reason of such dethronement. She could appear like this at St. Germain, and like this it is incontestably true that she did appear.

Her infinite resources of duplicity and cunning are well known. So, too, are her infinite resources of diplomacy and tact. No one has ever been able to pry for posterity into the details of that significant interview; and yet we must feel certain that the unblemished nature of her illustrious hostess blunted whatever weapons of threat Madame de Maintenon may have concealed. The counsellor of Louis became thenceforward her friend; this we know. Her suspicion died; her fear faded. She was confronted with an honest woman, and she clearly realized this truth. By a nod she could have destroyed Mary Beatrice; she preferred to protect and aid her by a smile. They were always afterward intimate friends.

In 1692, Mary Beatrice's sixth and last child was born. It was a girl, and James called it *La Consolatrice*. "I have now one daughter," he said, "who has never sinned against me." A few years later James himself died. Never was husband more deeply mourned. Mary Beatrice, in her pathetic widowhood, was now a figure that challenged the sympathy of the whole known world. Devotedly attached to her son, she was forced to see him sustain those bitter defeats which are a portion of English history. Later, she was bereaved by the death of her youngest child, the princess Louisa, who perished from small-pox in the very flower of her youth and beauty. And yet, through all these afflictions, we have only the record of Mary



CHARLES II.

Beatrice's unaltered amiability and piety.

Beyond question, the enmity of the Whig party has cast a most undeserved odium on this exemplary and noble life. For years the very name of Mary Beatrice was treated throughout England with contemptuous silence. Macaulay, in his wonderfully brilliant history, prefers almost to ignore her existence. It seems to me that this great writer has committed the one salient error of his literary career in not paying heartier tribute to the wifehood and motherhood of so worthy and charming a woman. We are fond of idealizing Mary Stuart, and of forgetting her follies and vanities while remembering her sorrows. But Mary Beatrice, who was visited by just as many sorrows, endured them with peerless bravery. The cancer which gradually sapped her vitality she bore with scarcely a murmur. During her widowhood she was beset with constant requests for aid from starving adherents to her cause. The year of 1713, for example, was one of scarcity, almost of famine, throughout France. She was then staying among her dear friends at the convent of Chaillot. "One day," says Miss Strickland, "an ecclesiastic who came from St. Germain to see her told her that everyone there was starving on account of the dearth of provisions." This intelligence gave her excessive pain; but she was powerless to aid the "British emigration," as it was then called. All her jewels had been parted with, except her coronation ring, which was composed of a fine ruby with sixteen smaller ones dotted about the hoop, and which she wore till the hour of her death, treasuring it beyond all earthly price; and another small ruby ring which James had placed on her finger at the ratification of the nuptial contract. "On the subject of the contributions that are frequently solicited



THE CHEVALIER DE ST. GEORGE.

of me," she is well known to have said, "I find myself much embarrassed; for it appears unsuitable in me to give little, and it is impossible for me to give much, all I have belonging to the poor rather than to myself." Again, we find her nobly and sweetly declaring: "For myself, I have some remains of credit to procure the necessaries of life, but these poor people have not. . . .

Out of 20,000 persons of whom the emigration at first consisted, not more than 6000 able-bodied men are left. . . . A great many have perished in the French armies, but the maintenance of their widows and children have fallen upon me."

Such maintenance had become, in the course of time, impossible. But her effort and desire to aid these distressed followers cannot be too highly commended. The figure of Mary Beatrice in history is not one that poets and romancers have ever chosen to glorify. Dryden, and a few smaller poets, have, it is true, sung her praises, but more in the vein of physical than personal eulogy. And, after all, we must admit, such duteous virtue as hers is not a subject for ballad or drama. If she had been less unsullied, she might perhaps have been more widely discussed. As it is, her very saintliness and courage have in a way surrounded her with obscurity.

Her death was placid and brave, as became the ending hours of so exceptional a soul. That she could not see her son, to bid him a final adieu, inflicted upon her one more of those merciless pangs which she knew how to meet with such grand yet submissive stoicism. When she breathed her last, more than fifty persons were grouped beside her bed. Louis XIV., her old friend and benefactor, had died three years before, and she had survived her consort nearly seventeen years. At her earnest request, Maréchal Villeroy,



THE PALACE OF ST. GERMAIN.

guardian of the young French king, was brought into her chamber a short while previous to her death. Through this gentleman she sent a wistful and tender message to the regent and also to the royal minor, Louis xv., imploring that they would hereafter befriend her struggling and treasured son. But she remembered also, even when the darkest of all shadows threatened every instant to engulf her, those faithful servants and dependants whom her demise would leave wholly destitute, "beseeching with her last breath that his royal highness, the regent, would not suffer them to perish for want in a foreign land, when she should be no more."

Never, it has with truth been stated, did mother face for a son sterner sacrifices and risks. The pretender's lurid and desperate efforts to regain his ancestral throne were a source of her unbounded maternal sympathy and coöperation. When his standard was set up at Braemar and Castletown, in Scotland; when he landed at Peterhead, in Aberdeenshire, from France, to help the rebellion prompted by the Earl of Mar and his other adherents; when this rebellion was quelled and he escaped to Montrose,—at all these renowned and thrilling times her heart throbbed with unspeakable anxiety for his success and safety. His acknowledgment as James iii. of England, by the French government, in 1701, was due more than half to her influence with Louis xiv. Dying at the age of sixty, it may be affirmed without exaggeration that Mary Beatrice had literally feasted upon the most terrible sorrows which any human life can know. And yet she accepted the rigors of her fate with a tranquil sanctity almost passing conception, and crowned a life of the loftiest self-abnegation by a death full of the holiest charity, peace and good-will.



ROME, THE CAPITAL OF A NEW REPUBLIC.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

THE popes have always occupied an exceptional position, as compared with other sovereigns. There is not, indeed, in the history of any nation or community, any record of an office so anomalous. To all intents and purposes, Christianity is a form of socialism, the Church is a democracy, and the government of the popes has been despotic, in the proper sense, that is, it has been one of "absolute authority." It is probably not necessary to say anything about the first statement, which few, I fancy, will be inclined to deny. Pure socialism means community of property, community of social responsibility, and community of principles. As for the democratic rules by which the Church governs herself, there cannot be two ways of looking at them. Peasant and prince have an equal chance of wearing the triple crown; but in history it will be found that it has been more often worn by peasants than by princes, and most often by men issuing from the middle classes. Broadly, the requirements have always been those answered by personal merit rather than by any other consideration. The exceptions have perhaps been many and the abuses not a few, but the general principle cannot be denied, and the present pope came to the supreme ecclesiastical dignity by much the same steps as the majority of his predecessors. Since his elevation to the pontificate, the Pecci family have established, beyond a doubt, their connection with the noble race of that name, long prominent in Siena, and having an ancient and historical right to bear arms and the title of count—a dignity of uncertain value in Italy, south of the Tuscan border, but well worth having when it has originated in the northern part of the country.

Joachim Vincent Pecci, since 1878 pope, under the name of Leo XIII., was born at Carpineto, in the Volscian hills, in 1810. His father had served in the Napoleonic wars, but had already retired to his native village, where he was at that time a landed proprietor of considerable importance and the father of several children. Carpineto lies on the mountain side, in the neighborhood of Segni, in a rocky dis-

trict and in the midst of a country well known to Italians as the Ciociaria. This word is derived from "ciocce," the sandals worn by the peasants in that part of the country, in the place of shoes, and bound by leathern thongs to the foot and leg, over linen strips which serve for stockings. The sandal, indeed, is common enough, or was common not long ago, in the Sabine and Samnitan hills and in some parts of the Abbruzzi, but it is especially the property of the Volscians, all the way from Montefortino, the worst den of thieves in Italy, down to the Neapolitan frontier. Montefortino, by the way, has changed its name to Artena, but that the character of the inhabitants has not changed with it is sufficiently proved by the fact that the present proprietor barely escaped from the place with his life, a few years ago, as a direct consequence of having attempted to improve the condition of the people, and has not yet, I believe, been able to return there. But these are mere details in modern Italy and have nothing to do with the matter in hand, though it may be remembered that the native village of Cardinal Antonelli was razed to the ground, not many years after his birth, as a measure of public safety.

I never heard of any tales of violence or rapine in connection with Carpineto, but Joachim Pecci was certainly born with a plentiful supply of that rough, bony, untiring mountaineer's energy which has made the Volscians what they have been, for good or evil, since the beginning of history. In the matter of physique, there is, indeed, a resemblance between Leo XIII., President Lincoln and Mr. Gladstone—lean, sinewy men, all three, of a bony constitution and indomitable vitality, with large skulls, high cheek-bones and energetic jaws—all three men of great physical strength, of profound capacity for study, of melancholic disposition and of unusual eloquence. It might almost be said that these three men represent three distinct stages of one type—the real or material, the intellectual, and the spiritual. From earliest youth each of the three was, by force of circumstances, turned to the direction which he was ulti-

mately to follow. Lincoln was thrown upon facts for his education; Gladstone received the existing form of education itself, in its highest development, while Leo XIII. was brought up under the domination of spiritual thoughts at a time when they had triumphantly survived the French revolution. Born during the height of the conflict between belief and unbelief, Leo XIII., by a significant fatality, was raised to the pontificate at the time when the Kulturkampf was raging and the attention of the world was riveted upon the deadly struggle between the Roman Catholic Church and Prince Bismarck, a struggle in which the "iron chancellor" found his master, and of which the history fittingly ended, the other day, with the favors conferred by the Emperor of Germany upon Cardinal Ledochowski.

By his character and natural gifts, Leo XIII. is essentially active rather than contemplative, and it is not surprising that the chief acts of his pontificate should have dealt rather with political matters than with questions of dogma and ecclesiastical authority. It has certainly been the object of the present pope to impress upon the world the necessity of Christianity in general, and of the Roman Catholic Church in particular, as a means of social redemption and a factor in political stability. This seems to be his inmost conviction, as shown in all his actions and encyclical letters. One is impressed, at every turn, by the strength of his belief in religion and in his own mission to spread it abroad. In regard to forms of faith, the opinions of mankind differ very widely, but the majority of intelligent men now living seem to hold a more or less distinct faith of one sort or another, and to require faith of some sort in their fellow-men. Common atheism has had its little day, and is out of fashion. It is certainly not possible to define that which has taken the place of the pseudo-scientific materialism which plagued society twenty or thirty years ago, and it is certainly beyond the province of the present article to examine into the current convictions with which we are to begin the twentieth century.

Unprejudiced persons will not, however, withhold their admiration in reviewing the life of a man who has devoted his energies, his intelligence and his strength,

not to mention the enormous power wielded by him as head of the Church, to the furtherance and accomplishment of ends which so many of us believe to be good. For the pontificate of Leo XIII. has differed from that of his predecessor in that it has been active rather than passive. While Pius IX. was the head of the Church suffering, Leo XIII. is the leader of the Church militant. This seems to be the reason why he has more than once been accused of inconsistency in his actions, notably in his instructions to French Catholics, as compared with the position he has maintained towards the Italian government. People seem to forget that, whereas the question of temporal power is deeply involved in the latter case, it has nothing whatever to do with the former, and as this question is the one most often brought up against the papacy and discussed in connection with it by people who seem to have very little idea of its real meaning, it may be as well to state here at once the pope's own view of it:

"The temporal sovereignty is not absolutely requisite for the existence of the papacy, since the popes were deprived of it during several centuries, but it is 'required,' in order that the pontiff's independence may display itself freely, without obstacles, and be evident and apparent to the eyes of the world. It is the social form, so to say, of his guardianship and of his manifestation. It is necessary, not *quoad esse*, but *quoad bene esse*—not to existence, but to a right existence. The pope who is not a sovereign is necessarily a subject, because [in the social existence of a monarchy] there is no mean term between subject and sovereign. A pope who is a subject of a given government is continually exposed to its influence and pressure, or at least to influences connected with political aims and interests."

The writer from whom the above lines are quoted comes to the natural and logical conclusion that this is not the normal position which should be occupied by the head of the Church. I may remark here that the same view, *mutatis mutandis*, is held in other countries besides Italy. The Emperor of Russia is undisputed high-pontiff of the Russian orthodox church. Queen Victoria occupies, by the British constitution, almost exactly the same position towards the Anglican church. In

practice, though certainly not in theory, it is the evident purpose of the young German emperor, constitutionally or unconstitutionally, to create for himself the same dominant pontifical position in regard to the churches of the German empire. It seems somewhat unjust, therefore, that the popes, whose right to the sovereignty of Rome was for ages as undisputed as that of any king or emperor in Europe, though secondary in itself to their ecclesiastical supremacy, should be blamed for protesting against that which was undoubtedly a usurpation so far as they were concerned, although it may justly be looked upon as a mere incident in the unification of a free people. Moreover, since the unification was accomplished, the vanquished popes have acted with a fairness and openness which might well be imitated by some political parties in other countries. I do not think that anyone has yet pointed out this fact with sufficient clearness. The Italians, as a nation, possess remarkable talent and skill in conspiracy, and there is no organization in the world better fitted than that of the Roman Catholic Church for secretly organizing and carrying out a great political conspiracy, if any such thing were ever attempted. The action of the popes, on the contrary, has been fair and above board.

Both Pius IX. and Leo XIII. have stated their grievances in the most public manner, and so far have they been from attempting to exercise their vast influence in directing the politics of Italy, that they have positively enjoined upon Italian Catholics to abstain from political contests altogether. Whether in so doing they have pursued a wise course or not, history will decide, probably according to the taste of the historian; but the fact itself sufficiently proves that they have given their enemies more than a fair chance. This seems to have been the form taken by their protests, and this, I think, is a fair answer to the principal accusation brought by non-Catholics against the pope, namely, that he is ready to sacrifice everything in an unscrupulous attempt to regain possession of temporal power. In other matters Leo XIII. has always shown himself to be a statesman, while Pius IX. was the victim of his own meek and long-suffering character. To enter into the consideration of the political

action of Leo XIII. during the last fifteen years would be to review the history of Europe and the United States during that time. To give an idea of the man's character, it would be sufficient to recall three or four of the principal situations in which he has been placed. A volume might be written, for instance, on his action in regard to the German army bill, his position towards Ireland, his arbitration in the question of the Caroline islands, and his instructions to French Catholics.

The great majority of books and pamphlets published about Leo XIII. "are not books," says an Italian friend of mine, "but censures"—there is more adulation than discrimination in what they contain and more of that peculiar kind of history which a French wit has defined as "prophesying backwards." The opinion of the man who thinks everything right is, if anything, more dangerous than his who thinks everything wrong, for the active mind which loves opposition is more likely to find something better than what it has, than the passive intelligence which believes that everything is for the best and therefore, in a sense, past improvement. These facts make it extremely hard to form a fair judgment from documents alone, and especially from those documents which most generally come before the public, namely, articles in such reviews as the *Contemporary Review*, on the one hand, and the *Civiltà Cattolica*, on the other. Indeed the statements on either side, if accepted without hesitation, would render all criticism futile. Devout Roman Catholics would answer that matters of faith are beyond criticism altogether, but the writers in the *Contemporary* for instance, will, with equal assurance, declare themselves right because they believe they are. It would be better to consult events themselves than the current opinions of opposite parties concerning them, to set aside the consideration of the aims rightly or wrongly attributed to Leo XIII. and to look only on the results brought about by his policy in our time. Every great man has a right to be judged by his works rather than by what any individual critic imagines that he was thinking of while performing them. In cases where actions have a merely negative result, it is just, indeed, to consider

the motive alone if any criticism is necessary, and here there seems to be no particular reason for doubting the pope's statement of his own case. For instance, in connection with Ireland, the pope said in the document known as "The Circular Letter of the Propaganda:" "It is just that the Irish should seek to alleviate their afflicted condition, it is just that they should fight for their rights, nor is it denied them to collect money to alleviate the condition of the Irish." In regard to the same matter "The Decree of the Holy Office" reads as follows: "The Holy See has frequently given opportune advice and counsel to the Irish people (upon whom it has always bestowed especial affection), whenever its affairs seemed to require it, by which counsel and advice they might be enabled to defend and vindicate their rights without prejudice to justice and without disturbing the public peace." A fairer statement of the rights of men and a more express injunction against public disturbance of any kind could hardly be expressed in two short sentences.

Another and famous case was that of the Seven Years' Service bill which came before the imperial parliament of Germany about the year 1887. Leo XIII., as is well known, gave no orders nor anything approaching in nature to a command, to the Catholic members. He expressed through Cardinal Jacobini a desire—his personal desire—that the Centre should vote for the Septennate. The immediate result of this policy was that the so-called "May Laws" were repealed. One fails to see why further comment should be necessary nor why motives of an inconceivably tortuous nature should be attributed to the leader who gained a great victory by the skillful use of a moral weapon. One at least of the nonsensical criticisms passed at the time is worth recording for its memorable folly. It was said that it was unbecoming in the Vicar of Christ, who should be the representative of peace on earth, to vote for an increase of any armament whatsoever. It is indeed hard to imagine that any motive except a desire for peace could have prompted the enormous expenditure incurred by the passing of the Septennate bill.

Outside of Italy the position of Leo XIII. in Rome is not generally understood. Most people suppose that the expression

"the prisoner in the Vatican" which he applies to himself, and which is very generally applied to him by the more ardent of Italian Catholics, is a mere empty phrase, and that his confinement within his small dominion is purely a matter of choice. This is not the case. So far as the political theory of the question is concerned, it is probable that the pope would not in any case be inclined to appear openly on Italian territory, unless he showed himself as the official guest of King Humbert, who would naturally be expected to return the visit. To make such an official visit and such an appearance would be in fact to accept the Italian domination in Rome, a course which, as I have already noticed, would be contrary to the accepted Catholic idea of the social basis necessary for the papacy. It would not necessarily be an uncatholic act, however, but it would certainly be an unpapal one. No one would expect the ex-empress of the French, for instance, to live openly in Paris as though the Parisians had never been her subjects, and as though she accepted the republic in a friendly and forgiving spirit. And the case is to all intents and purposes exactly identical.

But this is not all. It is unfortunately true that there is another and much better reason why Leo XIII. cannot show himself in the streets of Rome. It is quite certain that his life would not be safe. The enthusiastic friends of Italy who read glowing accounts of the development of the new kingdom and write eloquent articles in the same strain will be utterly horrified at this statement, and will, moreover, laugh to scorn the idea that the modern civilized Italian would conspire to take the life of a harmless and unoffending old man. They will be quite right. The modern civilized Italians would treat the pope with the greatest respect and consideration if he appeared amongst them. Most of them would take off their hats and stand aside while he drove by, and a great many of them would probably go down upon their knees in the streets to receive his blessing. The king, who is a gentleman, and tolerant of religious practices, would treat the head of the Church with respect. The queen, who is not only religious but devout, would hail the re-appearance of the pontiff with enthusiasm. But unfortunately for the realiza-

tion of any such thing, Rome is not peopled only by modern civilized Italians, nor Italy either. There is in the city a very large body of social democrats, anarchists and the like, not to mention the small nondescript rabble which everywhere does its best to bring discredit upon socialistic principles—a mere handful, perhaps, but they are largely composed of fanatics and madmen, people half hysterical from failure, poverty, vice and an indigestion of so-called “free thought.” There have not been many sovereigns nowadays whose lives have not been attempted by such men at one time or another. Within our own memory an emperor of Russia and two presidents of the United States have been actually murdered by just such men. The king of Italy and the emperor William I., Napoleon III., Queen Victoria and Alexander III. have all been assailed by such fanatics within our own recollection, and some of them have narrowly escaped death. Not one of them, with the exception of Alexander II., has been so hated by a small and desperate body of men as Leo XIII. is hated by that little band which undoubtedly exists in Rome today. I will venture to say that it is a matter of continual satisfaction to the royal family of Italy, and to the Italian government, that the pope should really continue to consider himself a prisoner within the precincts of the Vatican, since it is quite certain that if he were to appear openly in Rome the Italian authorities would not, in the long run, be able to protect his life.

After all that has been said and preached upon the subject by the friends of Italy, it would be a serious matter indeed if the pope, taking a practical advantage of his theoretic liberty, should be done to death in the streets of Rome by a self-styled Italian patriot. No one who thoroughly understands Rome at the present day is ignorant that such danger really exists, though it will no doubt be promptly denied by Italian ministers, newspaper correspondents and other intelligent but enthusiastic persons. The hysterical anarchist is unfortunately to be met with all over the world at the present day, side by side with the scientific social democrat, and too often under his immediate protection. Indeed a great number of the acts of Leo XIII., if not all of them, have been

directed against the mass of social democracy in all its forms, good, bad and indifferent, and to the zeal of his partisans in endeavoring to carry out his suggestions must be attributed some of the strong utterances of the Church's adherents upon matters political.

The question of “assent and obedience” to the Holy See in matters not relating to dogma and faith is, perhaps, the most important of all those in which the papacy is now involved. Endless articles are written, endless pamphlets are published, about the doctrine “*non serviam*,” and there appears to be a decided tendency among the more hot-headed Catholics to ascribe to the Holy See a certain degree of infallibility in regard to national policy and local elections. The pope's own words do not, I believe, inculcate a blind obedience as necessary to the salvation of voters, though it is expressly declared a grave offense to favor the election of persons opposed to the Roman Catholic Church and whose opinions may tend to endanger its position. The idea that the pope's political utterances can ever be considered as *ex-cathedra* is too illogical to be presented seriously to the world by thinking men. Leo XIII. is undoubtedly a first-rate statesman—I have heard one of the first diplomatists in Europe say so—and it might be to the advantage not only of all good Catholics but of all humanity, and of the cause of peace itself, to follow his advice in national and party politics whenever practicable. But Pius IX. was no statesman at all, and there are plenty of instances in history of popes whose political advice would have been ruinous, if followed, though it was often formulated more authoritatively and more dictatorially than the injunctions from time to time imparted to Catholics by Leo XIII. In politics, even from the Church's point of view, it is not easy to define what is absolutely right or absolutely wrong, except in questions involving accepted religious beliefs and consequent accepted opinions of good or evil. To bind oneself to follow the political dictation of Leo XIII. and to consider such obedience to the pope as indispensable to salvation, would be to create a precedent. The next pope may prove to be as incapable of dealing with political matters as was Pius IX. and yet may not possess the latter's

peace-loving character. An Alexander VI. would be an impossibility in our day, but, in theory, if another Rodrigo Borgia should be elected to the Holy See, one should be as much bound to obey his orders in voting for the election of the president of the United States as he can possibly be to obey those of Leo XIII., seeing that the divine right to direct the political consciences of Catholics, if it existed at all, would be inherent in the papacy as an institution, and not arbitrarily and transitorily in the person of the wise, learned and conscientious man who is now the head of the Roman Catholic Church. Furthermore, it seems to me that of late years there has been a tendency in the organs of Catholic thought to go a step further in this direction. As I have noticed above, Cardinal Jacobini most distinctly stated during the debate on the German Septennate bill, that the pope did not command the Catholic members of Parliament, but desired — and nothing more — that they should favor the bill. Of late, however, his utterances have been interpreted by his too zealous adherents to mean that every Catholic subject or citizen throughout the world, who has the right to vote in his own country, must give that vote in accordance with the dictates of the Church as a whole, and of his bishop in particular, under pain of committing a very grave offense against Catholic principles. It is not likely that any large body of voters in any country would now place such entire confidence in the worldly judgment of their spiritual pastors and master as to carry out these instructions to the letter. It may further be assumed, and should be assumed, that any man whose religious beliefs, moral convictions and social conscience lead him to adhere in letter and spirit to the ordinances of the Christian faith, in any form whatsoever, would certainly not give his vote to an open enemy of Christianity. The state in which every action of man, public or private, should be guided solely and entirely by his own religious convictions, would no doubt be an ideal one and would approach in social perfection to a millennium. But in the meantime, a condition of society in which society itself should be guided by such political opinions as any one man, human

and limited, can derive from his own conscience, pure and upright though it be, would be neither logical nor desirable. Notwithstanding the express assurances of many divines, there are points in the universal struggle for life which do not turn upon questions of moral right and wrong, and which every individual has a preëminent and inherent right to decide for himself. Humanity knows this, and feels it, and no amount of cunning argument and eloquent persuasion will prevail upon mankind to surrender that inherent right for any length of time.

Anyone who undertakes to speak briefly of such a personage as Leo XIII., and of such a question as the "assent and obedience" of Catholics in matters not connected with morals or belief, lays himself open to the accusation of superficiality. We are all, however, obliged to deal quickly and decisively, in these days, with practical matters of which the discussion at length would fill many volumes. Most of us cannot do more than form an opinion based upon the little knowledge we have, express it as best we may, and pass on. The man who spends a lifetime in the study of one point, the specialist in fact, is often too ignorant of all other matters to form any general opinion worth expressing. Humanity is too broad to be put under a microscope, too strong to be treated like a little child. No one man, today, in this day of many Cæsars, can say surely and exactly what should be rendered to each of them, least of all where Cæsar himself, with his commands and exigencies, is replaced by a power made up of the aggregate personal opinions of a vast body of men with whom power is an inheritance, *de manu mortuâ*, so to say, which is the property of all alike. American Catholics are good Catholics. They are believing, active, energetic, ready to make great sacrifices for their faith; but in other respects they are like other Americans, and the mere idea of any worldly dictatorship whatsoever is not only distasteful and repugnant to them, but is also of a nature so entirely different from all their other ideas that it can never, under any conceivable circumstances, take root in their minds, derive nourishment from their thoughts, or flourish side by side with their convictions.



BY SARA JEANETTE DUNCAN.

HIS obscure American name was Linnet, Peter Linnet. It was not to be found in any of the blue-books, nor amongst the members of the board of trade, nor, as a general thing, upon the Government House list. His attention was not given to minutes and resolutions, or to the price of gunny-bags, or, as a rule, to society. He was not even known to the income-tax collector, for reasons that might have been obvious to anybody. His business was with the souls of the heathen, and he lived up-country.

It was not a paying business, from our point of view. Years ago Peter Linnet put all he had into it, and we would consider the money irrecoverably sunk. The little white church and school-house at Rubblebad did not represent a fraction of the cost of building them. They were, to be sure, immovable security, but I doubt whether even government would have advanced him a thousand rupees on them, takkavi,* to buy more of the good seed Peter Linnet went up and down his district sowing broadcast. Perhaps, too, government would have doubted the probability of a harvest. Peter Linnet never

doubted. And that was as well, for any lack of faith upon his part would have bankrupted him. He was not, you see, a missionary whose future was the care of the denomination that sent him out, and for him there was neither stipend nor pension realizable "here below." Peter Linnet was a missionary on his own account, and I think he rather scouted the denominations. My impression is that he was a "brother" of sorts, but the district called him "ma bap."†

He lived up-country, but every now and then he made what he called a "raid" upon Calcutta. The cause, like all other causes, stood upon a financial basis, and whenever the basis showed signs of being undermined Peter Linnet would journey to the capital, engaging much in prayer, in the train going down, that the Lord would soften the hearts of the Calcutta rich. He would remind the Lord—it was a quaint way he had—that the fall in the exchange value of the rupee must benefit somebody, and pray that he might be directed, when he arrived, to the right persons, as he could not well depend upon his

* Vernacular term for advances made to the peasants by government, to buy seed-grain.

† My father and my mother.

own knowledge of finance. It was truly wonderful, to Peter Linnet, how the Lord would interfere in the matter, and how seldom the busy men of the city, or the desk-worn sons of the secretariats, refused him the ten-rupee note which he had privately determined to be a fair price for the blessing of the cause. He could not possibly know that after a long and persevering series of fashionable ladies bent upon the extraction of subscriptions for benevolent raffles, a venerable person like himself, simple and trustful and without guile, might involuntarily leave his own blessing behind him. Not that the Calcutta broker understood the blessing to come from either source. His way of putting it probably was that he had paid the old gentleman off to be left in peace, and he thought it cheaply done at ten rupees. And he did not at all connect being left in peace with some still remembered words the old gentleman might have repeated as the office-bearer showed him down-stairs—"My peace I leave with you." . . . However, never mind.

Calcutta had so often been kind to Peter Linnet and his cause, that he was as deeply perturbed as profoundly surprised, one day, to find it cold. He had come down with great expectations, based on his past receipts and his present record. He had ideas of business for a missionary, and he brought his record with him always, in a note-book—so many children educated, so many sick healed, so many souls saved. This time the numbers were par-

ticularly gratifying, and his old heart throbbed as he noted them down in a hand that was growing a trifle shaky. He had a new plea to put forward, too—famine threatened, many of his people were hungry. He wished he could make the plutocrats of Calcutta understand how hungry, but he concluded, with a sigh, that his good friends of the capital were much too well fed. He would be obliged to appeal to their imaginations; but he

fancied he could do that. His children of the district were eating the leaves of trees. Yes, he didn't boast of his eloquence, but he fancied he could do that.

And Calcutta had repulsed him. For the first time in many—perhaps it was because of the many!—his card failed to bring him a sala'am. The sahib was busy or had gone out, and the man at the door was not too respectful. Peter Linnet pushed back his old, green-lined sola topee,* mopped his forehead and looked sharply through his spectacles at the inscrutable durwans.† He disbe-

lieved the first one or two, but presently incredulity began to give way to disappointment, and the old man opened his umbrella and trudged away, without a word. Perhaps he had neglected, for once, to ask for divine direction to the firms that profited by the depreciated rupee; at all events, he didn't seem to find them. And one of his best friends, in the Department of Public Works, had given him only a good cigar and the assurance that the friend himself was unable



"CAN YOU TELL ME, WORTHY ONE—?"

* Pith-hat.

† Doorkeepers.

to send his sick wife and his nine-year-old boy to England that hot weather, because of the parlous state of the rupee, and that, much as he would like to subscribe to Mr. Linnet's good work, he felt morally compelled to pay his debts first. Peter Linnet told the man in the Public Works department to be of good cheer—the Lord would provide; and shook his head when the man replied, flippantly, "Or the secretary of state." The cigar merited no rebuke, however, and the missionary took his discouragements pleasantly away.

He talked of his troubles in the second-rate boarding-house he shared with young Eurasian shopmen, and almost all the other boarders contributed an eight-anna bit apiece, to lighten them, which, Peter Linnet assured the donors, he did not measure by its purchasing power—it might be as the mustard seed, planted in the name of the Lord. There was a coffee-colored wag in the boarding-house, however, who contributed nothing but an irrelevant suggestion, coupled with a wink, over the curry, to all the other boarders who were looking in his direction. "I say, padre," said he, "you ought to write your name down at Government House. They won't like it if you don't."

It had never occurred to Peter Linnet to write his name down at Government House before, but he pondered the idea. He would not wish to seem disrespectful. He was not of the world; neither, indeed, could he be. But should we not render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's? He told the coffee-colored youth that he was much obliged for the hint, and the youth winked again. And that very morning, after making his solicitations in the new departmental buildings in the next street, the Rev. Peter Linnet walked in between the big yellow lions on the gateposts, and up the broad, red,

palm-bordered drive, to the public portal of the viceroy's Calcutta palace and wrote his name in the register of their excellencies' presumed acquaintances.

Then a very natural and probable thing happened. Peter Linnet, coming home to his dinner after a particularly disheartening day among the tea firms, found a large, square envelope, addressed to him, and inside the envelope a card informing him that the A. D. C.-in-waiting was commanded by his excellency the viceroy to invite the Rev. Peter Linnet to an evening party, on the 10th of February, at 9.30 o'clock. To say that the old missionary was pleased would not be to say enough. He was as happy as a school-boy. He read the invitation as definitely, distinctly, an invitation to him. It was no small honor; but the honor, he chid himself gravely, was not his—not his. Doubtless, his excellency had heard of the good work at Rubblebad,



"THEN HE CAUGHT A SECRETARY ON THE WING—"

and wished to obtain details from headquarters. When he went down to dinner, he considerably astonished the facetious young man by again thanking him for his suggestion about calling at Government House. "The viceroy has since invited me to come and see him," added Mr. Linnet, "and I hope much good will arise out of it."

When the evening came, Peter Linnet brushed his seamy frock-coat very carefully and put a new note-book in his breast-pocket, in which were carefully tabulated all the records of his mission from the beginning—the children educated, the sick healed, the souls saved. This year he had a new entry, which he surveyed with much satisfaction—the number of men and women and little ones preserved from death by starvation. Peter Linnet meant, respectfully, but firmly, to call his excellency's attention very especially to that. In his excitement he could eat no dinner at all before starting. "The Lord will keep me up," he said to himself, for, even to an independent American missionary of Peter Linnet's temperament, a viceroy is a very formidable person. He passed from a fever lest he should be too early into a fever lest he should be too late, and when he was deposited, at last, upon the red carpet of the wide outer hall of Government House, his legs trembled under him and he was obliged to sit down, for a moment, on one of the round, gilt-backed sofas, to compose himself. He saw a number of young men standing about, some in uniform, some buttoning their gloves, and he noticed that they were usually joined by ladies in very dazzling evening dress, who disappeared along one of the corridors, arm in arm with them. "It seems to be quite a large party," said the missionary to himself, and hobbled after them—he was short and a little lame—feeling unaccountably depressed.

Upstairs, Peter Linnet became even more deeply impressed with the size of the party. The gentlemen in uniform had multiplied, and so had the ladies in long, silken trains. After he had stumbled over two of these, in his anxiety to find the viceroy, the missionary shrunk into a palm-decorated corner. The band

was playing near him, so near that he began to feel conscious of a headache, and moved away. He found that he did not know exactly where to go. The long, pillared room was so brilliantly lighted, so full of music and movement and people—people he felt as remote from as he would be in Rubblebad. The wide doors gave upon verandahs in which more people still were moving about duskily, and the room opened into others which made a mingled vista of palm fronds and dainty gowns. The missionary thought he would like a chair, but all those near him were occupied and he did not quite dare to walk the length of the room in search of one. To his relief, he noticed, presently, that the party was not wholly European; a rajah waddled past him in pink brocade and pearls, and an elderly zamindar,* in a long, tight, black coat and a neatly-rolled white turban, came and stood within three feet of him. Peter Linnet felt sometimes that he understood Indians better than Anglo-Indians.

"Can you tell me, worthy one," said he to the zamindar, in Hindustani, "where the greetings to the Burra Lord Sahib are being offered?"

"Certainly, your honor. But upon these tamashos† are no greetings offered. The guests come and go at their pleasure. Is it that you wish to speak with the Burra Lord Sahib?" It was beyond the politeness of even a zamindar to disguise incredulity here.

"It is for that purpose that I am invited."

"Then, it is necessary first to see a secretary-sahib, or a young officer-sahib with blue silk upon his coat. There is one, and yonder is another," and the zamindar bowed himself away.

Peter Linnet rubbed his hands and bided his time. When a secretary should seem to be disengaged, he would go up and ask to be presented to the viceroy. In the meantime, he began to be conscious of glances and to remember how very old his coat was. His face gathered anxious wrinkles as he thought how the time was going. He looked at his silver watch and said to himself that he had not been out of bed at this hour for twenty years. Then he caught a secretary on the wing

* Landholder.

† Grand occasions.

from the refreshment table to the verandah, who stared at him.

"I should be glad, sir, if you would introduce me to his excellency. I have not yet had the opportunity of thanking him for his kind invitation."

"Aw! Quite unnecessary, I assure you. Never done!" and the secretary was hastening away, but Mr. Linnet detained him.

"But I have also a little matter of business to talk of with his excellency—"

The secretary raised his eyebrows, and put up his eyeglass.

"What are you, officially?" he enquired.

"A minister of the gospel, sir."

"Oh—unattached, I presume. I mean—not on the establishment?"

"I am my own establishment, sir."

"Precisely. And what is the name of your station?"

"Rubblebad."

"Haw! Rubblebad! I was once at Rubblebad. Get it hot there, don't you, in June? Pretty place, though, with the river an' all."

"River, sir? There is no river at Rubblebad."

"Ah; to be sure! N'more there isn't! But you do get it hot there, don't you? Don't wonder you like to run down to Calcutta, now and then. Oh, *very* hot at Rubblebad!"

The secretary said this over his shoulder, as he joined a passing native, whom he clapped familiarly on the back and addressed as "Maharajah, old chap!"

"I didn't make him understand," thought the little missionary, patiently;



"HE WAS OBLIGED TO SIT DOWN FOR A MOMENT TO COMPOSE HIMSELF."

and he moved back a step or two, away from the dazzling candelabra, and stood, with his hands clasped behind his back, waiting for another opportunity. It seemed a very long time before one came. Then the head of a department, who knew the cause and its apologist, came by, looking for his wife. It was growing late and tomorrow's minutes were heavy upon his official anticipation. Peter Linnet hurried forward and held out his hand.

"Why, padre!" said the civilian, taking it, with some embarrassment.

"Yes, my good friend. You are surprised to see me? But I have business here—I have business here! I must see the viceroy. Would you do me the kindness to take me to him?"

"Oh—I am not the proper person, padre. The A. D. C.'s look after all that,

you know. But if I were you, I'd write to him—I would, indeed. *Good night, padre—there's my wife; I mustn't let her escape again!*" and before the missionary was well aware of it, he was once more abandoned to the rustling crowd on the floor and the portrait of Lord Canning on the wall.

Peter Linnet felt the note-book in his pocket weigh heavily upon his soul. If he hesitated longer, this golden opportunity might be lost, and the Rubblebad mission might never again come under the attention of a viceroy of India. The little ones of his district were still an-hungered, though he and all that were his had deprived themselves of meat for a month, that the lambs of the flock might feed. So many more children were to educate, so many more sick were to heal, so many more souls were to save! The old man glanced at the other excellency—the one on the wall—who regarded him with impotent, but friendly eyes, and took courage. Then he went hesitatingly up the room, to where the crowd was thickest, and asked a youngster in the artillery to point him out the viceroy.

"Beside the pillar, talking with General Gilbert—that dark-eyed chap with the orders. See?"

"Thank you," said Peter Linnet.

Then he somewhat feebly pushed his way toward his viceregal host, tripping over the ladies' dresses; catching his own baggy trousers in the officer's spurs, and wondering at the dimness of his sight.

"Your excellency," he said aloud, while yet some distance off, feeling tremblingly for his note-book, "your excellency—" but, at that, he staggered faintly and fell prone upon the train of the wife of the presidency magistrate, who stood perfectly still, with great presence of mind, while he recovered himself. There was a parting in the crowd and a little polite consternation; and a couple of Sikh bodyguardsmen quickly helped him out. An A. D. C. hurried down to see him into his *ticca-gharry*,* and came back, pulling his pretty moustache, with that smile of semi-shocked amusement which an A. D. C. has for occasions of violated conventionality.

"Oh, the old fellow's all right now," said he to another A. D. C. "Just a little too much champagne, I fancy; wanted to come back, but told him he really mustn't! One glass will do for a Methody, any day. Did his excellency happen to notice?"

"No!" replied the other.

"*Tant mieux!*"

* Hired conveyance.



THE SHOWER.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

BELOVED and lover, in the blue above,
The white cloud overtakes the sun, and, there,
As if to veil the ecstasy of love,
Lest fall about them both her shining hair.



A TRAVELLER FROM ALTRURIA.

By W. D. HOWELLS.

XII.

"And so," the Altrurian continued, "when the labor of the community was emancipated from the bondage of the false to the free service of the true, it was also, by an inevitable implication, dedicated to beauty and rescued from the old slavery to the ugly, the stupid and the trivial. The thing that was honest and useful became by the operation of a natural law, a beautiful thing. Once we had not time enough to make things beautiful, we were so overworked in making false and hideous things to sell; but now we had all the time there was, and a glad emulation arose among the trades and occupations to the end that everything done should be done finely as well as done honestly. The artist, the man of genius, who worked from the love of his work became the normal man, and in the measure of his ability and of his calling each wrought in the spirit of the artist. We got back the pleasure of doing a thing beautifully, which was God's primal blessing upon all his working children, but which we had lost in the horrible days of our need and greed. There is not a working man within the sound of my voice, but has known this divine delight, and would gladly know it always if he only had the time. Well, now we had the time, the Evolution had given us the time, and in all Altruria there was not a furrow driven or a swarth mown, not

a hammer struck on house or on ship, not a stitch sewn or a stone laid, not a line written or a sheet printed, not a temple raised or an engine built, but it was done with an eye to beauty as well as to use.

"As soon as we were freed from the necessity of preying upon one another, we found that *there was no hurry*. The good work would wait to be well done; and one of the earliest effects of the Evolution was the disuse of the swift trains which had traversed the continent, night and day, that one man might overreach another, or make haste to undersell his rival, or seize some advantage of him, or plot some profit to his loss. Nine-tenths of the railroads, which in the old times had ruinously competed, and then in the hands of the Accumulation had been united to impoverish and oppress the people, fell into disuse. The commonwealth operated the few lines that were necessary for the collection of materials and the distribution of manufactures, and for pleasure travel and the affairs of state; but the roads that had been built to invest capital, or parallel other roads, or 'make work,' as it was called, or to develop resources, or boom localities, were suffered to fall into ruin; the rails were stripped from the landscape, which they had bound as with shackles, and the road-beds became highways for the use of kindly neighborhoods, or nature recovered them wholly and hid the memory of their former abuse in grass and flowers and wild vines.

The ugly towns that they had forced into being, as Frankenstein was fashioned, from the materials of the charnel, and that had no life in or from the good of the community, soon tumbled into decay. The administration used parts of them in the construction of the villages in which the Altrurians now mostly live; but generally these towns were built of materials so fraudulent, in forms so vile, that it was judged best to burn them. In this way their sites were at once purified and obliterated.

"We had, of course, a great many large cities under the old egoistic conditions, which increased and fattened upon the country, and fed their cancerous life with fresh infusions of its blood. We had several cities of half a million, and one of more than a million; we had a score of them, each with a population of a hundred thousand or more. We were very proud of them, and vaunted them as a proof of our unparalleled prosperity, though really they never were anything but congeries of millionaires and the wretched creatures who served them and supplied them. Of course, there was everywhere the appearance of enterprise and activity, but it meant final loss for the great mass of the business men, large and small, and final gain for the millionaires. These, and their parasites and necessary concomitants, dwelt together, the rich starving the poor and the poor plundering and misgoverning the rich; and it was the intolerable suffering in the cities that chiefly hastened the fall of the old Accumulation, and the rise of the Commonwealth.

"Almost from the moment of the Evolution the competitive and monopolistic centers of population began to decline. In the clear light of the new order it was seen that they were not fit dwelling-places for men, either in the complicated and luxurious palaces where the rich fenced themselves from their kind, or in the vast tenements, towering height upon height, ten and twelve stories up, where the swarming poor festered in vice and sickness and famine. If I were to tell you of the fashion of those cities of our egoistic epoch, how the construction was one error from the first, and every correction of an error bred a new defect, I should make you weep, I should make you laugh. We let them fall to ruin as quickly as they

would, and their sites are still so pestilential, after the lapse of centuries, that travellers are publicly guarded against them. Ravening beasts and poisonous reptiles lurk in those abodes of the riches and the poverty that are no longer known to our life. A part of one of the less malarial of the old cities, however, is maintained by the commonwealth in the form of its prosperity, and is studied by antiquarians for the instruction, and by moralists for the admonition it affords. A section of a street is exposed, and you see the foundations of the houses built one upon the bases of another; you see the filthy drains that belched into the common sewers, trapped and retrapped to keep the poison gases down; you see the sewers that rolled their loathsome tides under the streets, amidst a tangle of gas pipes, steam pipes, water pipes, telegraph wires, electric lighting wires, electric motor wires and grip-cables; all without a plan, but makeshifts, expedients, devices, to repair and evade the fundamental mistake of having any such cities at all.

"There are now no cities in Altruria, in your meaning, but there are capitals, one for each of the Regions of our country, and one for the whole commonwealth. These capitals are for the transaction of public affairs, in which every citizen of Altruria is schooled, and they are the residences of the administrative officials, who are alternated every year, from the highest to the lowest. A public employment with us is of no greater honor or profit than any other, for with our absolute economic equality, there can be no ambition, and there is no opportunity for one citizen to outshine another. But as the capitals are the centers of all the arts, which we consider the chief of our public affairs, they are oftenest frequented by poets, actors, painters, sculptors, musicians and architects. We regard all artists, who are in a sort creators, as the human type which is likeliest the divine, and we try to conform our whole industrial life to the artistic temperament. Even in the labors of the field and shop, which are obligatory upon all, we study the inspirations of this temperament, and in the voluntary pursuits we allow it full control. Each, in these, follows his fancy as to what he shall do, when he shall do it, or whether he shall do anything at all. In the capitals are

the universities, theaters, galleries, museums, cathedrals, laboratories and conservatories, and the appliances of every art and science, as well as the administration buildings; and beauty as well as use is studied in every edifice. Our capitals are as clean and quiet and healthful as the country, and these advantages are secured simply by the elimination of the horse, an animal which we should be as much surprised to find in the streets of a town as the plesiosaurus or the pterodactyl. All transportation in the capitals, whether for pleasure or business, is by electricity, and swift electrical expresses connect the capital of each region with the villages which radiate from it on cruciform lines, to the cardinal points. These expresses run at the rate of a hundred and fifty miles an hour, and they enable the artist, the scientist, the littérateur, of the remotest hamlet, to visit the capital (when he is not actually resident there in some public use) every day, after the hours of the obligatory industries; or, if he likes, he may remain there a whole week or fortnight, giving six hours a day instead of three to the obligatories, until the time is made up. In case of very evident merit, or for the purpose of allowing him to complete some work requiring continuous application, a vote of the local agents may release him from the obligatories indefinitely. Generally, however, our artists prefer not to ask this, but avail themselves of the stated means we have of allowing them to work at the obligatories, and get the needed exercise and variety of occupation, in the immediate vicinity of the capital.

"We do not think it well to connect the hamlets on the different lines of radiation from the capital, except by the good country roads which traverse each region in every direction. The villages are mainly inhabited by those who prefer a rural life; they are farming villages; but in Altruria it can hardly be said that one man is more a farmer than another. We do not like to distinguish men by their callings; we do not speak of the poet This or the shoemaker That, for the poet may very likely be a shoemaker in the obligatories, and the shoemaker a poet in the voluntaries. If it can be said that one occupation is honored above another with us, it is that which we all share, and

that is the cultivation of the earth. We believe that this, when not followed slavishly, or for gain, brings man into the closest relations to the deity, through a grateful sense of the divine bounty, and that it not only awakens a natural piety in him, but that it endears to the worker that piece of soil which he tills, and so strengthens his love of home. The home is the very heart of the Altrurian system, and we do not think it well that people should be away from their homes very long or very often. In the competitive and monopolistic times men spent half their days in racing back and forth across our continent; families were scattered by the chase for fortune, and there was a perpetual paying and repaying of visits. One-half the income of those railroads which we let fall into disuse came from the ceaseless unrest. Now a man is born and lives and dies among his own kindred, and the sweet sense of neighborhood, of brotherhood, which blessed the golden age of the first Christian republic is ours again. Every year the people of each Region meet one another on Evolution day, in the regionic capital; once in four years they all visit the national capital. There is no danger of the decay of patriotism among us; our country is our mother, and we love her as it is impossible to love the stepmother that a competitive or monopolistic nation must be to its citizens.

"I can only touch upon this feature and that of our system, as I chance to think of it. If any of you are curious about others, I shall be glad to answer questions as well as I can. We have, of course," the Altrurian proceeded, after little indefinite pause, to let any speaker who liked, "no sort of money. As the whole people control affairs, no man works for another, and no man pays another. Every one does his share of labor, and receives his share of food, clothing and shelter, which is neither more nor less than another's. If you can imagine the justice and impartiality of a well-ordered family, you can conceive of the social and economic life of Altruria. We are, properly speaking, a family rather than a nation in your sense.

"Of course, we are somewhat favored by our insular, or continental position; but I do not know that we are more so

than you are. Certainly, however, we are self-sufficing in a degree unknown to most European countries; and we have within our borders the materials of every comfort and the resources of every need. We have no commerce with the egoistic world, as we call that outside, and I believe that I am the first Altrurian to visit foreign countries avowedly in my national character, though we have always had emissaries living abroad incognito. I hope that I may say without offense that they find it a sorrowful exile, and that the reports of the egoistic world, with its wars, its bankruptcies, its civic commotions and its social unhappiness, do not make us discontented with our own condition. Before the Evolution we had completed the round of your inventions and discoveries, impelled by the force that drives you on; and we have since disused most of them as idle and unfit. But we profit, now and then, by the advances you make in science, for we are passionately devoted to the study of the natural laws, open or occult, under which all men have their being. Occasionally an emissary returns with a sum of money, and explains to the students of the national university the processes by which it is lost and won; and at a certain time there was a movement for its introduction among us, not for its use as you know it, but for a species of counters in games of chance. It was considered, however, to contain an element of danger, and the scheme was discouraged.

"Nothing amuses and puzzles our people more than the accounts our emissaries give of the changes of fashion in the outside world, and of the ruin of soul and body which the love of dress often works. Our own dress, for men and for women, is studied in one ideal of use and beauty, from the antique; caprice and vagary in it would be thought an effect of vulgar vanity. Nothing is worn that is not simple and honest in texture; we do not know whether a thing is cheap or dear, except as it is easy or hard to come by, and that which is hard to come by is forbidden as wasteful and foolish. The community builds the dwellings of the community, and these, too, are of a classic simplicity, though always beautiful and fit in form; the splendors of the arts are lavished upon the public edifices, which we all enjoy in common."

"Isn't this the greatest réchauffé of Utopia, New Atlantis, and City of the Sun, that you ever imagined?" the professor whispered across me to the banker. "The man is a fraud, and a very bungling fraud at that."

"Well, you must expose him, when he gets through," the banker whispered back.

But the professor could not wait. He got upon his feet, and called out: "May I ask the gentleman from Altruria a question?"

"Certainly," the Altrurian blandly assented.

"Make it short!" Reuben Camp's voice broke in, impatiently. "We didn't come here to listen to your questions."

The professor contemptuously ignored him. "I suppose you occasionally receive emissaries from, as well as send them to the world outside?"

"Yes, now and then castaways land on our coasts, and ships out of their reckoning put in at our ports, for water or provision."

"And how are they pleased with your system?"

"Why, I cannot better answer than by saying that they mostly refuse to leave us."

"Ah, just as Bacon reports!" cried the professor.

"You mean in the New Atlantis?" returned the Altrurian. "Yes; it is astonishing how well Bacon in that book, and Sir Thomas More in his Utopia, have divined certain phases of our civilization and polity."

"I think he rather *has* you, professor," the banker whispered, with a laugh.

"But all those inspired visionaries," the Altrurian continued, while the professor sat grimly silent, watching for another chance, "who have borne testimony of us in their dreams, conceived of states perfect without the discipline of a previous competitive condition. What I thought, however, might specially interest you Americans in Altruria is the fact that our economy was evolved from one so like that in which you actually have your being. I had even hoped you might feel that, in all these points of resemblance, America prophesies another Altruria. I know that to some of you all that I have told of my country will seem a baseless

fabric, with no more foundation, in fact, than More's fairy tale of another land where men dealt kindly and justly by one another, and dwelt, a whole nation, in the unity and equality of a family. But why should not part of that fable have come true in our polity, as another part of it has come true in yours? When Sir Thomas More wrote that book, he noted with abhorrence the monstrous injustice of the fact that men were hanged for small thefts in England; and in the preliminary conversation between its characters he denounced the killing of men for any sort of thefts. Now you no longer put men to death for theft; you look back upon that cruel code of your mother England with an abhorrence as great as his own. We, for our part, who have realized the Utopian dream of brotherly equality, look back with the same abhorrence upon a state where some were rich and some poor, some taught and some untaught, some high and some low, and the hardest toil often failed to supply a sufficiency of the food which luxury wasted in its riots. That state seems as atrocious to us as the state which hanged a man for stealing of bread seems to you.

"But we do not regret the experience of competition and monopoly. They taught us some things in the operation of the industries. The labor-saving inventions which the Accumulation perverted to money-making, we have restored to the use intended by their inventors and the Creator of their inventions. After serving the advantage of socializing the industries which the Accumulation effected for its own purposes, we continued the work in large mills and shops, in the interest of the workers, whom we wish to guard against the evil effects of solitude. But our mills and shops are beautiful as well as useful. They look like temples, and they are temples, dedicated to that sympathy between the divine and the human which expresses itself in honest and exquisite workmanship. They rise amid leafy boscaiges beside the streams, which form their only power; for we have disused steam altogether, with all the offenses to the eye and ear which its use brought into the world. Our life is so simple and our needs are so few that the handwork of the primitive toilers could easily supply

our wants; but machinery works so much more thoroughly and beautifully, that we have in great measure retained it. Only, the machines that were once the workman's enemies and masters are now their friends and servants.

"The farm work, as well as the mill work and the shop work, is done by companies of workers; and there is nothing of that loneliness in our woods and fields which, I understand, is the cause of so much insanity among you. It is not good for man to be alone, was the first thought of his Creator when he considered him, and we act upon this truth in everything. The privacy of the family is sacredly guarded in essentials, but the social instinct is so highly developed with us that we like to eat together in large refectories, and we meet constantly to argue and dispute on questions of æsthetics and metaphysics. We do not, perhaps, read so many books as you do, for most of our reading, when not for special research, but for culture and entertainment, is done by public readers, to large groups of listeners. We have no social meetings which are not free to all; and we encourage joking and the friendly give and take of witty encounters."

"A little hint from Sparta," suggested the professor.

The banker leaned over to say to me, "From what I have seen of your friend when offered a piece of American humor, I should fancy the Altrurian article was altogether different. Upon the whole I would rather not be present at one of their witty encounters, if I were obliged to stay it out."

The Altrurian had paused to drink a glass of water, and now he went on. "But we try, in everything that does not inconvenience or injure others, to let everyone live the life he likes best. If a man prefers to dwell apart and have his meals in private for himself alone, or for his family, it is freely permitted; only, he must not expect to be served as in public, where service is one of the voluntaries; private service is not permitted; those wishing to live alone must wait upon themselves, cook their own food and care for their own tables. Very few, however, wish to withdraw from the public life, for most of the discussions and debates take place at our midday meal, which falls at

the end of the obligatory labors, and is prolonged indefinitely, or as long as people like to chat and joke, or listen to the reading of some pleasant book.

"In Altruria *there is no hurry*, for no one wishes to outstrip another, or in any wise surpass him. We are all assured of enough, and are forbidden any and every sort of superfluity. If anyone, after the obligatories, wishes to be entirely idle, he may be so, but I cannot now think of a single person without some voluntary occupation; doubtless there are such persons, but I do not know them. It used to be said, in the old times, that 'it was human nature' to shirk, and mangle and loaf, but we have found that it is no such thing. We have found that it is human nature to work cheerfully, willingly, eagerly, at the tasks which all share for the supply of the common necessities. In like manner we have found out that it is not human nature to hoard and grudge, but that when the fear, and even the imagination, of want is taken away, it is human nature to give and to help generously. We used to say, 'A man will lie, or a man will cheat in his own interest; that is human nature,' but that is no longer human nature with us, perhaps, because no man has any longer any interest of his own to serve; he has only the interests of others to serve, while others serve his. It is in nowise possible for the individual to separate his good from the common good; he is prosperous and happy only as all the rest are so; and therefore it is not human nature with us for any one to lie in wait to betray another or seize an advantage. That would be ungentlemanly, and in Altruria every man is a gentleman, and every woman a lady. If you will excuse me here, for being so frank, I would like to say something by way of illustration, which may be offensive if you take it personally."

He looked at our little group, as if he were addressing himself more especially to us, and the banker called out jollily: "Go on! I guess we can stand it," and "Go ahead!" came from all sides, from all kinds of listeners.

"It is merely this: that as we look back at the old competitive conditions we do not see how any man could be a gentleman in them, since a gentleman must think first of others, and those conditions

compelled every man to think first of himself."

There was a silence broken by some conscious and hardy laughter, while we each swallowed this pill as we could.

"What are competitive conditions?" Mrs. Makely demanded of me.

"Well, ours are competitive conditions," I said.

"Very well, then," she returned, "I don't think Mr. Homos is much of a gentleman to say such a thing to an American audience. Or, wait a moment! Ask him if the same rule applies to women!"

I rose, strengthened by the resentment I felt, and said, "Do I understand that in your former competitive conditions it was also impossible for a woman to be a lady?"

The professor gave me an applause nod as I sat down. "I envy you the chance of that little dig," he whispered.

The Altrurian was thoughtful a moment, and then he answered: "No, I should not say it was. From what we know historically of those conditions in our own country, it appears that the great mass of women were not directly affected by them. They constituted an altruistic imperium in the egoistic imperio, and except as they were tainted by social or worldly ambitions, it was possible for every woman to be a lady, even in competitive conditions. Her instincts were unselfish, and her first thoughts were nearly always of others."

Mrs. Makely jumped to her feet, and clapped violently with her fan on the palm of her left hand. "Three cheers for Mr. Homos!" she shrieked, and all the women took up the cry, supported by all the natives and the construction gang. I fancied these fellows gave their support largely in a spirit of burlesque; but they gave it robustly, and from that time on, at every possible point, Mrs. Makely led the applause, and they roared in after her.

It is impossible to follow closely the course of the Altrurian's account of his country, which grew more and more incredible as he went on, and implied every insulting criticism of ours. Some one asked him about war in Altruria, and he said, "The very name of our country implies the absence of war. At the time of the Evolution our country bore to the rest

of our continent the same relative proportions that your country bears to your continent. The egoistic nations to the north and the south of us entered into an offensive and defensive alliance to put down the new altruistic commonwealth, and declared war against us. Their forces were met at the frontier by our entire population in arms, and full of the martial spirit bred of the constant hostilities of the competitive and monopolistic epoch just ended. Negotiations began in the face of the imposing demonstration we made, and we were never afterwards molested by our neighbors, who finally yielded to the spectacle of our civilization and united their political and social fate with ours. At present, our whole continent is Altrurian. For a long time we kept up a system of coast defenses, but it is also a long time since we abandoned these; for it is a maxim with us that where every citizen's life is a pledge of the public safety, that country can never be in danger of foreign enemies.

"In this, as in all other things, we believe ourselves the true followers of Christ, whose doctrine we seek to make our life, as He made it His. We have several forms of ritual, but no form of creed, and our religious differences may be said to be æsthetic and temperamental rather than theologic and essential. We have no denominations, for we fear in this as in other matters to give names to things lest we should cling to the names instead of the things. We have the realities, and for this reason we look at the life of a man rather than his profession for proof that he is a religious man.

"I have been several times asked, during my sojourn among you, what are the sources of compassion, of sympathy, of humanity, of charity with us, if we have not only no want, or fear of want, but not even any economic inequality. I suppose this is because you are so constantly struck by the misery arising from economic inequality, and want, or the fear of want, among yourselves, that you instinctively look in that direction. But have you ever seen sweeter compassion, tenderer sympathy, warmer humanity, heavenlier charity, than that shown in the family, where all are economically equal, and no one can want while any other has to give? Altruria, I say again,

is a family, and as we are mortal, we are still subject to those nobler sorrows which God has appointed to men, and which are so different from the squalid accidents that they have made for themselves. Sickness and death call out the most angelic ministries of love; and those who wish to give themselves to others may do so without hindrance from those cares, and even those duties, resting upon men where each must look out first for himself and for his own. Oh, believe me, believe me, you can know nothing of the divine rapture of self-sacrifice while you must dread the sacrifice of another in it! You are not *free*, as we are, to do everything for others, for it is your *duty* to do rather for those of your own household!

"There is something," he continued, "which I hardly know how to speak of," and here we all began to prick our ears. I prepared myself as well as I could for another affront, though I shuddered when the banker hardily called out: "Don't hesitate to say anything you wish, Mr. Homos. I, for one, should like to hear you express yourself fully."

It was always the unexpected, certainly, that happened from the Altrurian. "It is merely this," he said. "Having come to live rightly upon earth, as we believe, or having at least ceased to deny God in our statutes and customs, the fear of death, as it once weighed upon us, has been lifted from our souls. The mystery of it has so far been taken away that we perceive it as something just and natural. Now that all unkindness has been banished from among us, we can conceive of no such cruelty as death once seemed. If we do not know yet the full meaning of death, we know that the Creator of it and of us meant mercy and blessing by it. When one dies, we grieve, but not as those without hope. We do not say that the dead have gone to a better place, and then selfishly bewail them; for we have the kingdom of heaven upon the earth, already, and we know that wherever they go they will be homesick for Altruria, and we think of the years that may pass before we meet them again, and our hearts ache, as they must. But the presence of the risen Christ in our daily lives is our assurance that no one ceases to be, and that we shall see our

dead again. I cannot explain this to you ; I can only affirm it."

The Altrurian spoke very solemnly, and a reverent hush fell upon the assembly. It was broken by the voice of a woman, wailing out: "Oh, do you suppose, if we lived so, we should feel so, too? That I should *know* my little girl was living?"

"Why not?" asked the Altrurian.

To my vast astonishment, the manufacturer, who sat the farthest from me in the same line with Mrs. Makely, the professor and the banker, rose and asked tremulously: "And have—have you had any direct communication with the other world? Has any disembodied spirit returned to testify of the life beyond the grave?"

The professor nodded significantly across Mrs. Makely to me, and then frowned and shook his head. I asked her if she knew what he meant. "Why, didn't you know that spiritualism was that poor man's foible? He lost his son in a railroad accident, and ever since—"

She stopped and gave her attention to the Altrurian, who was replying to the manufacturer's question.

"We do not need any such testimony. Our life here makes us sure of the life there. At any rate, no extenuation of the supernatural, no objective miracle, has been wrought in our behalf. We have had faith to do what we prayed for, and the prescience of which I speak has been added unto us."

The manufacturer asked, as the bereaved mother had asked: "And if I lived so, should I feel so?"

Again the Altrurian answered: "Why not?"

The poor woman quavered: "Oh, do believe it! I just *know* it must be true!"

The manufacturer shook his head sorrowfully, and sat down, and remained there, looking at the ground.

"I am aware," the Altrurian went on, "that what I have said as to our realizing the kingdom of heaven on the earth must seem boastful and arrogant. That is what you pray for every day, but you do not believe it possible for God's will to be done on earth as it is done in heaven; that is, you do not if you are like the competitive and monopolistic people we once were. We once regarded that petition as a formula vaguely pleasing to the Deity, but we no

more expected His kingdom to come than we expected Him to give us each day our daily bread; we knew that if we wanted something to eat we should have to hustle for it, and get there first; I use the slang of that far-off time, which, I confess, had a vulgar vigor.

"But now everything is changed, and the change has taken place chiefly from one cause, namely, the disuse of money. At first, it was thought that some sort of circulating medium *must* be used, that life could not be transacted without it. But life began to go on perfectly well, when each dwelt in the place assigned him, which was no better and no worse than any other; and when, after he had given his three hours a day to the obligatory labors, he had a right to his share of food, light, heat and raiment; the voluntary labors, to which he gave much time or little, brought him no increase of those necessities, but only credit and affection. We had always heard it said that the love of money was the root of all evil, but we had taken this for a saying, merely; now we realized it as an active, vital truth. As soon as money was abolished, the power to purchase was gone, and even if there had been any means of buying beyond the daily needs, with overwork, the community had no power to sell to the individual. No man owned anything, but every man had the right to anything that he could use; when he could not use it, his right lapsed.

"With the expropriation of the individual, the whole vast catalogue of crimes against property shrank to nothing. The thief could steal only from the community; but if he stole, what could he do with his booty? It was still possible for a depredator to destroy, but few men's hate is so comprehensive as to include all other men, and when the individual could no longer hurt some other individual in his property, destruction ceased.

"All the many murders done from love of money, or of what money could buy, were at an end. Where there was no want, men no longer bartered their souls, or women their bodies, for the means to keep themselves alive. The vices vanished with the crimes, and the diseases almost as largely disappeared. People were no longer sickened with sloth and surfeit, or deformed and depleted by overwork

and famine. They were wholesomely housed in healthful places, and they were fitly clad for their labor and fitly for their leisure; the caprices of vanity were not suffered to attain the beauty of the national dress.

"With the stress of superfluous social and business duties, and the perpetual fear of want which all classes felt, more or less; with the tumult of the cities and the solitude of the country, insanity had increased among us till the whole land was dotted with asylums, and the mad were numbered by the hundreds of thousands. In every region they were an army, an awful army of anguish and despair. Now they have decreased to a number so small, and are of a type so mild, that we can hardly count insanity among our causes of unhappiness.

"We have totally eliminated chance from our economic life. There is still a chance that a man will be tall or short, in Altruria, that he will be strong or weak, well or ill, gay or grave, happy or unhappy in love, but none that he will be rich or poor, busy or idle, live splendidly or meanly. These stupid and vulgar accidents of human contrivance cannot befall us; but I shall not be able to tell you just how or why, or to detail the process of eliminating chance. I may say, however, that it began with the nationalization of telegraphs, expresses, railroads, mines and all large industries operated by stock companies. This at once struck a fatal blow at the speculation in values, real and unreal, and at the stock exchange, or bourse; we had our own name for that gambler's paradise, or gambler's hell, whose baleful influence penetrated every branch of business.

"There were still business fluctuations, as long as we had business, but they were on a smaller and smaller scale, and with the final lapse of business they necessarily vanished; all economic chance vanished. The founders of the commonwealth understood perfectly that business was the sterile activity of the function interposed between the demand and the supply; that it was nothing structural; and they intended its extinction, and expected it from the moment that money was abolished."

"This is all pretty tiresome," said the professor, to our immediate party. "I

don't see why we oblige ourselves to listen to that fellow's stuff. As if a civilized state could exist for a day without money or business!"

He went on to give his opinion of the Altrurian's pretended description, in a tone so audible that it attracted the notice of the nearest group of railroad hands, who were listening closely to Homos, and one of them sang out to the professor: "Can't you wait and let the first man finish?" and another yelled: "Put him out!" and then they all laughed, with a humorous perception of the impossibility of literally executing the suggestion.

By the time all was quiet again I heard the Altrurian saying: "As to our social life, I cannot describe it in detail, but I can give you some notion of its spirit. We make our pleasures civic and public as far as possible, and the ideal is inclusive, and not exclusive. There are, of course, festivities which all cannot share, but our distribution into small communities favors the possibility of all doing so. Our daily life, however, is so largely social that we seldom meet by special invitation or engagement. When we do, it is with the perfect understanding that the assemblage confers no social distinction, but is for a momentary convenience. In fact, these occasions are rather avoided, recalling as they do the vapid and tedious entertainments of the competitive epoch, the receptions and balls and dinners of a semi-barbaric people striving for social distinction by shutting a certain number in and a certain number out, and overdressing, overfeeding and overdrinking. Anything premeditated in the way of a pleasure we think stupid and mistaken; we like to meet suddenly, or on the spur of the moment, out of doors, if possible, and arrange a picnic, or a dance, or a play; and let people come and go without ceremony. No one is more host than guest; all are hosts and guests. People consort much according to their tastes—literary, musical, artistic, scientific, or mechanical—but these tastes are made approaches, and not barriers; and we find out that we have many more tastes in common than was formerly supposed.

"But, after all, our life is serious, and no one among us is quite happy, in the general esteem, unless he has dedicated himself, in some special way, to the gen-

eral good. Our ideal is not rights, but duties."

"Mazzini!" whispered the professor.

"The greatest distinction which anyone can enjoy with us is to have found out some new and signal way of serving the community; and then it is not good form for him to seek recognition. The doing any fine thing is the purest pleasure it can give; applause flatters, but it hurts, too, and our benefactors, as we call them, have learned to shun it.

"We are still far from thinking our civilization perfect; but we are sure that our civic ideals are perfect. What we have already accomplished is to have given a whole continent perpetual peace; to have founded an economy in which there is no possibility of want; to have filled out political and social ambition; to have disused money and eliminated chance; to have realized the brotherhood of the race, and to have outlived the fear of death."

The Altrurian suddenly stopped with these words, and sat down. He had spoken a long time, and with a fullness which my report gives little notion of; but, though most of his cultivated listeners were weary, and a good many ladies had left their seats and gone back to the hotel, not one of the natives, or the work-people of any sort, had stirred; now they remained a moment motionless and silent, before they rose from all parts of the field, and shouted: "Go on! Don't stop! Tell us all about it!"

I saw Reuben Camp climb the shoulders of a big fellow near where the Altrurian had stood; he waved the crowd to silence with outspread arms. "He isn't going to say anything more; he's tired. But if any man don't think he's got his dollar's worth, let him walk up to the door and the ticket-agent will refund him his money."

The crowd laughed, and some shouted: "Good for you, Reub!"

Camp continued: "But our friend here will shake the hand of any man, woman or child, that wants to speak to him; and you needn't wipe it on the grass, first, either. He's a *man*! And I want to say that he's going to spend the next week with us, at my mother's house, and we shall be glad to have you call."

The crowd, the rustic and ruder part of it, cheered and cheered till the mountain

echoes answered; then a railroader called for three times three, with a tiger, and got it. The guests of the hotel broke away and went toward the house, over the long shadows of the meadow. The lower classes pressed forward, on Camp's invitation.

"Well, did you ever hear a more disgusting rigmarole?" asked Mrs. Makely, as our little group halted indecisively about her.

"With all those imaginary common-wealths to draw upon, from Plato, through More, Bacon, and Campanella, down to Bellamy and Morris, he has constructed the shakiest effigy ever made of old clothes stuffed with straw," said the professor.

The manufacturer was silent. The banker said: "I don't know. He grappled pretty boldly with your insinuations. That frank declaration that Altruria was all these pretty soap-bubble worlds solidified, was rather fine."

"It was splendid!" cried Mrs. Makely. The lawyer and the minister came towards us from where they had been sitting together. She called out to them: "Why in the world didn't one of you gentlemen get up and propose a vote of thanks?"

"The difficulty with me is," continued the banker, "that he has rendered Altruria incredible. I have no doubt that he is an Altrurian, but I doubt very much if he comes from anywhere in particular, and I find this quite a blow, for we had got Altruria nicely located on the map, and were beginning to get accounts of it in the newspapers."

"Yes, that is just exactly the way I feel about it," sighed Mrs. Makely. "But still, don't you think there ought to have been a vote of thanks, Mr. Bullion?"

"Why, certainly. The fellow was immensely amusing, and you must have got a lot of money by him. It was an oversight not to make him a formal acknowledgment of some kind. If we offered him money, he would have to leave it all behind him here when he went home to Altruria."

"Just as *we* do when we go to heaven," I suggested; the banker did not answer, and I instantly felt that in the presence of the minister my remark was out of taste.

"Well, then, don't you think," said Mrs. Makely, who had a leathery in-

sensibility to everything but the purpose possessing her, "that we ought at least to go and say something to him personally?"

"Yes, I think we ought," said the banker, and we all walked up to where the Altrurian stood, still thickly surrounded by the lower classes, who were shaking hands with him, and getting in a word with him, now and then.

One of the construction gang said, carelessly: "No all-rail route to Altruria, I suppose?"

"No," answered Homos, "it's a far sea voyage."

"Well, I shouldn't mind working my passage, if you think they'd let me stay after I got there."

"Ah, you mustn't go to Altruria! You must let Altruria come to *you*," returned Homos, with that confounded smile of his that always won my heart.

"Yes," shouted Reuben Camp, whose thin face was red with excitement, "that's the word! Have Altruria right here, and right now!"

The old farmer, who had several times spoken, cackled out: "I didn't know, one while, when you was talk'n' about not havin' any money, but what some on us had had Altruria here for quite a spell, already. I don't pass more'n fifty dolla's through my hands, most years."

A laugh went up, and then, at sight of Mrs. Makely heading our little party, the people round Homos civilly made way for us. She rushed upon him, and seized his hand in both of hers; she dropped her fan, parasol, gloves, handkerchief and vinaigrette in the grass to do so. "Oh, Mr. Homos!" she fluted, and the tears came into her eyes, "it was beautiful, beautiful, every word of it! I sat in a perfect trance from beginning to end, and I felt that it was all as true as it was beautiful. People all round me were breathless with interest, and I don't know how I can ever thank you enough."

"Yes, indeed," the professor hastened to say, before the Altrurian could answer, and he beamed malignantly upon him through his spectacles while he spoke, "it was all like some strange romance."

"I don't know that I should go so far as that," said the banker, in his turn, "but it certainly seemed too good to be true."

"Yes," the Altrurian responded simply, but a little sadly, "now that I am away from it all, and in conditions so different, I sometimes had to ask myself, as I went on, if my whole life had not hitherto been a dream, and Altruria were not some blessed vision of the night."

"Then you know how to account for a feeling which I must acknowledge, too?" the lawyer asked, courteously. "But it was all most interesting."

"The kingdom of God upon earth," said the minister, "it ought not to be incredible; but that, more than anything else you told us of, gave me pause."

"You, of all men?" returned the Altrurian, gently.

"Yes," said the minister, with a certain dejection, "when I remember what I have seen of men, when I reflect what human nature is, how can I believe that the kingdom of God will ever come upon the earth?"

"But in heaven, where He reigns, who is it does His will? The spirits of men?" pursued the Altrurian.

"Yes, but, conditioned as men are here—"

"But if they were conditioned as men are there?"

"Now, I can't let you two good people get into a theological dispute," Mrs. Makely pushed in. "Here is Mr. Twelvemough dying to shake hands with Mr. Homos and compliment his distinguished guest!"

"Ah, Mr. Homos knows what I must have thought of his talk without my telling him," I began, skilfully. "But I am sorry that I am to lose my distinguished guest so soon!"

Reuben Camp broke out: "That was my blunder, Mr. Twelvemough. Mr. Homos and I had talked it over, conditionally, and I was not to speak of it till he had told you; but it slipped out in the excitement of the moment."

"Oh, it's all right," I said, and I shook hands cordially with both of them. "It will be the greatest possible advantage for Mr. Homos to see certain phases of American life at close range, and he couldn't possibly see them under better auspices than yours, Camp."

"Yes, I'm going to drive him through the hill country, after haying, and then I'm going to take him down and show

him one of our big factory towns."

I believe this was done, but finally the Altrurian went on to New York, where he was to pass the winter. We parted friends; I even offered him some introductions; but his acquaintance had become more and more difficult, and I was not sorry to part with him. That taste of his for low company was incurable, and I was glad that I was not to be responsible any longer for whatever strange

thing he might do next. I think he remained very popular with the classes he most affected; a throng of natives, construction hands and table-girls saw him off on his train; and he left large numbers of such admirers in our house and neighborhood, devout in the faith that there was such a commonwealth as Altruria, and that he was really an Altrurian. As for the more cultivated people who had met him, they continued of two minds upon both points.



TIME'S PRISONER.

Heloise to Abelard.

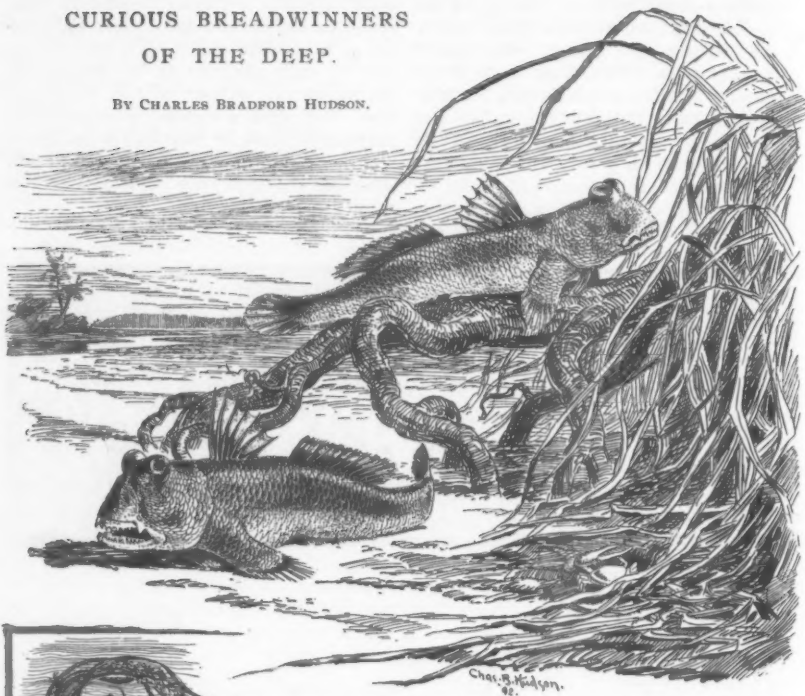
BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

TIME was, beloved, when from this far-off place
 My words could reach thee, and thine own reply—
 Now thou art gone, and my heart's longing cry
 Pursues thee, as some runner runs his race—
 Cleaves like a bird the emptiness of space,
 And falls back, baffled, from the pitiless sky.
 Ah, why with thee so dear did I not die?
 Why should I live benighted of thy face?

Thou wilt have sped so far before I come—
 How shall I ever win to where thou art?
 Or if I find thee, shall I not be dumb—
 With voiceless longing break my silent heart?
 Nay! Surely thou wilt read mine eyes, and know
 That for thy sake all heaven I would forego.

CURIOUS BREADWINNERS OF THE DEEP.

BY CHARLES BRADFORD HUDSON.



OMEONE has said that half the world does not know how the other half makes a livelihood. This statement is mild, even when applied to the human race alone, but it becomes hopelessly inadequate if its scope is extended to include any of the great classes of the lower animals.

It is true, most of us are, in a general way, fairly well acquainted with the terrestrial animals and know a great many of their tricks and their manners. They are comparatively easy of observation. We live with them, so to speak, and have only to go into the fields and woods to

learn their habits. But when we approach the domain of the sea, we come upon a region where investigation encounters the greatest difficulties, where the possibilities of observation are very limited, and where a great deal must be left to conjecture. But just in proportion to the difficulties in the pathway in this field are the results of absorbing interest. The deeper we penetrate the mysteries of the sea, the more we are astounded at its marvels. To an extent which has no parallel on land it is the scene of a perpetual warfare, a dire struggle for existence, in which such countless millions of lives are destroyed daily, hourly, that the figures would strain human credulity if they did not beforehand overtax the power of conception. Professor Spencer F. Baird estimated that the bluefish alone destroy each day ten billions of smaller fishes, and in the season of about four months that they remain on the New England coast they kill twelve hundred million millions.



CLIMBING PERCH.

As will readily be supposed, this fearful competition for life itself leads to highly specialized ways and means of existence, and nothing is more interesting than the consideration of the variety of devices and of special development of organ or of form with which nature has provided the different fishes for the capture of their prey. Nowhere has she displayed so little regard for fixed rules, so supreme an indifference to conventionality, whether of form, of color or of mode of living, as among the fishes. For example, what could be more unexpected, under ordinary conditions, than to encounter a fish walking about on land, chasing and capturing bugs, and actually manifesting an aversion to entering the water? Yet this eccentricity is manifested by the little fish commonly known as the jumping fish, which even climbs for a short distance up the roots of trees, in pursuit of insects. It is a native of India, of the East Indian islands, and of Australia. When the falling tide uncov-

ers the broad mud flats, this little fellow comes out of the water, and hops about after the tiny fiddler crabs that dwell there, or among the mangrove roots after flies and bugs. Denton, the naturalist and collector, relates his difficulties in capturing specimens of this fish. They were so lively in their movements on the half-hardened mud of the Australian pond where he found them that it was only after a lively chase that he caught one. He endeavored, finally, to drive them into the shallow pools, thinking that he might take them more easily with his insect net, but they persistently refused to enter the water until forced to do so, when they skipped rapidly over the surface to the solid ground on the other side.

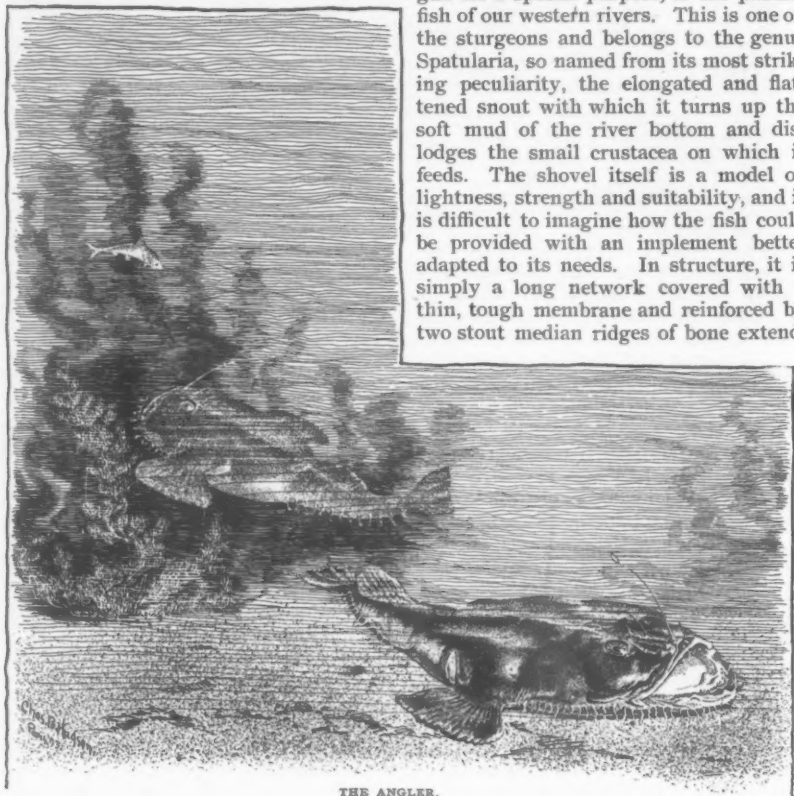
To enable this fish to live so long out of water, each of his gills is connected with a small bony receptacle so constructed, with numerous folds and passages, as to be capable of holding considerable water, with which the fish can moisten his gills at will and thus keep

them in working order ; for a fish perishes when out of the water, simply because the gills become dry and incapable of performing their functions. In moving on land, it jumps by flexing its tail and suddenly straightening it. This fish belongs to the genus *Periophthalmus*, the name being derived from the Greek words, *peri*, around, and *ophthalmos*, an eye.

Another, which possesses the same faculty of carrying sufficient water to keep the gills moist, and has even superior locomotive ability, is the climbing perch, a native of nearly the same regions as the foregoing. This little chap is frequently compelled, by the drying up of the pond or stream where he dwells, to make a long tour across country in search of a new home. When possible, this journey is made at night, though sometimes the little travellers are met toiling

through the dust of a road in the heat and glare of a tropical day. The scientific name of this one is *Anabas scandens*, both words, the one Greek, the other Latin, meaning, essentially, going up, or climbing. It is difficult to imagine anything more unfishlike than the peculiar characteristic of this fish. It leaves the water with the utmost readiness, will live for several days entirely removed therefrom, and will travel many miles. It is said, also, to climb for a short distance up the roots of trees, clinging to the rough bark by means of the sharp spines on the under side of the gill covers, and progressing by short jumps, in the manner of the *periophthalmus*.

One of our own native fishes, while by no means so wonderful as the ones just described, yet illustrating in an interesting way the high development of an organ for a special purpose; is the paddle-fish of our western rivers. This is one of the sturgeons and belongs to the genus *Spatularia*, so named from its most striking peculiarity, the elongated and flattened snout with which it turns up the soft mud of the river bottom and dislodges the small crustacea on which it feeds. The shovel itself is a model of lightness, strength and suitability, and it is difficult to imagine how the fish could be provided with an implement better adapted to its needs. In structure, it is simply a long network covered with a thin, tough membrane and reinforced by two stout median ridges of bone extend-

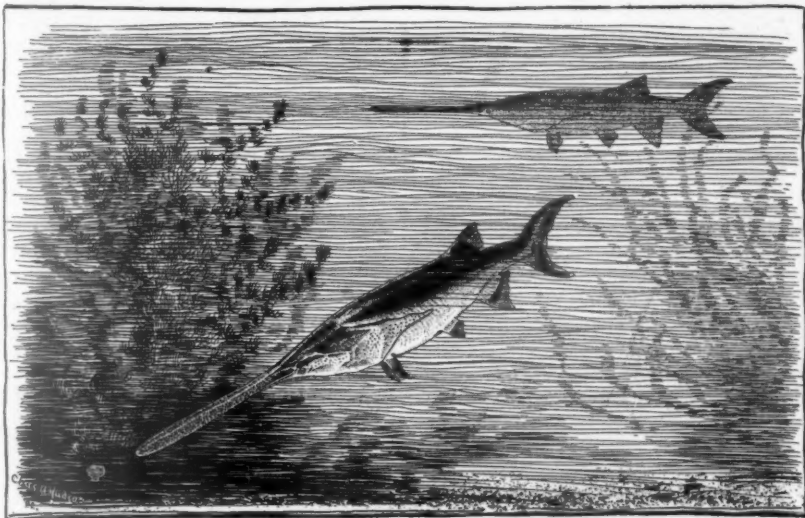


THE ANGLER.

ing from the skull to the tip of the spatula, thus securing a maximum of strength with the least possible weight.

In appearance the paddle-fish suggests somewhat that ferocious warrior, the swordfish, though they are not at all related, the latter being allied to the mackerel. In this case, the prolongation of the upper jaw forms, not a peaceful shovel, but a death-dealing weapon, which has made its possessor celebrated since the days of antiquity. Aristotle described him, and Pliny mentions that ships were

and even more rapacious a creature is the grotesque goose-fish or angler. This fish is as sluggish and inert in his nature as the swordfish is impetuous, yet it is provided with means for capturing its food that are no less effective and still more wonderful than those possessed by the latter. It is a bottom fish, and its dull color and the mottling with which it is covered throughout so closely simulate the tones of the dark algæ among which it lies in wait, that it is practically invisible. To render it still more difficult



PADDLE-FISH.

sometimes sunk by him in the Mediterranean. But the weapon which makes him so terrible is, at the same time, the implement with which he makes his living, preying upon small fish like the herring, menhaden, mackerel and others, which swim in close schools near the surface. Rushing into such a school from below, laying about him on all sides with his terrible blade, throwing himself into the air and falling back upon his victims, he wreaks sad havoc. As many as a bushel of dead and mangled herring have been picked up in the sea after a single such onslaught. His scientific name is descriptive — *Xiphias gladius*, from a Greek and a Latin word, each meaning a sword.

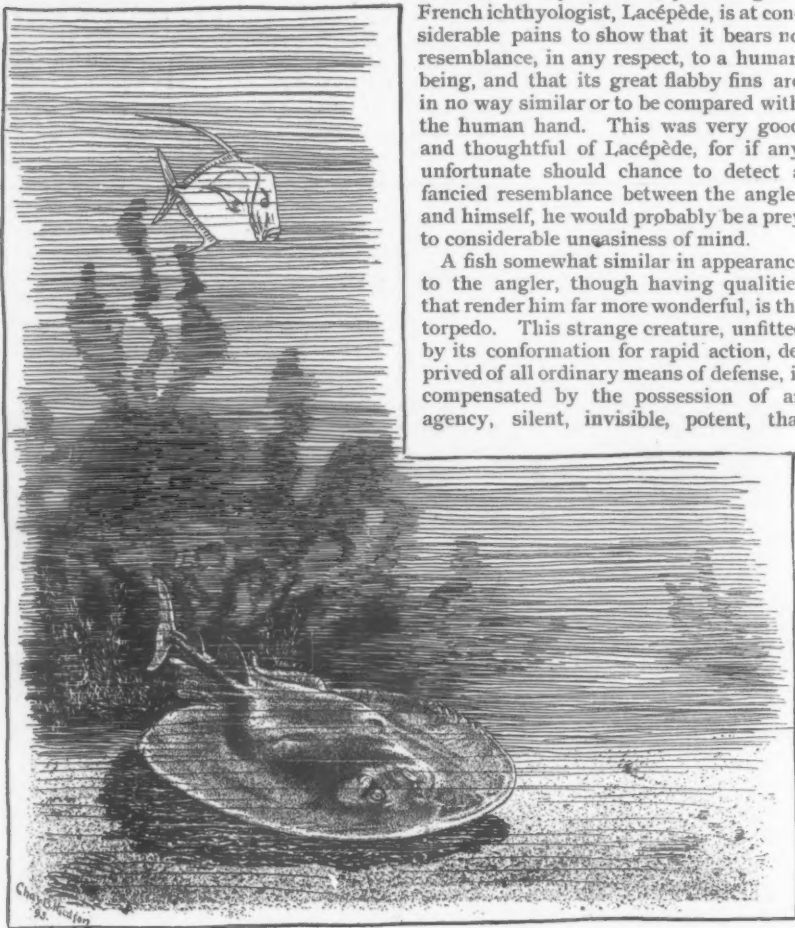
Less active, less energetic, more wily

to distinguish from its surroundings as it lies spread out flat upon the bottom, it is provided with a fringe of soft appendages, extending back on each side from head to tail, which wave in the water like fronds of seaweed. Even the eyes, with their lines of bright color radiating from the pupils, closely resemble certain species of patella or limpet. But its most wonderful feature is the delicate, taper spine which projects from the upper jaw, just forward of the eyes, tipped with a waving, fleshy appendage, which is said to serve as a lure to other fish, to draw them near the yawning jaws of the angler. It has been doubted by some that such is the purpose of this tentacle, and it is held to be merely a sort of sensitive feeler to warn the fish of the presence of his prey. But the

fish has eyes well situated for this purpose, and certain it is that the waving object would very naturally attract any fish which might chance to observe it. Nothing can exceed the rapacity of this fish, and

and its piscatorial habits. It worries the fishermen by its indiscreet appetite for the wooden buoys attached to their lobster pots. It is difficult to conceive anything more forbidding and more repulsive than this slimy monster, yet the great French ichthyologist, Lacépède, is at considerable pains to show that it bears no resemblance, in any respect, to a human being, and that its great flabby fins are in no way similar or to be compared with the human hand. This was very good and thoughtful of Lacépède, for if any unfortunate should chance to detect a fancied resemblance between the angler and himself, he would probably be a prey to considerable uneasiness of mind.

A fish somewhat similar in appearance to the angler, though having qualities that render him far more wonderful, is the torpedo. This strange creature, unfitted by its conformation for rapid action, deprived of all ordinary means of defense, is compensated by the possession of an agency, silent, invisible, potent, that



TORPEDO RAY.

its flabby sides are capable of an incredible degree of extension. Its having been caught with a full-grown wild goose in its stomach gave it one of its popular names, and it possesses many others, less elegant and more significant of voracity. Its scientific name, *Lophius piscatorius*, describes its crested (*lophius*) appearance

makes it one of the strangest and most redoubtable of nature's creatures. Any enemy approaching this fish, or any small creature suited to its stomach, is transfixed and rendered helpless by a powerful shock of electricity. So heavy is the shock from a full-grown fish that men have been knocked down by it, and, as the water

forms an efficient conductor, the fish's range of execution is considerable. The force is generated in a pair of batteries, situated one on either side of the skull, composed of a multitude of vertical prisms, each consisting of a series of gelatinous plates, one on top of the other, and separated by membranous vessels containing a fluid charged with salt in solution. These batteries are very active, and the fish is thus provided with a weapon, an occult potency, that surpasses in wonder all other provisions for aggression or defense granted by nature to her more humble children.

The torpedo is one of the rays and belongs to the sub-order of cartilaginous fishes—that is, of those which have no true bones. It is not alone in its remarkable gift, as this is shared

by several other fishes of no relation to this one.

A remarkable little fish to which belongs the honor, probably, of being more lied about than any other, known or un-

known to science, is the echeneis or remora. Possibly, some species of more interest to the angler may have a greater number of yarns related about them, but mere number sinks into insignificance when compared with the antiquity, the authority and the caliber of those concerning the echeneis. Hear what Pliny says:

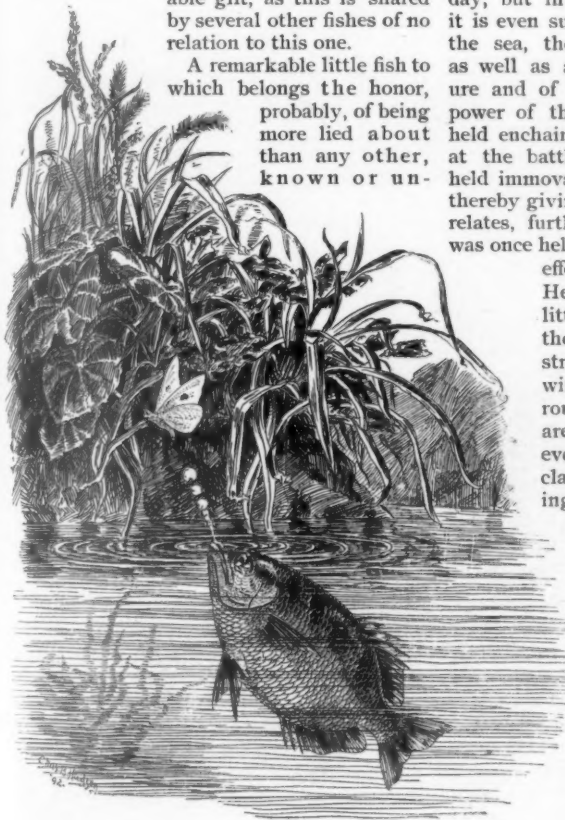
"He is able to mollify fishes capable of destroying him, and to extinguish the fires of love. Endowed with a power far more astonishing, actuated by a moral faculty, he arrests the action of justice and the proceedings of tribunals. When preserved in salt, his approach alone suffices to draw from the deepest wells the gold which may have fallen therein."

This was very good for that ancient day, but in Pliny's thirty-second book it is even surpassed. After stating that the sea, the tempests and the tides, as well as all the other forces of nature and of man, are under the occult power of this little fish and may be held enchained by him, he relates how, at the battle of Actium, the echeneis held immovable the ships of Antonius, thereby giving the victory to Cæsar. He relates, further, that the ship of Gaius was once held by the echeneis against the

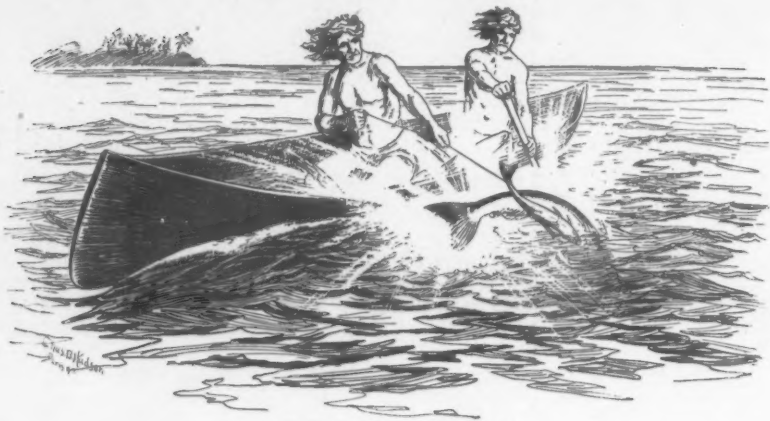
efforts of four hundred oarsmen.

He tells many other wonderful little yarns about the fish, but these will suffice. They are striking in themselves, but told with Pliny's eloquence, in sonorous and majestic Latin, they are deeply impressive. However, the echeneis has valid claims for wonder. Surmounting its head and shoulders is

an oval disk, surrounded by an elevated edge forming a shallow disk like organ, traversed from each side to the middle by narrow, overlapping, cartilaginous plates. Each of these plates is set with fine teeth on the under side of the upper edge. Each is joined to the skull on the lower edge, and joined again thereto by muscular bands connecting with the middle of



THE ARCHER.

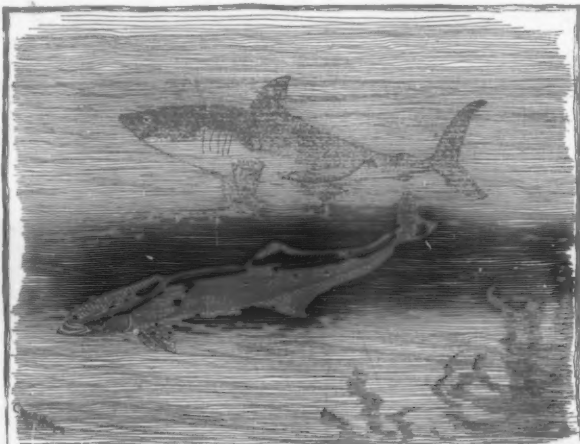


FISHING WITH THE ECHENEIS.

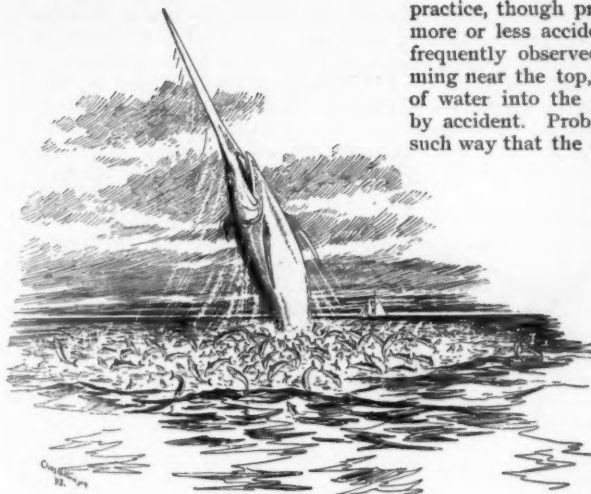
each plate by a spiny process. This forms an apparatus of great suction power, by which the fish is enabled to firmly attach itself to any smooth object, like the side of a larger fish, notably the shark, the swordfish and the spearfish, or to the bottom of a ship. According to Blainville, the French naturalist, this singular organ is nothing more than a modified form of the anterior dorsal fin, of which the rays have become split and separated and have gradually been evolved into a sucking apparatus, by means of which he is enabled to secure transportation without exertion. The echeneis is not properly a parasite, as he has been carelessly termed, since he obtains no sustenance from the body of the fish to which he attaches himself, but probably serves to free his host from certain parasitic crustaceans, cirripeds, etc., which infest these larger fishes. It is the testimony of all observers that the echeneis is never injured by the larger fish of which he is a hanger-on, but is allowed to share the latter's feast, picking up the smaller fragments.

In Ogilby's *America* the author mentions the fact that the echeneis, or "guaican," as he is there called, is used by the natives in fishing: "Having a line or handsome cord fastened about him, so soon as a Turtle or any other of his prey comes above Water, they give him Line; whereupon the Guaican, like an Arrow out of a Bowe, shoots toward the other Fish," and, firmly attaching himself by the sucker, allows himself to be hauled aboard with his captive.

Lastly, we come to a little fish, which, while not possessing any peculiar development of organ or of form, has nevertheless



SUCKING-FISH.



SWORDFISH FEEDING.

acquired a trick that makes it nearly, if not quite, as remarkable as any of the preceding. This is the archer. He has the faculty of projecting a drop of water with such accuracy and force as to bring down any insect which may chance to alight near the surface of the water. Rising cautiously beneath a fly or bug, until his snout projects into the air, he aims deliberately and shoots with such precision that an insect anywhere within a range of twelve to eighteen inches is a certain victim. What could be more astonishing than this as an accomplishment of a fish? It forces speculation as to how he ever happened to commence such a

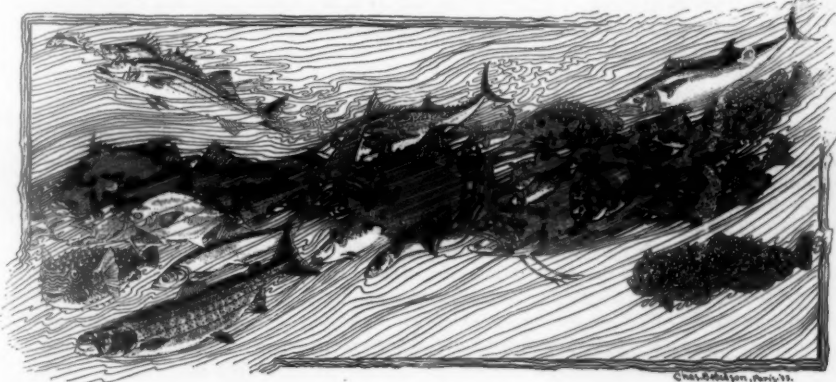
practice, though probably it was at first more or less accidental. The writer has frequently observed fishes, while swimming near the top, to project tiny drops of water into the air, though evidently by accident. Probably it was in some such way that the archer began. But it

must have required wonderful assiduity of practice, through many, many generations, to acquire its present perfection.

There are several species which have this faculty, all dwellers in East Indian and Polynesian seas, where they are found about the mouths of rivers, near the shore. They are highly prized by the Chinese and

Japanese, who cause them to display their marksmanship by placing insects within range. They belong to the genus of *Chaetodonts*, a Greek word, meaning bristle-tooth.

But a volume would no more than touch upon the confines of this vast subject, and the few curious things we have described furnish no more than a hint of the marvels that are to be found beside them. To the novice, and equally to the close student, there seems in this realm of the water to be nothing of the commonplace. Things are extremely beautiful, immoderately grotesque, or repulsive in the last degree. It is truly nature's wonderland.



Chas. Robinson, 1894.



I IMAGINE that there is many a French trait which must singularly astonish Americans, nor can we make them understand the storm raised in Paris, throughout France even, by the most insignificant events conceivable. How is it possible to explain to sensible people that a trifle, a mere nothing, has caused torrents of ink to flow for a whole fortnight! An actress declares to her manager, who has organized a tour in the provinces, that in a certain town the company will have to play without her, because she deems the rôle assigned her unworthy of her talents. I suppose that if such a thing occurred with you in America no one would take any notice of it, or that if the newspapers mentioned it among their items of theatrical news you would doubtless say: Let the manager and the artist settle the affair among themselves; their quarrel is none of our business. You reason like sensible beings; but in all that concerns the theater we do not. We are terribly stage-struck, and the sayings and doings of an actress at odds with her manager have more fascination and interest for the French public than have the debates on Home Rule for an Englishman. In the present instance the heroine is Mlle. Reichemberg, one of the most celebrated artists of the Comédie Française, whom we call the little veteran, because,—though she still plays the rôle of the young girl, whose voice, and figure, and charms she retains,—she is the oldest member of her sex in the company. She even gains by this contrast which piques the curiosity.

In Paris, we have a superstitious respect for the Comédie Française, which, with the French Academy, shares the honor of being the last among the institutions of the ancient régime. It has its fanatic admirers, as well as its fierce enemies, and this very animosity is the proof of the importance attached to it. Frederic Lemaitre, on one occasion, came to blows with a fair charmer. "Strike me first," exclaimed the latter's mother or aunt. "Bah," replied the comedian, shrugging his shoulders, "I am not in love with *you*." One does not fight over a corpse. If the Comédie Française did not occupy an important place in the estimation of the public, there would be fewer journalists to wage war against it. Animosity relents before a dead enemy. So, great was the emotion when it became known that Mlle. Reichemberg had thrown down the gauntlet to M. Jules Claretie, and had refused to play a rôle in one of Molière's comedies which was included in her repertoire, threatening to tender her resignation. The papers were full of interviews and leading articles on this palpitating question: would Mlle. Reichemberg yield, or would M. Claretie lower his flag? So serious a journal as *Les Débats* devoted a part of its first page to the momentous problem. All the chroniclers made ready their pens and took part in the discussion with a violence of language truly amusing, some defending the administration, some the little veteran.

They hurled arguments at each other's heads until the fate of the country, and of art, seemed to hang upon the issue. I was then passing through the country in the wake of the Comédie Française, who were rendering Molière and Corneille to provincial audiences. I had no thought that the excitement caused by this incident in Paris would pass beyond the fortifications to disturb the quiet of provincial life. How little did I understand the French people! No sooner did I arrive in a prefecture, were it small or large, than a cloud of reporters settled upon me at my hotel. "What is your opinion of Reichemberg's refusal?" "My dear friend, I have no opinion at all upon the subject. Mlle. Reichemberg has thrown her apron at the head of her chief. Her place will be filled; that is all. It is not such a grave affair." "But who in your opinion is in the right?" "If you want my opinion, it is you who are in the wrong, wasting your time and talent over such a bagatelle. How can you expect to interest the provincial public by dinging in their ears this second-hand gossip?" "On the contrary," they insisted, "you do not comprehend the taste of this provincial public. Gossip amuses them above everything. You may be sure that tomorrow the most serious and learned bourgeois, on opening his newspaper, will make straight for the Reichemberg incident."

The pity of it is they are right. And what is more astonishing still, we are now in the heat of an electoral campaign. All along the road I have met candidates organizing meetings and paying visits to their constituents. It seems to me that the election of a new Chamber is something of capital importance, something worth thinking of. One would imagine, surely, that the passionate attention of the whole nation would be riveted upon the question: Whose hands are to control our destiny? Well, for a whole fortnight the Reichemberg incident has proved more absorbing than the fate of the government. It has always been so in France. Voltaire said of the Parisians of his day: "They learn in the morning that the battle of Rosbach is lost; they scream like eagles, and in the evening—they go to the opera."

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.

CHRONIQUE PARISIENNE.

J'IMAGINE qu'il y a dans nos mœurs bien des traits qui doivent singulièrement étonner les Américains, quand on les leur conte. Comment leur faire comprendre le tumulte qu'a causé à Paris et même en France un des plus minces événements qui se puissent concevoir; comment expliquer à des hommes sensés qu'il ait pu sur cette vétille, sur ce rien couler des torrents d'encre durant quinze jours.

Une actrice refuse à son impresario qui a organisé une tournée en province de s'en aller dans un chef lieu de préfecture avec ses camarades et d'y jouer un rôle qu'elle tient pour indigne de son talent.

A supposer que chez vous se produisit pareille aventure, personne ne tournerait seulement la tête. Si par hazard les journaux daignaient vous apprendre à titre de nouvelle du jour ce très-petit fait de la vie théâtrale, vous vous diriez sans nul doute: qu'ils s'arrangent ensemble comme ils pourront, le directeur et l'artiste. Qu'est ce qu'on veut que me fasse cette querelle? Elle n'est pour nous d'aucun intérêt!

Vous raisonnez en gens sensés. Mais sur tout ce qui touche au théâtre nous ne le sommes point. Le cabotinage a envahi nos mœurs d'une terrible façon, et les faits, et gestes d'une comédienne en dispute avec son théâtre occupent et passionnent le public Français plus qu'en le font en Angleterre les débats du *home rule*.

Il s'agissait de Mlle. Reichemberg, une des artistes les plus célèbres de la Comédie Française, de celle que nous appelons la *petite doyenne*, parceque, en effet, quoique jouant les ingénues tout elle a la taille la voix et l'agrément, elle est la plus ancienne des sociétaires. Elle tire même de ce contraste un effet piquant de curiosité.

Nous avons à Paris un respect superstitieux pour la Comédie Française qui est avec l'Académie Française le dernier vestige des institutions de l'ancien régime. Elle a des fanatiques comme elle a aussi de farouches ennemis. Mais cette haine même n'est qu'une marque de l'importance qu'on y attache.

Frederic Lemaître un jour rouait de coups une de ses maîtresses. Le père ou la tante se jeta au devant: —Frappez-moi plutôt, lui cria t'elle.

Et Frederic Lemaître, haussant les épaules:

—Est-ce que je vous aime, vous?

On ne s'acharne pas sur les cadavres. Si la Comédie Française n'était pas une des préoccupations de l'esprit public, il n'y aurait pas tant de gens dans la presse qui mèneraient contre elle une campagne si opiniâtre.

Aussi l'émotion fut-il grand, quand on sut que Mlle. Reichemberg, rompant en visière à M. Jules Claretie, refusait de jouer un rôle de son emploi dans une comédie de Molière et menaçait de donner sa démission.

Ce ne furent qu'interviews et articles de fond dans tous les journaux sur cette question palpitante: Mlle. Reichemberg cédera-t-elle ou M. Claretie baissera-t'il pavillon? Les graves *Débats* consacrèrent à ce problème une dissertation en première page. Tous les chroniqueurs taillèrent leur plume, et prirent part, avec une violence de langage bien amusante, les uns pour l'administrateur, les autres pour la petite doyenne. On se lança de part et d'autre des arguments à la tête. Il semblait que le sort de la patrie et de l'art fut attaché à la décision qui serait prise.

Je courrais moi-même à ce moment-là la province, à la suite de la Comédie Française qui colportait Molière et Corneille de ville en ville. J'aurais cru que l'émotion causée par cet incident parierait pas les fortifications, et que la province qui est lente à se troubler n'en prendrait nul souci.

Comme je connaissais mal nos Français! Je ne pouvais pas arriver dans une préfecture petite ou grande sans qu' aussitôt la nuée des reporters s' abattait sur l'hôtel où j'étais venu me loger.

—Que pensez vous du refus de Reichemberg?

—Mais, mes enfants, je n'en pense rien du tout. Mlle. Reichemberg a jeté son tablier à la tête de son chef; eh bien! on se passera d'elle, et voilà tout. Ce n'est pas une si grosse affaire.

—Mais à qui donnez vous raison?

—C'est à vous que je donne tort de perdre si misérablement, à une si sottie aventure et votre temps et votre talent. Comment pouvez vous penser que vous intéresserez le public de la province, en lui ressassant les oreilles de ces potins de concierge.

Et ils se récriaient:

Mais c'est vous qui connaissez mal la province. Il n'y a que les commérages qui la préoccupent et qui l'amuse. Soyez sûrs que demain, le bourgeois le plus sensé, le plus instruit, quand il ouvrira son journal, courra droit à l'incident Reichemberg.

Et ce qu'il y a de triste à penser c'est qu'ils disaient vrai.

Et ce qui va bien plus vous étonner encore; nous sommes à cette heure en pleine période électorale. Je n'ai rencontré sur toute ma route que candidats organisant des réunions ou faisant leur tournée chez les électeurs. Une nouvelle chambre à élire, il me semble que la chose est d'importance capitale! Cela vaut la peine qu'on y pense, et vous vous imaginez sans doute que les passions sont déchaînées, que toute l'attention d'une nation est capable est concentrée sur cet unique point de savoir à qui nous allons remettre le soin de nos destinées et le gouvernement de notre pays.

Eh bien! l'incident Reichemberg a durant quinze jours primé le souci de la république à défendre.

Et il en a été toujours ainsi en France; c'est Voltaire qui disait des parisiens de son temps: ils apprennent le matin qu'on a perdu la bataille de Rosbach, ils crient comme des aigles, et le soir vont à l'opéra.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.



"THE Heavenly Twins" shows unmistakably the influence of Björnson and Ibsen. The thesis which the two Norwegian poets have developed dramatically in "A Glove" and "Ghosts," Madame Sarah Grand (obviously a nom de plume) has debated, expounded and passionately defended in a novel of nearly seven hundred pages. This proposition, viz., that women have the right to exact from men the same standard of purity as men do from women, is scarcely to be disputed on ethical grounds. But for all that this question is far more intricate than it may look to the ardent moralist whose soul revolts at the heavy penalties paid by women for sins which in men are so readily condoned. It is not my intention, however, to discuss the problem on its merits; but merely to hint at its treatment in "The Heavenly Twins."

The tendency of the book is strong and glaring. The author cares very little for the requirements of art and the canons of literary composition. Swept on by the impulse of her indignation she pours forth her scathing phillipic against the iniquities of men; and picks up her characters and drops them again, as they may happen to illustrate the particular phase of the problem which for the moment enchains her attention. I was first under the impression that Evadne Frayling was, in theatrical parlance, the leading lady; and Edith Beale, the bishop's daughter, a sort of subordinate and secondary heroine upon whom it devolved to suffer the most loathsome and terrible martyrdom for her ignorance of masculine depravity. But presently, Evadne, having apparently fulfilled her mission, which was to visit retribution (though an inadequate one) upon tyrant man, in the name of her down-trodden sex, disappears for several hundred pages, and Angelica, the "heavenly twin," steps to the front and keeps the stage unremittingly, though I am at a loss to know exactly what phase of the problem she is designed to illustrate.

I do not mean by these strictures to hint that "The Heavenly Twins" is not a remarkable novel; but only that it is badly constructed and, as a plea for the emancipation of woman, overshoots the mark by its utterly partisan views and its implied assumption of a natural antagonism of interests between the sexes. When, for instance, Evadne, who, by the way, in the main is very ably drawn, threatens the father

with an appeal through the public press to all the *women* of England, and expects in that way to have her wrongs righted, the implication is that women are a class apart, endowed with a higher sense of justice than men. All this is, in my opinion, based upon a misconception. But there is one lesson which the book impressively teaches, and which I cordially endorse, viz., that ignorance of evil is a most inadequate protection for a young girl; and that knowledge, properly imparted, even though it may rob her of that sweet, putty-faced guilelessness which is yet much admired, is absolutely requisite for self-defense. The story of Edith and Sir Mosley Menteith (which beautifully elucidates the problem of Ibsen's "Ghosts," only with the wife instead of the son for a victim) demonstrates the grievous wrong that is done to an innocent young girl in keeping her in an artificial state of childishness, after she has reached maturity and had a right to know the danger to which marriage with a profligate would expose her. As a still deeper study of the psychology of marriage, the relation between Evadne and her husband Colonel Colcohoun is of absorbing interest, and if there were less preaching, it would also be artistically satisfactory. For Colonel Colcohoun is extremely well drawn; and his gradual moral deterioration, begun before his marriage, and accelerated by Evadne's unwifely attitude, is traced with much skill and insight. Lord Dawne, Bishop Beale, and the military colony at Malta are also charmingly characterized; and altogether there are hints of power in the book which are not to be mistaken. Only, of the "heavenly twins," Diavolo and Angelica, from whom the novel most inappropriately takes its title, there is a great deal too much; and, moreover, their outrageous pranks soon become tedious and tempt to perpetual skipping. That fearfully long and tiresome episode of Angelica and the tenor could easily have been dispensed with; and the novel would have been the stronger and the better proportioned for its omission.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.



LITERATURE is at a low ebb just now. The exhibition in Chicago doubtless diverts American attention, though, to be sure, authors are meeting there, and matters at home, much more pressing than literature, occupy our minds.

The most exquisite recent book is Mr. Skelton's "Queen Mary." (Goupil & Co.) It is admirably illustrated by reproductions of portraits of the queen, and engravings of her various residences. The frontispiece, in colors, is copied from a miniature in the possession of Queen Victoria. The portraits, as usual, are very unlike each other; and which of them is like Mary Stuart? Her appearance is as much matter of doubt as her character. The most pleasing representation known to me is a painting belonging to Mr. Oliphant of Rossie. The most authentic, perhaps, of those which are beautiful, is the Morton portrait. Mr. Skelton, of course, defends Mary, and probably could get a verdict of "Not proven" from a Scotch jury. My own opinion, like Scott's, is in conflict with my sentiments. A little item in an inventory of the queen's jewels is more fatal than the "casket letters." The queen, I believe, was cognizant of the conspiracy to murder her husband. But she was a better woman than her rival, Elizabeth. Unluckily, Mr. Skelton's excellent work is too expensive for most book-lovers.

A little school essay of Mr. Ruskin's on "The Moral Influence of Fiction" has been published. (Allen.) Never boy wrote as Mr. Ruskin wrote at sixteen. Here are all his faults, and many of his merits. His remarks on Scott are astonishingly mature; his rhetoric is wonderfully florid.

Mr. Benson's "Dodo" has divided critical opinion. (Methuen.) It is a "society" novel, and some audacious people "remark a good deal of Jane Lamb in it," in the heroine. These recognitions, however wild, always make people talk. I fear I am in the hostile camp as to "Dodo." It does not amuse me; the heroine and her friends are rather garrulous than witty, even if, in such torrents of talk, an occasional good thing is rolled down. But many persons of taste are amused.

Mr. Cruttwell's "Literary History of Early Christianity" (Griffin & Co.) is just the book we want, all we who have scanty knowledge of the Fathers. The Fathers were extremely interesting people; this is like La Fontaine's remark on Baruch—but it is true. Ah, if only one had time to read early Christian literature!

Mr. Maclaren Cobban's "Red Sultan" (Chatto) is a tale with a very novel theme, and with passages of great interest. This is a new field for Mr. Cobban, whose ingenuity and art are receiving recognition, not too soon.

Really, I see nothing else of much interest. It is crossing the French frontier, but I do wish to recommend "Sœurs," by M. Ricard. I own that I cannot lay it down; is it very good indeed, or am I only fascinated by a kind of rapport which may be accidental? (Calmaan Lévy.) The characters of the women are infinitely better than those of the men, and the catastrophe is violent. But there could be no quiet end to such a tale.

The Theosophists are in arms against a recent Russian attack on Madame Blavatsky, translated here. It seems a pity to take any trouble about Madame Blavatsky, who was a woman, and who is dead. Her miracles can only interest the feeblest, or at least the most credulous minds. One prodigy I have heard of. She lit a match and held it burning steadily in a tempest of wind. Her companion privily rubbed the stuff on a Bryant and May match box on his boot, and then astonished the sorceress by lighting on his boot a match warranted to light only on the box! This shows innocence in the sorceress.

ANDREW LANG.



IT is a pleasant thing in these days of universal interrogation to have Mr. Edmond Gosse ask and answer, in friendly, undogmatic fashion, some dozen "Questions at Issue." It is pleasant to know exactly what Mr. Gosse considers to be a question at issue, especially among Americans, for whom half of these papers were originally written, and in whose magazines they first appeared. The average American, when put to the test in such matters, generally says something about protective tariffs, or silver currency, or Chicago as a summer resort, or the inadequacy of the Russian Tzar to manage his own dominions; and from the agitated, almost hysterical manner in which the Critic's London correspondent has been urging upon us, week after week, the all-importance of Mr. Gosse's latest volume, we naturally feared it was weighty with tremendous solutions of the insolvable.

Happily, it is not. The subjects which Mr. Gosse handles so deftly, and which the Critic calls "questions of burning heat," fail to inflame us at all. "The Tyranny of the Novel," "The Influence of Democracy on Literature," "Has America Produced a Poet?" "The Limits of Realism in Fiction," these and kindred topics we are able to hear discussed with a tranquillity which borders on indifference. It is always agreeable to listen to what Mr. Gosse has to say, because he says it so well; but the people who consider Longfellow a poet, the people who consider

Emerson a poet, the people who consider Edgar Allen Poe a poet, are neither angered nor converted by a critic's opinion of these writers. Literary controversies which call forth such "a surprising amount of attention from the press in England as well as in America," leave the great reading public undisturbed. It vaguely understands that the exigencies of magazines and newspapers, the devouring and ever-present need for fresh copy is responsible for so many well-stated and exceedingly contradictory opinions.

Mr. Gosse, as a literary believer, presents us with his articles of faith, and his conscientious reasons for adopting them. He stoutly declares that eminent novelists owe to the approval of men "that prestige which ultimately makes them the favorites of women." He confesses himself weary of love stories, and has a curious desire to learn the details of apple-culture, and pilchard-fishing, and other commendable industries, through the medium of modern fiction. He is an advocate of realism in leading-strings; he is disposed to think that poetry has had her day. Readers who find their own cherished articles of faith ratified in these pleasant papers will be well content, and those who don't will escape unharmed from darts that leave no sting.

AGNES REPPLIER.

TWENTY BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

FICTION.—THE SIGN OF THE FOUR; also, A SCANDAL IN BOHEMIA; A CASE OF IDENTITY, and A STUDY IN SCARLET, by A. Conan Doyle. Lovell, Coryell & Co. Paper, 50 cents.

THE TERROR, by Victorien Sardou. Amblard & Meyer Bros., Paris. \$1.00.

L'ABBÉ DANIEL, by A. Theuriet. Amblard & Meyer Bros., Paris. \$1.00.

THE PRIVATE LIFE; also, LORD BEAUPRÉ; also, THE VISITS, by Henry James. Harper & Brothers. \$1.00.

THE ADVENTURES OF DAVID BALFOUR, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

THE REBEL QUEEN, by Walter Besant. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

THE TUTOR'S SECRET, by Victor Cherbuliez. Appleton & Co. Paper, 50 cents.

THE COMPLAINING MILLIONS OF MEN, by E. Fuller. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—THE LIFE OF SIR RICHARD F. BURTON, by his wife, Isabel Burton. Appleton & Co. Two Vols. \$12.00.

TWO NOBLE LIVES: Lady Waterford and Lady Canning, by A. J. C. Hare. George Allen, London.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE, by Georg Ebers. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE [Rulers of India], by James Thomason. Macmillan. \$1.00.

ART.—MODERN PAINTINGS, by George Moore. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.—A TRUTHFUL WOMAN IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, by Kate Sanborn. Appleton & Co. 75 cents.

CAMP-FIRES OF A NATURALIST, by Clarence E. Edwards. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

SCIENTIFIC AND ECONOMIC.—THE HOUSING OF THE POOR IN AMERICAN CITIES, by Marcus T. Reynolds. Prize Essay of the American Economic Association. (By them published.) Paper, \$1.00.

UNIVERSAL BIMETALLISM AND AN INTERNATIONAL MONETARY CLEARING HOUSE, by Richard P. Rothwell. The Scientific Pub. Co.

THE HEALTH RESORTS OF EUROPE, by Thomas Linn, M.D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

THE LIFE OF A BUTTERFLY, by S. H. Scudder. Harvey Holt & Co. \$1.50.

THE SHRUBS OF NORTH-EASTERN AMERICA, by Chas. S. Newhall. G. P. Putnam & Sons.



THE NEW COMET.

WHILE The Cosmopolitan was publishing, in "Omega," the scientific discussion of the possibility of a collision of the earth with a comet, a new and very brilliant one was discovered at my observatory. Naturally, astronomers began immediately to investigate this stranger to our solar system. M. Guénisset, the young astronomer who discovered it, immediately photographed it, which was all the more readily done because of its dazzling whiteness. It was perfectly visible to the naked eye, and had a tail of three degrees. Far away in Utah, on the shores of the Salt lake, another observer, Mr. Rordame, had discovered it independently. It was studied in all the observatories, its orbit and elements were calculated, and it was found to be receding from the earth with great velocity. Otherwise, it would have aroused more interest, especially if it had been found to be directly approaching us. Politics would have yielded their place for an instant to the great problems of science and of nature—to no one's disadvantage. But the comet was receding with a velocity of many millions of kilometers daily, and, after thirteen days of visibility to the naked eye, gradually diminished in splendor. It did not come nearer to us than sixty million kilometers, and it was soon lost in the depths of space, a hundred, a hundred and fifty, two hundred millions of kilometers away. I have this moment seen it through the telescope. It is now a pale and diffused nebula, in brilliancy about that of a star of the eighth magnitude, a scarcely visible cloud, lost in the depths of infinity. Yet this ball of mist, almost without weight, obeys the universal law of attraction, and seems to hear with pleasure the summons of the sun, moving with increasing speed in its parabolic path as it approaches that radiant star, hurrying eagerly towards its brilliant focus, and, soon enveloped in its light and heat, dashing into the flames of the divine Apollo, which rage about the wanderer, but from which it always escapes unharmed, to visit new regions in its indefatigable and vagabond flight.

Mysterious star! offering to us new problems, and forcing us to thought. Comets seem to be an exception to the general uniformity of celestial motions, like a fugue introduced into the melody of a chorus. Whence do they come? Whither do they go? The spectroscope reveals in this case the presence of carbon and of hydrogen, and we know that life began upon the earth by combinations of these elements. Do comets bring the seeds which fecundate worlds? Are they electric storms bringing new vibrations to the atmosphere of the planets? Or do they, on the contrary, receive the last sighs of dying worlds? A comet sets the astronomer dreaming. Even a simple shooting-star suggests many an enigma. This little comet has been the striking feature of the month. Every celestial phenomenon is of importance, and brings us face to face with the immensities of space and time.

CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

THE July comet (Comet b, 1893,) made its appearance unexpectedly and suddenly, approaching through constellations visible only by daylight, so that it was close upon us before it was detected. When discovered on July 8th, it was

already as bright as a star of the third magnitude, and was seen simultaneously by several observers, among others by Mr. Rordame of Salt Lake City, who announced it telegraphically to the press. On the 9th it was independently discovered in France. Had not twilight and the moon conspired against it, it would have been beautifully conspicuous for the next ten days, but under the actual circumstances its glory was sadly dimmed.

In every way this comet was in striking contrast to the curious comet of last November. That one was remote, slow, huge in bulk, but of the extremest tenuity, with feeble light, which, so far as could be made out from its almost featureless spectrum, might well be mere reflected sunshine; and in various ways it behaved in an unprecedented and almost un-cometary manner. This comet was near, swift, small, and very brilliant for its size; showing to perfection the well-known gaseous spectrum with some interesting additions, and finely exhibiting all the ordinary phenomena—a truly typical “Bohemian of the heavens.”

It travelled along a parabolic orbit, with a motion opposite to that of the planets, reached its perihelion on the 7th of July at a distance of about sixty-two million miles from the sun, and the next day dashed past the earth at a distance of less than thirty-eight million, and with a relative speed of nearly fifty miles a second. It swept swiftly through the heavens, advancing at first nearly 8° a day, but, of course, slowing up as it receded.

To the eye it was merely a star, slightly hazy, and with a faint tail, which was almost straight (of the so-called “hydrogenous” type), and at one time fully 12° long. In the telescope the head was very bright, but small, measuring on the 11th hardly 15,000 miles in diameter, while the star-like nucleus was about one-tenth as large. The comet's light was distinctly greenish, owing to the uncommon intensity of the carbon and cyanogen bands in its spectrum, which was carefully and elaborately observed at Mt. Hamilton. Numerous photographs of the comet obtained there and at several other stations, show the same peculiarities exhibited by Swift's comet of 1891. Details come out which are wholly invisible in the telescope; especially in the structure of the tail, which seems to be made up of fine threads and streams diverging from the comet's head, and curiously interlaced and twisted together. One or two of the negatives show also knots of luminosity, enveloped in the tail, and looking like companion or parasitic comets.

At the time of writing the comet is still visible in the telescope, but is fast receding, and will soon vanish.

C. A. YOUNG.



A LARGE new volume treating of the important subject of the specific heat of water has just been announced.* This book is the work of two Italian physicists and depends upon over two thousand experiments and has partly occupied their time for nine years. This book forcibly recalls attention to the great labor that has been devoted to this subject, and the subject itself well illustrates the final dependence of practical possibilities upon correct laboratory results—upon the labors of the often miscalled theoretical man.

Upon the correct determination of the specific heat of water is ultimately based all heat and thermo-dynamic measurements. The specific heat of water is taken as the

* *Annales de Chimie et de Physique*, June 1893.

unit of heat in science, and it is the amount of heat necessary to change by one degree the temperature of a unit mass of water, starting at $15^{\circ}.5$. In England and America the pound is usually taken to measure the unit of mass; if the gram is taken as the unit of mass, the unit of heat is called a caloric; if the kilogram be taken for mass, the unit is the large caloric.

The determinations of the Italian physicists agree with those of Professor Rowland of Baltimore, in showing that the specific heat of water is slightly less between 25° and 30° than at any other point. This is equivalent to saying that it takes less heat to warm water at this temperature than at any other. The variation in the specific heat of water is, however, very slight, and for all ordinary purposes it may be taken as constant. It is worth noting here that the specific heat of water, with one or two exceptions, is greater than that of all other bodies. For this reason it is the most cooling beverage to drink, and its burns are more severe than other liquids at the same temperature.

The determination of the mechanical equivalent of a unit of heat, or the mechanical effect that a unit of heat may accomplish, may almost be said to have been a continuing problem since 1840. Probably the most satisfactory of all the determinations are those of Professor Rowland. These latest labors of the Italian physicists will not affect his results.

This mechanical equivalent of a heat unit is 1.402—that is to say, the heat that is necessary to raise the temperature of one pound of water from $15^{\circ}.5$ to $16^{\circ}.5$ C. involves energy enough to lift one pound through 1.402 feet, or 1.402 pounds through one foot, or, to state it in another way, a pound projectile falling through a distance of 1.402 feet would, upon striking, develop heat enough to raise one pound of water from $15^{\circ}.5$ to $16^{\circ}.5$. It requires 537 units of heat to evaporate one pound of water after it has reached its boiling point. The rate at which work is done by prime movers is generally expressed in horse-power, and one horse-power is the work of raising one pound through 550 feet in a second of time. From the fact that the work of engines and other prime movers is thus measured, the necessity for the accurate determination of the mechanical equivalent of a heat unit is evident. No small part of the value of the book referred to above is the additional proof it gives that this important constant has been accurately determined.

S. E. TILLMAN, COLONEL U.S.A.



SOME years ago there appeared, in the daily papers of a western city, a call, by a committee of influential ladies, for a public meeting to consider means of suppression of the "smoke nuisance," then, as now, afflicting all populous districts whose chief fuel is bituminous coal. This protest against a growing evil found expression in an ordinance which brought prompt alleviation; that is to say, the municipal treasury was relieved of several thousand dollars in salary to the newly created smoke inspector. It should, however, in fairness, be added that the smoke trouble itself did undergo a temporary abatement. A few public-spirited manufacturers, voluntarily and at considerable expense to themselves, proceeded to apply one or other of the remedies by which the possibility of such suppression—at least for closed furnaces—had already been demonstrated. The majority—as is its wont—moved stolidly

on in the accustomed rut, undeterred by the indictments found against certain of the more flagrant offenders. It did not take long for the inertia of public usage to completely reassert itself and for the evil to resume its full sway. As for the "little sinners"—the domestic stoves and fire-places—they seem to have been given up, from the outset, as hopeless cases.

This virtual failure was not due to any quixotism of project or laxity of enforcement, but to the entire lack, at that time, of several essentials to success. Not only did the public at large require to be educated up to something nearer the intellectual plane of the committee, but the most perfect smoke-consuming devices proved worse than useless, entrusted to ignorant and careless operators. It became apparent that the only hope of success lay in suppressing the evil at its source, by providing—alike for manufacturing and domestic uses—a more convenient and cleanly fuel than the raw coal. These requirements were seen to be met by gas; but its cost to the consumer put it out of the question, and it is only lately and, at present, only in a few cities, that prices have reached a point which have made the substitution practicable. The decline in price is due to a number of concurrent causes. The purpose of city gas was originally, and continued to be, down to a recent period, wholly for illumination, and, at first, merely for lighting streets. For such use, a costly gas, rich in carbon, is required. The demand for a cheaper form, adapted for heating and cooking and for fuel in furnaces, is of comparatively recent date. Other causes of decline are seen in the cheapening of apparatus, consequent on the great reduction of cost in the manufacture of iron and steel; in greatly improved and more economical methods of production, notably in the combined water-gas and carburettor or petroleum vapor processes; greater diameter and more careful laying and luting of mains; more scientific utilization of by-products or residuals (ammoniacal liquor, tar, coke, etc.); and, in some instances, legislative restriction of gas tariffs, as a condition of charter renewal. In what follows, the prices cited are those charged to the consumer for each thousand cubic feet of gas, at a given pressure, that pass the meter. That prices are nearing, if they have not already reached, a point such as to justify the desired substitution, is thought to be shown by the figures here transcribed from a paper by Professor Edward W. Bemis.*

In two Ohio towns—Bellevue and Cleveland—recent reductions have brought the price down to eighty cents, with expectation, in the last named, of reduction to forty cents on termination of the present contract. In the municipally-owned gas works of the city of Philadelphia, where bituminous coal commands (\$3.56 per ton) more than twice its Ohio river price (\$1.45 per ton), the gas which, even so late as the year 1886, cost the city \$1.17 per 1000 feet at the meters, had, by the year 1891, been cheapened to 85.5 cents and is now manufactured for about sixty cents, and the superintendent reports the cost of production, both of coal and water-gases, as "rapidly falling." The water-gas is supplied to the works by a private company, working under certain patents, at a cost to the city of thirty-seven cents per 1000 cubic feet.

A fair test for Ohio river towns is thought to be afforded in the charge—seventy-five cents—to consumers for gas supplied by the municipally-owned works of Wheeling, West Virginia, and which, at that figure, nets this city of 35,000 inhabitants a cash balance of \$28,000 over and above the cost of lighting the streets and other public places. Furthermore, by the sale of "residuals," this thrifty city recoups into its treasury fifty-seven per cent. of its expenditures on coal. It is reported that the city of Terre-Haute has contracted with a responsible private company for a combined water and oil gas, well adapted for all heating and cooking purposes; at thirty-five cents.

It is believed that municipal legislatures have it now in their power to confer a signal benefit on their vicinities by expediting the evident drift in direction of the exclusive use of gas, both for heat and illumination—by its direct combustion for heating, cooking and manufacturing purposes and as a source of dynamic power for electric lamps. A justification of the latter use of it is found in the fact that each pound of coal, or its equivalent in oil or natural gas, thus consumed and utilized, yields a

* Review of Reviews, February 1893, p. 61.

candle-power, so much in excess of that obtainable from the direct illuminating power of the gas itself as to more than recoup the cost of the dynamos. Under an arrangement in which the only piping that will enter the house will be for the few heating and cooking burners, and in which the lighting is wholly electric, a pregnant source of waste and discomfort from leakages will be eliminated, and the air of apartments will no longer be devitalized by deprivation of its oxygen, nor contaminated by poisonous vapors. In its last analysis, the problem is the usual one of dollars and cents, and whenever the cheapening of heating-gas has brought about so prevalent a use of it as to abolish the use of bituminous coal within city limits, then—and then only—will the smoke nuisance become a thing of the past.

GEORGE H. KNIGHT.



ONE of the most important of modern engineering operations, the Corinth ship canal, was completed this summer. The opening of a water-way between the Gulfs of Lepanto and Ægina was a favorite project of antiquity. The voyage round the Peloponnesus was a perilous one, and the natives of Corinth, always celebrated for their mechanical skill, had devised machinery at an early period for the transport of ships overland from sea to sea. Periander, tyrant of Corinth (B.C. 625) was the first to entertain the idea of piercing the isthmus; and Demetrius, king of Macedonia (B.C. 337-283), also formed the same design. It was one of the internal improvements contemplated by Cæsar, and later by Caligula, and the project was revived by Nero, who actually began the work in B.C. 67. Traces of Nero's operations existed on both the west and east shores when the present cutting was begun, the location adopted, traversing the isthmus in a straight line at its narrowest point, being nearly the same as that of the Roman emperor. A supposed difference in level between the two gulfs is said to have caused the abandonment of the project by the predecessors of Nero, who was himself diverted from his purpose by the revolt of Vindex in Gaul. Herodes Atticus, the most celebrated Greek rhetorician of the second century, revived the plan while administrator of the free cities of Asia under Antoninus Pius, but renounced it through fear of exciting jealousy in thus undertaking what Nero had failed to execute.

The present canal was begun by a French company in 1881, but construction ceased in 1889 owing to financial difficulties. A new company was formed, and a new contract let in 1890, by the terms of which the canal was to be open to traffic on March 10, 1893. An extension was granted to May 10th, and the opening finally took place on August 6th. The length of the canal is nearly four miles (20,631 feet), its width is 75 feet, the same as that of the Suez canal, and its depth 26.4 feet, the deepest cut being 256 feet. It shortens the voyage of vessels from the Adriatic to Constantinople and Asia Minor ports by 185 miles, and that of those coming from the Straits of Messina by 95 miles. The estimated annual traffic is 4,650,000 tons. This seems a large estimate, being nearly double the tonnage of the Suez canal during the fifth year after its opening. The toll for ships from the Adriatic and Mediterranean is fixed at twenty and ten cents per ton respectively, from which operating expenses and interest on the total cost of \$13,750,000 are to be paid.

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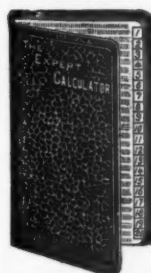
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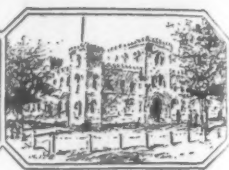
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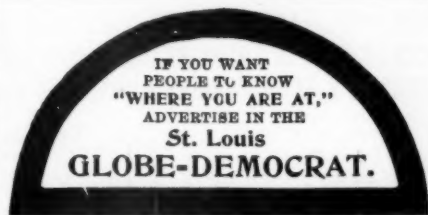
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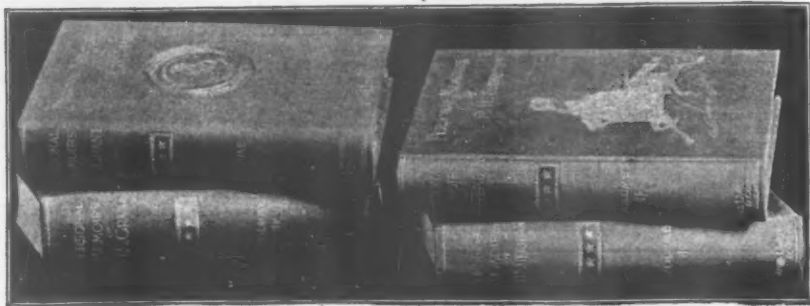
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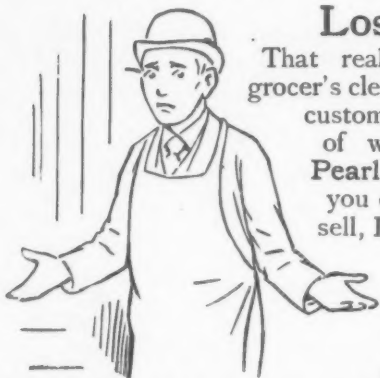
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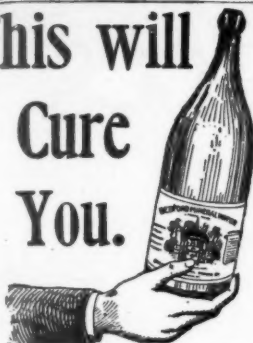
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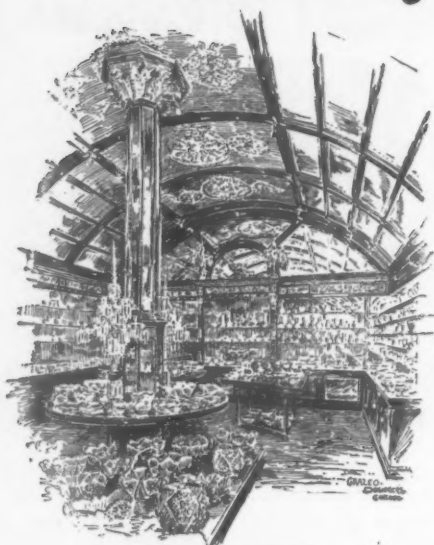
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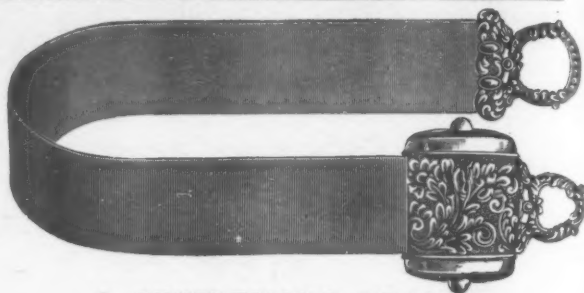
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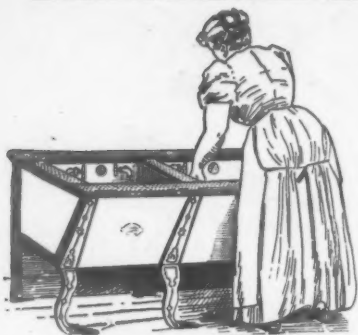
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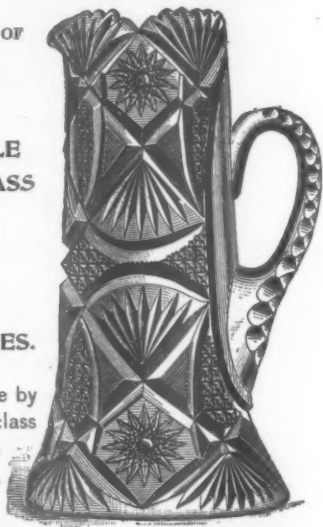
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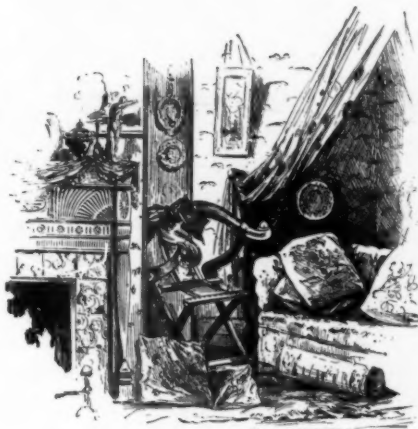
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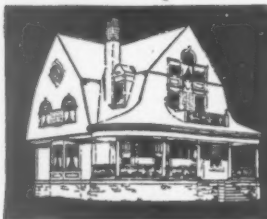


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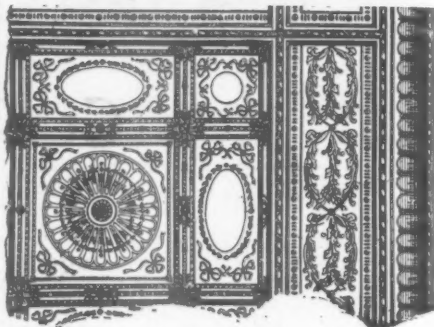
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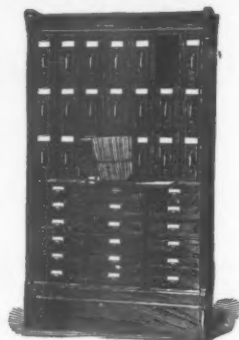
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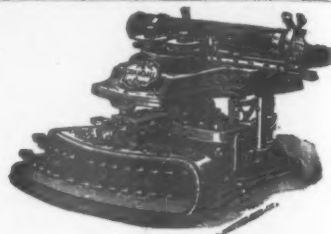
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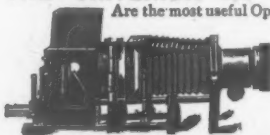
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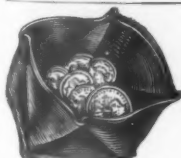
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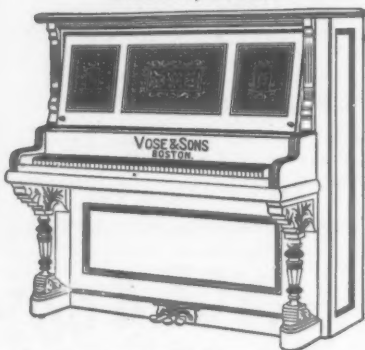
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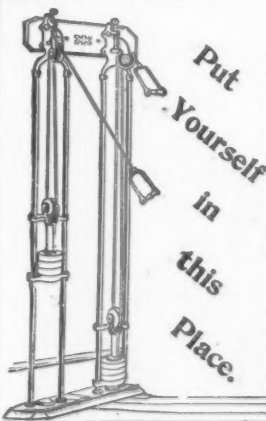
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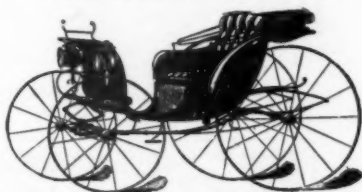
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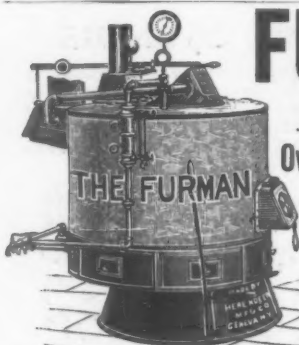
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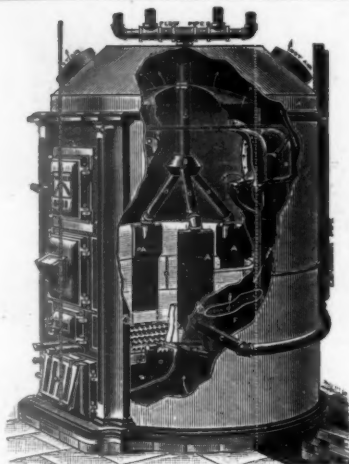
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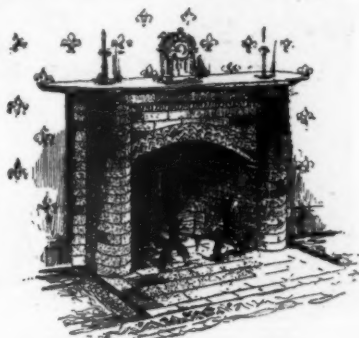
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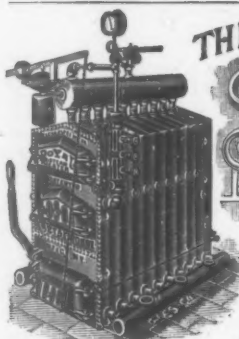
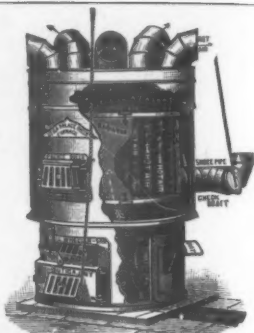
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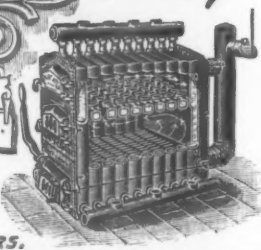


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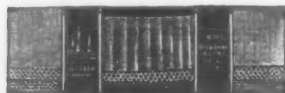
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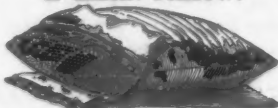
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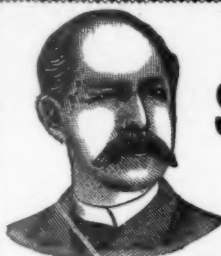
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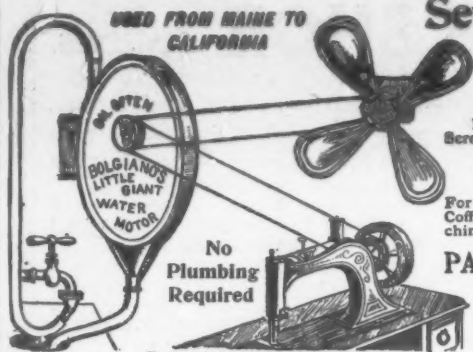
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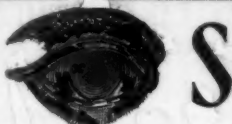
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Recipes for October, By Mrs. Ewing, Miss Parloa, Marion Harland, Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Hope.

Griddle Cakes made with Sweet Milk.—By MARIA PARLOA.—Mix together one pint of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar and two teaspoonfuls of Cleveland's Baking Powder. Rub this mixture through a sieve, letting it fall into a bowl. Add three generous gills of milk, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter and one well beaten egg. Fry in small cakes on a griddle, and serve at once.—(Copyright.)

Apple Dumpling.—By MRS. EMMA P. EWING.—Sift together two and a half cups of flour and two teaspoonfuls Cleveland's Baking Powder. Add a cup of sweet milk and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Stir into a batter. Half fill a buttered baking dish with quarters of pared sour apples. Pour the batter over them and bake three-quarters of an hour, or until nicely browned. Serve with a hard or soft sauce.—

Use only Cleveland's baking powder.

Minute Biscuit.—By MARION HARLAND.—One quart of flour, one tablespoonful of butter and the same of lard, two teaspoonfuls of Cleveland's baking powder, half teaspoonful of salt, one pint of cold water, one teaspoonful of white sugar. Sift baking powder, salt, sugar and flour together twice; chop up the shortening in the flour, not touching it with your hands, stir in with a wooden spoon the cold water; roll out quickly, cut into round cakes and bake in a good oven.—"*Finding Cleveland's baking powder to be really the best, I recommended it in 'Common Sense in the Household,' and now use it exclusively.*"—April 5, '93.

MARION HARLAND.

Apple Koker.—By MRS. LINCOLN.—Mix well one-half teaspoonful salt and two level teaspoonfuls Cleveland's Baking Powder with two cups sifted flour. Rub in one-quarter cup cold butter. Beat one egg light, add three-quarters cup milk, and stir it into the flour. Use more milk if needed to make the dough soft enough to spread half an inch thick on a shallow baking pan. Quarter, pare and core four large sour apples, and divide each quarter lengthwise. Lay them in parallel rows on top of the dough, core edge down, and press them into the dough slightly. Sprinkle two tablespoonfuls sugar over the apple, but do not let it touch the pan. Bake in a hot oven twenty minutes. Turn it out, apple side up, on a platter, and serve with *Lemon Sauce*.—Mix well

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corn starch with one cup of sugar, in a granite sauce-pan. Add two cups boiling water, stir well, and cook ten minutes. Add the grated rind and juice of one lemon and one tablespoonful butter. If the sauce be too thick to pour easily add more boiling water.—(Copyright 1891 by Cleveland Baking Powder Co.)

Jam Puffs.—By MISS AMABEL G. E. HOPE.—One cup flour, one level teaspoonful Cleveland's Baking Powder and a speck of salt sifted into a bowl. One cup of dry mashed potato mixed into it. Then rub in three tablespoonfuls of beef dripping; mix with enough cold water to make a stiff dough. Roll it out very thin on a well floured board. Cut into rounds, wet the edges, put a spoonful of jam on each round. Fold over and press together the edges, lay them on a greased tin and bake in a hot oven ten minutes.—*Use only Cleveland's Baking Powder.*

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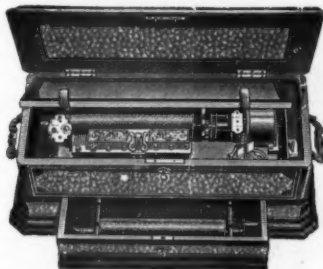
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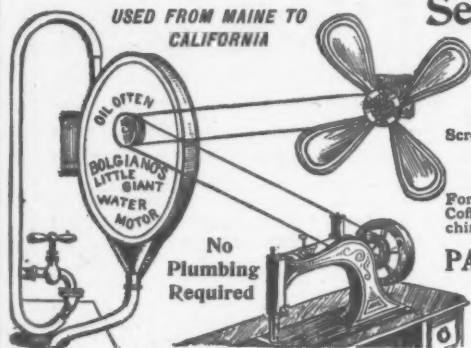
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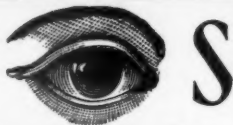
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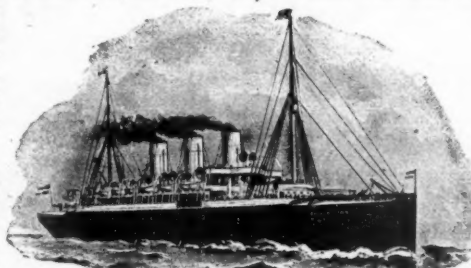
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1893

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Recipes for October, By Mrs. Ewing, Miss Parloa, Marion Harland, Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Hope.

Griddle Cakes made with Sweet Milk.—By MARIA PARLOA.—Mix together one pint of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar and two teaspoonfuls of Cleveland's Baking Powder. Rub this mixture through a sieve, letting it fall into a bowl. Add three generous gills of milk, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter and one well beaten egg. Fry in small cakes on a griddle, and serve at once.—(Copyright.)

Apple Dumpling.—By MRS. EMMA P. EWING.—Sift together two and a half cups of flour and two teaspoonfuls Cleveland's Baking Powder. Add a cup of sweet milk and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Stir into a batter. Half fill a buttered baking dish with quarters of pared sour apples. Pour the batter over them and bake three-quarters of an hour, or until nicely browned. Serve with a hard or soft sauce.—

Use only Cleveland's baking powder.

Minute Biscuit.—By MARION HARLAND.—One quart of flour, one tablespoonful of butter and the same of lard, two teaspoonfuls of Cleveland's baking powder, half teaspoonful of salt, one pint of cold water, one teaspoonful of white sugar. Sift baking powder, salt, sugar and flour together twice; chop up the shortening in the flour, not touching it with your hands, stir in with a wooden spoon the cold water; roll out quickly, cut into round cakes and bake in a good oven.—"Finding Cleveland's baking powder to be really the best, I recommended it in 'Common Sense in the Household,' and now use it exclusively."—April 5, '93.

MARION HARLAND.

Apple Koker.—By MRS. LINCOLN.—Mix well one-half teaspoonful salt and two level teaspoonfuls Cleveland's Baking Powder with two cups sifted flour. Rub in one-quarter cup cold butter. Beat one egg light, add three-quarters cup milk, and stir it into the flour. Use more milk if needed to make the dough soft enough to spread half an inch thick on a shallow baking pan. Quarter, pare and core four large sour apples, and divide each quarter lengthwise. Lay them in parallel rows on top of the dough, core edge down, and press them into the dough slightly. Sprinkle two tablespoonfuls sugar over the apple, but do not let it touch the pan. Bake in a hot oven twenty minutes. Turn it out, apple side up, on a platter, and serve with

Lemon Sauce.—Mix well three heaping teaspoonfuls corn starch with one cup of sugar, in a granite sauce-pan. Add two cups boiling water, stir well, and cook ten minutes. Add the grated rind and juice of one lemon and one tablespoonful butter. If the sauce be too thick to pour easily add more boiling water.—(Copyright 1891 by Cleveland Baking Powder Co.)

Jam Puffs.—By MISS AMABEL G. E. HOPE.—One cup flour, one level teaspoonful Cleveland's Baking Powder and a speck of salt sifted into a bowl. One cup of dry mashed potato mixed into it. Then rub in three tablespoonfuls of beef dripping; mix with enough cold water to make a stiff dough. Roll it out very thin on a well floured board. Cut into rounds, wet the edges, put a spoonful of jam on each round. Fold over and press together the edges, lay them on a greased tin and bake in a hot oven ten minutes.—Use only Cleveland's Baking Powder.

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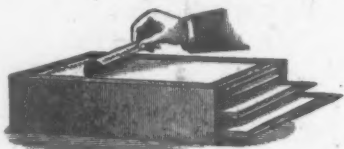
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